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Wonderful CHARACTERS,

BY

Henry Wilson.

Vol. 1

THE EXPRESSION OF [illegible]

London,
J. Robins & Co. Albion Press.

1826.

Wonderful Characters:

COMPRISING

MEMOIRS AND ANECDOTES

OF THE MOST

REMARKABLE PERSONS

OF

EVERY AGE AND NATION.

COLLECTED FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES

BY HENRY WILSON.

"Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert, yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore
Of all who blindly creep and sightless soar;
Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man."

POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN.

VOL. I.

London:

J. ROBINS AND CO. ALBION PRESS, IVY-LANE,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1821.

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PREFACE.

It has been well observed by one of the greatest of British Bards that "the proper study of mankind is man," and the great Lord Bacon has remarked "that it would much conduce to the magnanimity and honour of Man, if a collection were made of the ultimities (as the schools speak) or summities (as Pindar) of human nature, principally out of the faithful reports of history; that is, what is the last and highest pitch to which man's nature, of itself, hath ever reached in all the perfections both of body and mind." He proceeds to state, that the Wonders of Human Nature should be collected with judgment and diligence, on the plan of Valerius Maximus and C. Plinius.

After adducing these high authorities in favor of a work like the present, it would be quite superfluous to offer any remarks on its utility. That men are more influenced by example than by precept cannot be doubted, and the most lively interest cannot fail to be excited by the singular habits and manners of such persons as have gained celebrity or notoriety, by deviating in a remarkable degree from the ordinary pursuits of life. It will not unfrequently fall to our lot to attract the attention of our readers to those characters, who have been remarkable for avarice and other vices, but their failings will not be held forth as worthy of imitation. We shall also embrace whatever is

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most worthy of remark in the physical organization of man, in various ages and nations, as unusual instances of bulk, height, or diminutiveness of stature; strength; weakness or deformity; extreme longevity; precocity of talent; and many interesting narratives of the want, famine, distress, and suffering, which human nature has been found capable of sustaining. Of the most extraordinary impostors who have in various ages attracted public attention, some notice will also be given.

Although the most authentic sources of information have been carefully and diligently explored, and such characters only as have really existed, and such events as have actually happened, are recorded, the reader who delights in the fictions of romance will find, in many of the narratives which it embraces, incidents equally astonishing with those which have been wont to charm.

If the Editor should be successful in directing the "study of mankind" to its proper object—"Man," his utmost aim will be abundantly attained—his utmost wishes gratified. He feels confident that the many curious and original observations which will be found in the course of the work are calculated to convey much useful and agreeable knowledge, to inform the understanding, to improve the judgment, and to amend the heart; and should any of his anecdotes be thought too marvellous, he begs again to observe that he is not the inventor of them but the reciter, not the framer but the collector.

Engraved by R. Page.

BAMPFYLDE MOORE CAREW,

King of the Beggars.

Published by J. Robins & Co. Albion Press. London. March 31 1821.

WONDERFUL CHARACTERS.

BAMPFYLDE MOORE CAREW.

Among those characters which deserve attention, not for any eminence in virtue on the one hand, or uncommon depravity on the other, but for a certain eccentricity of conduct, which, with the same advantages in life, no other person would imitate, Bampfylde Moore Carew deserves a prominent place. Portraits of such persons, with some general traits of their character, are gratifying, not so much from any useful lesson to be derived from their history and adventures, as for their being objects of curiosity. We turn to them just as the philosopher, who loves to contemplate the beauties of the creation, adverts sometimes to the delineation of any uncommon object, to the sportive productions of nature, in her occasional deviations from her general laws. These human curiosities are by no means without their use. When the reader contemplates such characters as that of Edward Wortley Montague and Bampfylde Moore Carew, who neglected all the advantages of birth, fortune, and education, to associate with the lowest of mankind, he will perceive instances of a voluntary self-degradation, that must excite the most mortifying reflections on the inconsistency, and even occasional irrationality of the human character; and he may be led to this awful truth, that as the only way to rise in moral excellence, and of course to happiness, is to cultivate our talents and advantages, and to form our minds to habits of virtue in this stage of our existence; so

nothing can be more humiliating, than the sight of a man of family, who, by long association with the low, ignorant, and unprincipled, loses sight of the moral principle, unfits himself for the duties of his station, and at length expires without having once experienced the soothing consolation that results from the consciousness of a well-spent life.

Bampfylde Moore Carew, one of the most extraordinary characters on record, was descended from an ancient and honourable family in the west of England. He was born in 1693, at Bickley, in Devonshire, of which place his father, the Rev. Theodore Carew, was many years rector. Never was there known a more splendid appearance of persons of the first distinction at any baptism in the county, than were present at his. Hugh Bampfylde, Esq. and Major Moore, of families equally ancient and respectable as that of Carew, were his godfathers, and from them he received his two christian names.

The Rev. Mr. Carew had several other children, all of whom he educated in a tender and pious manner. At the age of twelve years, his son, the subject of this article, was sent to Tiverton school, where he contracted an intimate acquaintance with many young gentlemen of the first families in Devonshire and the adjacent counties.

During the first four years of young Carew's residence at Tiverton school, his close application to his studies gave his friends great hopes that he might one day appear with distinction in the profession which his father became so well, and for which he was designed. He actually made a very considerable progress in the Latin and Greek languages. The Tiverton scholars, however, having at this time the command of a fine pack of hounds, Carew and three other young gentlemen, his most intimate companions, attached themselves with such ardour to the sport of hunting, that their studies

were soon neglected. One day the pupils, with Carew and his three friends at their head, were engaged in the chase of a deer for many miles, just before the commencement of harvest. The damage done to the fields of standing corn was so great, that the neighbouring gentlemen and farmers came with heavy complaints to Mr. Rayner, the master of the school, who threatened young Carew and his companions so severely, that through fear they absconded and joined a gang of gypsies who then happened to be in the neighbourhood. This society consisted of about eighteen persons of both sexes, who carried with them such an air of mirth and gaiety, that the youngsters were quite delighted with their company, and expressing an inclination to enter into their society, the gypsies admitted them, after the performance of the requisite ceremonies, and the administration of the proper oaths; for these people are subject to a form of government and laws peculiar to themselves, and all pay obedience to one chief who is styled their king.

Young Carew was soon initiated into some of the arts of the wandering tribe, and with such success, that besides several exploits in which he was a party, he himself had the dexterity to defraud a lady near Taunton of twenty guineas, under the pretext of discovering to her, by his skill in astrology, a hidden treasure.

His parents meanwhile lamented him as one that was no more, for though they had repeatedly advertised his name and person, they could not obtain the least intelligence of him. At length, after an interval of a year and a half, hearing of their grief and repeated inquiries after him, his heart relented, and he returned to his parents at Bickley. Being greatly disguised both in dress and appearance, he was not known at first by his parents; but when he discovered himself, a scene followed which no words can describe, and there were great rejoicings both in Bickley and the neighbouring parish of Cadley.

Every thing was done to render his home agreeable, but Carew had contracted such a fondness for the society of the gypsies, that, after various ineffectual struggles with the suggestions of filial piety, he once more eloped from his parents, and repaired to his former connexions. He now began to consider in what manner he should employ himself. The first character he assumed for the purpose of levying contributions on the unsuspecting and unwary, was that of a shipwrecked seaman, in which he was very successful. He next gave himself out to be a farmer, who, living in the isle of Sheppey in Kent, had the misfortune to have all his lands overflowed, and all his cattle drowned. Every scheme which he undertook, he executed with so much skill and dexterity, that he raised considerable sums. So artful were the disguises of his dress, countenance, and voice, that persons who knew him intimately did not discover the deception, and once, on the same day, he went under three different characters to the house of a respectable baronet, and was successful in them all.

Some time after Carew's return to the vagrant life, we find him on a voyage to Newfoundland, from motives of mere curiosity. He acquired, during his stay, such a knowledge of that island, as was highly useful to him, whenever he thought proper afterwards to assume the character of the shipwrecked seaman. He returned in the same ship to Dartmouth, where he embarked, bringing with him a dog of surprising size and fierceness, which he had enticed to follow him, and made as gentle as a lamb by an art peculiar to himself.

At Newcastle, Carew, pretending to be the mate of a collier, eloped with a young lady, the daughter of an eminent apothecary of that town. They proceeded to Dartmouth, and though he undeceived her with respect to his real character, she was soon afterwards married to him at Bath. They then visited an uncle of Carew's, a clergyman of distinguished abilities, at Dorchester, who

received them with great kindness and endeavoured, but in vain, to persuade him to leave the community of the gypsies.

Again associating with them, his disguises were more various and his stratagems not less successful. He first equipped himself in a clergyman's habit, put on a band, a large white wig, and a broad-brimmed hat. His whole deportment was agreeable to his dress; his pace was solemn and slow, his countenance grave and thoughtful, his eyes turned on the ground; from which, as if employed in secret ejaculations, he would raise them to heaven: every look and action spoke his want; but at the same time, the hypocrite seemed overwhelmed with that shame which modest merit feels, when obliged to solicit the hand of charity. This artful behaviour excited the curiosity of many people of fortune to inquire into his circumstances, but it was with much reluctance that he acquainted them, that he had for many years exercised the sacred office of a clergyman, at Aberystwith, a parish in Wales, but that the government changing, he had preferred quitting his benefice (though he had a wife and several small children), to taking an oath contrary to his principles. This relation he accompanied with frequent sighs, and warm expressions of his trust in Providence; and as he perfectly knew those persons it was proper to apply to, this stratagem succeeded beyond his expectations. But hearing that a vessel, on board of which there were many quakers, bound for Philadelphia, had been cast away on the coast of Ireland, he laid aside his gown and band, clothed himself in a plain suit, and with a demure countenance, applied to the quakers, as one of those unhappy creatures, with great success, and hearing that there was to be a meeting of them from all parts, at Thorncombe in Devonshire, he made the best of his way thither, and joining the assembly, with a seeming modest assurance, made his case known, and satisfying them by his beha-

viour, that he was one of the sect, they made a considerable contribution for his relief.

With such wonderful facility did he assume every character, that he often deceived those who knew him best, and were most positive of his not being able to impose upon them. Going one day to Mr. Portman's at Brinson, near Blandford, in the character of a rat-catcher, with a hair-cap on his head, a buff girdle about his waist, and a tame rat in a little box by his side; he boldly marched up to the house in this disguise, though his person was known to all the family; and meeting in the court with the Rev. Mr. Bryant, and several other gentlemen, whom he well knew, he asked if their honours had any rats to kill. Mr. Portman asked him if he knew his business, and on his answering in the affirmative, he was sent in to get his dinner, with a promise, that after he had dined they would make a trial of his abilities. Dinner being over, he was called into a parlour among a large company of gentlemen and ladies. "Well, Mr. Rat-catcher," said Mr. Portman, "can you lay any scheme to kill the rats without hurting my dogs?" "Yes, yes," replied Carew, "I shall lay my composition where even the rats cannot climb to reach it"—"And what countryman are you?"—"A Devonshire man, an't please your honour." "What's your name?" Carew perceiving, by some smiles and whispers, that he was known, replied, by telling the letters of which his name was composed. This occasioned a good deal of mirth, and Mr. Pleydell of St. Andrew's Milbourn, who was one of the company, expressed some pleasure at seeing the famous Bampfylde Moore Carew, whom he said he had never seen before. "Yes, but you have," said he, "and given me a suit of clothes." Mr. Pleydell was surprised, and desired to know when it was; Carew asked him if he did not remember being met by a poor wretch, with a stocking round his head instead of a cap, an old woman's ragged

mantle on his shoulders, no shirt to his back, nor stockings to his legs, and scarcely any shoes to his feet, who told him that he was a poor unfortunate man, cast away near the Canaries, and taken up with eight others, by a Frenchman, the rest of the crew, sixteen in number, being drowned; and that after having asked him some questions, he gave him a guinea and a suit of clothes. This Mr. Pleydell acknowledged, and Carew replied: "He was no other than the expert rat-catcher now before you." At this the company laughed very heartily; and Mr. Pleydell, and several others, offering to lay a guinea that they should know him again, let him come in what form he pleased, and others asserting the contrary, Carew was desired to try his ingenuity; and some of the company following him out, let him know that on such a day, the same company, with several others, were to be at Mr. Pleydell's.

When the day arrived, he got himself close shaved, dressed himself like an old woman, put a high-crowned hat on his head, borrowed a little hump-backed child of a tinker, and two others of a beggar, and with the two last at his back, and the former by the hand, marched to Mr. Pleydell's; when coming up to the door he put his hand behind him, and pinching one of the children, set it a roaring, and gave the alarm to the dogs, who came out with open throats, so that between the crying of the child, and the barking of the dogs, the family was sufficiently annoyed. This brought out the maid, who desired the supposed old woman to go about her business, telling her she disturbed the ladies. "God bless their ladyships," replied Carew, "I am the unfortunate grandmother of these poor helpless infants, whose dear mother, and all they had was burned at the dreadful fire at Kirton, and hope the good ladies will, for God's sake, bestow something on the poor famished infants." This pitiful tale was accompanied with tears, and the maid going in, soon returned with half a crown, and a mess of

broth, which Carew went into the court to eat. It was not long before the gentlemen appeared, and after they had all relieved him, he pretended to go away, when setting up a tantivy, tantivy, and an halloo to the dogs, they turned about, and some of them then recollecting, from his altered voice, that it could be no other than Carew, he was called in. On examining his features, they were highly delighted, and rewarded him for the entertainment he had given them.

Carew so easily entered into every character, and moulded himself into so many different forms, that he gained the highest applauses from that apparently wretched community to which he belonged, and soon became the favourite of their king, who was very old. This flattered his low ambition, and prompted him to be continually planning new stratagems, among which he executed a very bold one on the Duke of Bolton.—Dressing himself in a sailor's ragged habit, and going to his grace's near Basingstoke in Hampshire, he knocked at the gate, and with an assured countenance, desired admittance to the duke, or at least that the porter would give his grace a paper which he held in his hand: but he applied in vain. Not discouraged, he waited till he at last saw a servant come out, and telling him he was a very unfortunate man, desired he would be so kind as to introduce him where he might speak with his grace. As this servant had no interest in locking up his master, he very readily promised to comply with his request, as soon as the porter was off his stand; which he accordingly did, introducing him into a hall through which the duke was to pass. He had not been long there, before the duke entered, upon which dropping on one knee he offered him a petition, setting forth that the unfortunate petitioner, Bampfylde Moore Carew, was supercargo of a vessel that was cast away coming from Sweden, in which were all his effects, none of which he had been able to save. The duke, seeing the name of Bampfylde

Moore Carew, and knowing those names to belong to families of the greatest worth and note in the west of England, asked him several questions about his family and relations, when being surprised that he should apply for relief to any but his own family, who were so well able to assist him, Carew replied, that he had disobliged them by some follies of youth, and had not seen them for some years. The duke treated him with the utmost humanity, and calling a servant had him conducted into an inner room, where being shaved by his grace's order, a servant was sent to him with a suit of clothes, a fine Holland shirt, and every thing necessary to give him a genteel appearance. He was then called in to the duke, who was sitting with several other persons of quality. They were all taken with his person and behaviour, and presently raised for him a supply of ten guineas. His grace being engaged to go out that afternoon, desired him to stay there that night, and gave orders that he should be handsomely entertained, leaving his gentleman to keep him company. But the duke was scarcely gone, when Carew found an opportunity to set out unobserved towards Basingstoke, where he went to a house frequented by some of the community. He treated the company, and informing them of the bold stratagem he had executed, the whole place resounded with applause, and every one acknowledged that he was most worthy of succeeding to the throne of the mendicant tribe, on the first vacancy that should occur.

In the same disguise he imposed upon several others, and having spent some days in hunting with Colonel Strangeways, at Melbury in Dorset, the conversation happened one day at dinner to turn on Carew's ingenuity; the colonel seemed surprised that several who were so well acquainted with him, should have been so deceived, asserting that he thought it impossible for Carew to deceive him, as he had thoroughly observed every feature and line in his countenance; on which he

modestly replied, it might be so, and some other subject being started, the matter dropped. Early the next morning Carew being called upon to go out with the hounds, desired to be excused, which the colonel being informed of, went to the field without him. Soon after, Carew went down stairs, and slightly inquiring which way the colonel generally returned, walked out, and going to a house frequented by his community, exchanged his clothes for a ragged habit, made a counterfeit wound on his thigh, took a pair of crutches, and having disguised his face with a venerable pity-moving beard, went in search of the colonel whom he found in the town of Evershot. His lamentable moans began almost as soon as the colonel was in sight: his countenance expressed nothing but pain; his pretended wound was exposed to the colonel's eye, and the tears trickled down his silver beard. As the colonel's heart was not proof against such an affecting sight, he threw him half a crown, which Carew received with exuberant gratitude, and then with great submission desired to be informed if Colonel Strangeways, a very charitable gentleman, did not live in that neighbourhood, and begged to be directed the nearest way to his seat; on which the colonel, filled with compassion, showed him the shortest way to his own house, and on this he took his leave. Carew returned before the colonel, and pretended to be greatly refreshed with his morning's walk. When they had sat down to dinner, Carew inquired what sport they had, and if the colonel had not met a very miserable object. "I did—a very miserable object indeed," replied the colonel. "And he has got hither before you," says Carew, "and is now at your table." This occasioned a great deal of mirth; but the colonel could not be persuaded of the truth of what Carew asserted, till he slipped out, and hopped in again upon his crutches.

About this time Clause Patch, the king of the mendicants, died, and Carew had the honor of being elected

king in his stead; by which dignity, as he was provided with every thing necessary by the joint contributions of the community, he was under no obligation to go on any cruize. Notwithstanding this, Carew was as active in his stratagems as ever; but he had not long enjoyed this honor, when he was seized and confined as an idle vagrant, tried at the quarter sessions at Exeter, and transported to Maryland; where being arrived, he took the opportunity, while the captain of the vessel and a person who seemed disposed to buy him were drinking a bowl of punch in a public house, to give them the slip, and to take with him a pint of brandy and some biscuits, and then betake himself to the woods.

Having thus eluded their search, as he was entirely ignorant that none were allowed to travel there without proper passes, or that there was a considerable reward granted for apprehending a runaway, he congratulated himself on his happy escape, and did not doubt but he should find means to get to England; but going one morning early through a narrow path, he was met by four men, when not being able to produce a pass, he was seized, carried before a justice of peace, and thrown into prison. But here obtaining information, that some captains to whom he was known were lying with their ships in the harbour, he acquainted them with his situation, on which they paid him a visit, and told him, that as he had not been sold to a planter, if the captain did not come to demand him, he would be publicly sold the next court-day, and then generously agreed to purchase him among themselves, and to give him his liberty. Carew was so struck with their kindness, that he could not consent to purchase his liberty at their expense, and desired them to tell the captain who brought the transports where he was. They at last agreed to his request; the captain received the news with great pleasure, sent round his boat for him, had him severely punished with a cat-of-nine tails, and a heavy iron collar fixed to his

neck, and with this galling yoke he was obliged to perform the greatest drudgery.

One day, when his spirits were ready to sink with despair, he saw the captains Harvey and Hopkins, two of those who had proposed to purchase his liberty. They were greatly affected with the miseries he suffered, and having sounded the boatswain and mate, prevailed on them to wink at his escape; but the great obstacle was the penalty of forty pounds and half a year's imprisonment for any one that took off his iron collar, so that he must be obliged to travel with it on. The captains acquainted him with all the difficulties he would meet with; but he was far from being discouraged, and resolved to set out that night; when directing him what course to take, they gave him a pocket compass to steer by, a steel and tinder-box, a bag of biscuits, a cheese, and some rum. After taking an affectionate leave of his benefactors, he set out; but he had not travelled far before he began to reflect on his wretched condition: alone, unarmed, unacquainted with the way, galled with a heavy yoke, exposed every moment to the most imminent dangers; and a dark tempestuous night approaching increased his terror; his ears were assaulted by the yells of the wild beasts; but kindling some sticks, he kept them all night at a distance, by constantly swinging a fire-brand round his head. When day-light appeared, he had nothing to do but to seek for the thickest tree he could find, and climbing into it, as he had travelled hard all night, he soon fell asleep. Here he staid all day, eating sparingly of his biscuit and cheese, and night coming on he took a large dram of rum, and again pursued his journey. In this manner travelling by night, and concealing himself by day, he went on till he was out of danger of pursuit, or being stopped for want of a pass, and then travelled by day. His journey was frequently interrupted by rivers and rivulets, which he was obliged either to wade through or swim over.

At length he discovered five Indians at a distance; his fear represented them in the most frightful colours; but as he came nearer, he perceived them clothed in deer-skins, their hair was exceedingly long, and, to his inexpressible joy, he discovered they had guns in their hands, which was a sure sign of their being friendly Indians; and these having accosted him with great civility, soon introduced him to their king, who spoke very good English, and made him go to his *wigwam*, or house, when observing that he was much hurt by his collar, the king immediately set himself about freeing him from it, and at last effected it by jagging the steel of Carew's tinder-box into a kind of saw, his majesty sweating heartily at the work. This being done, he set before Carew some Indian bread and other refreshments. Here he was treated with the greatest hospitality and respect; and scarcely a day passed, in which he did not go out with some party on a hunting match, and frequently with the king himself.

One day, as they were hunting, they fell in company with some other Indians near the river Delaware, and when the chace was over, sat down to be merry with them. Carew took this opportunity to slip out, and going to the river side, seized one of their canoes, and though entirely unacquainted with the method of managing them, boldly pushed from shore, and landed near Newcastle, in Pennsylvania.

Carew now transformed himself into a quaker, and behaved as if he had never seen any other sort of people. In this manner he travelled to Philadelphia, meeting every where with the kindest treatment and the most plentiful supply. From hence he went to New York, where going on board a vessel belonging to Captain Rogers, he set sail for England; and after having prevented his being pressed on board a man of war, by pricking his hands and face, and rubbing them with bay-salt and gunpowder, to give him the appearance of

the small-pox, safely landed at Bristol, and soon rejoined his wife and begging companions.

Here terminates the narrative of the adventures of this extraordinary person, who, with uncommon talents and the greatest advantages, connexions, and interest, might have figured in the highest and most respectable walks of life. What became of him afterwards is unknown, but he is said to have died about the year 1770, aged 77.

THOMAS GUY.

This celebrated character, who afforded such an extraordinary instance of parsimony and generosity, was the son of a lighterman and coal-dealer in Horsely-down, Southwark. He was put apprentice in 1660 to a bookseller, and in the house that forms the angle between Lombard-street and Cornhill, with a stock of only 200*l.* commenced business in the most parsimonious manner, invariably dining alone, and an old newspaper, or a proof sheet, serving as a substitute for his table-cloth.

At that time the English Bibles being very badly printed, he engaged with others in a scheme for printing them in Holland, and importing them; but this being stopped, he contracted with the University for their privilege of printing them, and carried on the trade for many years to considerable advantage. The bulk of his fortune, however, was accumulated by purchasing seamen's tickets, and by South Sea stock, in the memorable year 1720.

In proof of his penurious disposition, it is said that one winter evening as he was sitting in his room, meditating over a handful of half-lighted embers, confined within the narrow precincts of a brick stove, and without any candle, a person who came to inquire for him

was introduced, and after the first compliments were passed, and the guest requested to take a seat, Mr. Guy lighted a farthing candle which lay on the table by him, and desired to know the purport of the gentleman's visit. The visitor was the famous Vulture Hopkins, characterized by Pope, in his satires. "I have been told," said Hopkins, "that you, sir, are better versed in the prudent and necessary art of saving, than any man now living, and I therefore wait upon you for a lesson of frugality; an art in which I used to think I excelled, but I am told by all who know you, that you are greatly my superior." "And is that all you are come about?" said Guy, "why then we can talk this matter over in the dark:" So saying, he with great deliberation extinguished his new-lighted farthing candle. Struck with this instance of economy, Hopkins acknowledged himself convinced of Guy's superior thrift, and took his leave.

Another instance of his economical disposition is evinced in the following anecdote: Having given orders to the paviors to repair the foot-path before his house, the job was completed whilst he was away from home, and the next stone beyond the boundary marked out being in a very bad state, the men offered to mend it for a mere trifle, which his maid servant ordered them to do, feeling confident that her master would not be angry with her for it, he having some time promised her marriage, being pleased with the extreme economy of her disposition; but the event proved to the poor girl, the truth of the old adage

"There's many a slip
"'Twixt the cup and the lip,"

for when Guy returned home and found what she had done, he was so enraged with her presumption and prodigality, that he never afterwards thought of matrimony.

In order to do justice to the character of that great

benefactor to the public, in opposition to the general, but ill founded opinion of his being remarkable only for parsimony and avarice, we shall close this account with a few instances of his extreme generosity and goodness.

In 1707, he built and furnished three wards on the north side of the outer court of St. Thomas's Hospital in Southwark, and gave 100*l.* to it annually for eleven years, preceding the erection of his own hospital; and for some time before his death, he erected the stately iron-gate, with the large houses on each side, at an expense of 300*l.* He was seventy-six years of age when he formed the design of building the hospital contiguous to that of St. Thomas's, which bears his name, and lived to see it roofed in, dying in 1724. The charge of erecting this vast pile amounted to 18,793*l.* and he left 219,499*l.* to endow it; a much larger sum than had ever been dedicated to charitable uses in this kingdom by any one man.

He was a patron of liberty, and the rights of his fellow subjects, which, to his great honour, he strenuously asserted in the several parliaments of which he was a member for the borough of Tamworth in Staffordshire (the place of his mother's nativity). To this town he was a great benefactor, and early in life, not only contributed towards the relief of private families in distress, but erected an alms-house, with a library, in that borough, for the reception of fourteen poor men and women, to whom he allowed a certain pension during his life, and at his death he bequeathed the annual sum of 125*l.* towards their future support.

To many of his relations he gave while living a settled allowance of ten or twenty pounds a year, and to others money to advance them in the world. At his death he left to his poor aged relations, the sum of 870*l.* a year, during their lives, and to his younger relations and executors he bequeathed 75,589*l.* He left the governors of Christ's Hospital, a perpetual annuity of four hun-

dred pounds, for taking in four children annually at the nomination of the governors, and bequeathed 1000*l.* for discharging poor prisoners in the city of London, and in the counties of Middlesex and Surry, by which above six hundred poor persons were set at liberty within the bills of mortality; and lastly, he bequeathed 1000*l.* to any one who could prove themselves in any degree related to him.

Mr. Guy, whose application of his wealth will embalm his memory with blessings to the remotest posterity, died in 1724, at the advanced age of eighty-one years.

HANNAH SNELL.

THAT the weaker sex is endued with fortitude, courage, and resolution in an equal degree with the stronger, is a position which seems to be confirmed by numberless examples. The history of Portia, daughter of the virtuous Cato, and partner of Brutus the patriot, of Arria, the wife of Thrasea Pætus, must be impressed on the recollection of every classical reader. The instances that might be collected from modern writers would furnish materials for many volumes. Among these we have accounts of women who have been induced by circumstances or inclinations to disguise their sex, and embracing the military profession, have become familiarized with hardships and perils of every kind, with scenes of carnage and devastation. Truth however compels us to observe, that these heroines, in "overstepping the modesty of nature," almost invariably transgress those limits which are prescribed by virtue and morality; and that while they have the appearance of one sex with the reality of the other, they frequently unite in themselves the vices of both. These observations will be found to be verified in the history of the female to the particulars of whose life we now call the attention of the reader.

Hannah Snell was born in Fryer-street, in the city of Worcester, on the 23d of April, 1723. Her grandfather embracing the military profession, served under William III. and Queen Anne, and terminated his career at the battle of Malplaquet. Her father was a hosier and dyer, and had a family of three sons and six daughters, of whom our heroine was the youngest but one.

In the year 1740, having lost her father and mother, Hannah removed to London, where she for some time resided with one of her sisters, the wife of a Mr. Gray, carpenter in Ship-street, Wapping. Soon after her arrival in the metropolis, she became acquainted with a Dutch seaman, named James Summs, who paid his addresses to her, and they were married on the 6th of January, 1743. It was not long, however, before she found herself miserably deceived in the opinion she had formed of her husband. He abandoned her company for that of women of the lowest description, with whom he squandered the little property which his wife possessed, and having involved himself deeply in debt, he deserted her entirely, leaving her pregnant, to struggle with all the horrors of poverty. Two months after his departure, she was delivered of a girl, who died at the early age of seven months.

When her husband abandoned her, she again went to reside with her sister; but the death of her child, releasing her from every tie, she resolved to set out in quest of the man, whom, notwithstanding his ill usage, she still continued to love. In order to execute this design with a better grace, and more chance of success, she put on a suit of her brother-in-law's clothes, assumed his name, James Gray, and set off on the 23d of November, 1743. Having travelled to Coventry, and being unable to procure any intelligence of her husband, she, on the 27th of the same month, enlisted into General Guise's regiment, and in the company belonging to Capt. Miller.

She remained at Coventry about three weeks, during

which time she made many fruitless inquiries after her husband. The north being then the seat of war, and her regiment being at Carlisle, she, with seventeen other recruits, left Coventry, and joined the regiment after a march of three weeks, which she performed with as much ease as any one of her comrades.

On her arrival at Carlisle, she was instructed in the military exercise, and was soon able to perform it with great skill and dexterity. She had not been long in that city, when her sergeant, whose name was Davis, having a criminal passion for a young woman in the town, and considering our adventurer as a proper person for promoting his design, applied to her to assist him in executing it. She appeared to acquiesce in his desire, but privately disclosed the whole affair to the intended victim, and warned her of her danger. By this conduct she gained the young woman's confidence and esteem, and being frequently in each other's company, the jealousy of Davis was excited, and he was inflamed with the desire of revenge. He accordingly seized an early opportunity of charging his supposed rival before the commanding officer with neglect of duty; and she was sentenced to receive six hundred lashes. Five hundred, we are told, were inflicted, but the remaining hundred were remitted in consequence of the intercession of some of the officers.

The resentment of the jealous Davis was not yet satisfied with this cruel punishment; he omitted no opportunity to mortify her, and to put her on such duties as he knew to be difficult or disagreeable. For this treatment she however found some compensation in the increased affection of her female friend.

Not long after the above occurrence, another cause of uneasiness appeared. A fresh recruit, a native of Worcester, by trade a carpenter, and who had lodged in the house of her brother-in-law, having joined the regiment, she became justly apprehensive of a discovery of her

sex, and her uneasiness increased to such a degree, that she at length resolved to desert. Having taken every possible precaution, she repaired to her female acquaintance, and informed her of her design. The latter endeavoured to dissuade her from such a dangerous enterprise; but finding her resolution fixed, she furnished her with money; and Hannah having taken leave of her affectionate friend, immediately commenced her journey on foot for Portsmouth. About a mile from Carlisle, perceiving a number of people employed in picking peas, and their clothes lying at some distance, she exchanged her regimental coat for one of the old coats belonging to the men, and proceeded on her journey.

Arriving at Liverpool, Hannah stopped at a small public house, where she acted the gallant and rendered Boniface jealous of his wife. A battle was the consequence, in which the supposed gallant so completely drubbed her host, that he was obliged to keep his bed next day. From this place she suddenly decamped, and proceeded to Chester, where what she obtained from the landlady at Liverpool enabled her to appear in a more genteel style.

At Chester she took lodgings in a private house, in which likewise resided a young mantua-maker, with whom she soon contrived to ingratiate herself. She pushed her suit with much ardour, till at length on some pretence she obtained five guineas of the unsuspecting female, and then thought it time to leave Chester. In an intrigue in which she engaged with a widow at Winchester, our gallant was not quite so successful. Here she met, for once, with her match; the widow had the art to empty her pockets, leaving her lover to ruminate on her folly, and to finish her journey on foot with the few shillings she had remaining.

Hannah was about a month in travelling from Carlisle to Portsmouth, where she soon enlisted as a marine in

Colonel Fraser's regiment. Three weeks afterwards a draft was made from the regiment, for the East Indies, and Hannah among the rest was ordered to embark in the Swallow sloop, one of the ships of Admiral Boscawen's fleet. She soon made herself remarkable on board by her dexterity and address in washing, mending, and cooking for her messmates; and these little good offices obtained her the particular notice of Mr. Wyegate, one of the lieutenants of the marines, who, in a very friendly manner, requested her to become one of their mess. This offer she readily accepted, and soon became a great favourite with the crew of the sloop.

The Swallow having sustained considerable damage in a storm, was obliged to put into the port of Lisbon to refit. A month having been occupied with the necessary repairs, the Swallow again put to sea, to rejoin the fleet; but the night after her departure, another tempest equally violent with the former, destroyed the greatest part of the rigging, so that she was reduced to a state very little better than a wreck. Hannah took her turn at the pump, which was kept constantly going, declined no office however dangerous, and established her character for courage, skill and intrepidity.

The ship was a second time repaired at Gibraltar, and having touched at Madeira, made the best of her way to the Cape of Good Hope, where having joined the rest of the squadron, they proceeded to make an attack on the Mauritius, which, however, proved unsuccessful. The admiral then bore away for Fort St. David, on the coast of Coromandel, where the fleet soon afterwards arrived.

The marines being disembarked, joined the English army; encamping before Areacopong they laid siege to the place, which on the tenth day surrendered. This adventure gave our heroine fresh spirits, and afforded her an opportunity of displaying her intrepidity, which she omitted no opportunity of doing, so that her conduct acquired the commendation of all her officers.

The army then proceeded to the attack of Pondicherry, and after lying before that place eleven weeks, and suffering very great hardships, they were obliged by the rainy season to abandon the siege. Our heroine was in the first party of English foot, who forded the river breast high, under an incessant fire from a French battery. She was likewise on the picket guard, continued on that duty seven nights successively, and laboured very hard about fourteen days at throwing up the trenches.

During this time she maintained her usual firmness, and her conduct was perfectly consistent with the character of bravery which has ever distinguished the British soldier. In one of the attacks, however, her career was well nigh terminated. She fired thirty-seven rounds during the engagement, and received, according to her account, six shots in her right leg, five in the left, and what was still more painful, a dangerous wound in the abdomen. The latter gave her great uneasiness, as she feared lest it might lead to a discovery of her sex, which, even at the hazard of her life, she was determined not to reveal. It was therefore necessary, that she should conceal the knowledge of her wound from the surgeons, and this she knew it would be in vain to attempt without assistance. Intrusting her secret to a black woman who attended her, and who had access to the surgeon's medicines, the latter procured lint, salve, and other necessaries. The pain became extremely acute, and she endeavoured to extract the ball, which she at length accomplished with no other instrument than her finger and thumb. Notwithstanding this painful and dangerous operation, she soon made a perfect cure.

Being removed to the hospital of Cuddalore, during her residence there, the greater part of the fleet sailed. As soon as she was completely cured, she was sent on board the Tartar pink, and continued to do the duty of a sailor till the return of the fleet from Madras. She

was soon afterwards turned over to the Eltham man of war, commanded by Captain Lloyd, and sailed with that ship to Bombay. Here the vessel, which had sprung a leak on the passage, was heaved down to have her bottom thoroughly cleaned and repaired.

This operation lasted five weeks; the captain remained on shore, while Hannah, in common with the rest of the crew had her turn on the watch. On one of these occasions the lieutenant who commanded in the captain's absence, desired her to sing a song, but she excused herself saying she was very unwell. The officer, however, being of a haughty and imperious disposition, peremptorily insisted that she should comply, which she as resolutely refused to do. She soon afterwards had occasion to regret her non-compliance, for being suspected of making free with a shirt belonging to one of her comrades, though no proof could be adduced, the lieutenant ordered her to be put in irons. After remaining in this situation five days, she was ordered to the gangway, and received twelve lashes. The shirt was found in the chest of the man who complained that he had lost it.

From Bombay the Eltham returned to Fort St. David, and on the 19th of November, 1749, that ship, together with the rest of the fleet, set sail for the Cape of Good Hope. Lieutenant Wyegate, whose friendship for the subject of this narrative has already been mentioned, died the day after their departure. His loss was a severe stroke to our heroine, as she was greatly attached to him, and he was one of her most sincere friends.

Soon after the death of Mr. Wyegate, the second lieutenant Mr. Kite took her into his service, in which she remained about two months, when having engaged a boy to attend him, he recommended her to Mr. Wallace, third lieutenant of the ship, who treated her with distinguished kindness during the whole voyage.

About this time the sailors began to rally her, because

she had no beard, and they soon afterwards jocosely christened her *Miss Molly Gray*. This sneering appellation occasioned her considerable alarm, as she feared lest some of the crew might suspect that she was a female, and avail themselves of some favourable opportunity to ascertain the truth. Instead therefore of resenting this treatment, she resolved to take part in all their scenes of dissipation, and endeavour to pass for as good a man as any on board. Accordingly when the ship arrived at Lisbon, she joined the crew in every party of pleasure on shore, and was one of the foremost to promote every species of joviality. In these scenes she acted her part so naturally that her success far exceeded her expectation; the name of *Miss Molly* was buried in oblivion, and *Hearty Jemmy* was substituted in its stead.

While the vessel remained at Lisbon, Hannah, being in company with some of her shipmates, chanced to enter a house of entertainment, where they met with an English sailor who had been at Genoa in a Dutch vessel. She took the opportunity of inquiring after her long-lost husband, and was informed that he had been confined at Genoa, for murdering a native of that place, a gentleman of some distinction, and that, to expiate his crime, he had been put into a bag with a quantity of stones, and thus thrown headlong into the sea. Distressing as this information must have been, Hannah had, however, sufficient command over herself to conceal her emotions.

Leaving Lisbon, our adventurer arrived in safety at Spithead, and proceeded to London to the house of her sister, who, notwithstanding her disguise and long absence, immediately recognised her, and gave her a hearty welcome.

Having, when her story became known, acquired a considerable degree of popularity, she was advised, as she had a good voice, to apply for an engagement to

the managers of the Royalty Theatre, Wellclose-square. As they closed with her offer, she appeared before the public in the character of Bill Bobstay, a sailor. She likewise represented Firelock a military character, and in a most masterly and correct manner went through the manual and platoon exercises, &c.

In this capacity she did not, however, continue many months, but quitted the stage, and as she preferred male attire, she resolved to continue to wear it during the remainder of her life. In consideration of the hardships she had endured in the service of her country, government granted her a pension of 20*l.* with the assistance of which she took a public house in the neighbourhood of Wapping. On one side of the sign was painted, the figure of a jolly British tar, and on the other the valiant Marine, underneath was inscribed, *the Widow in Masquerade, or the Female Warrior.*

These attractive signs produced the desired effect; her house was well frequented, and she lived many years in the enjoyment of prosperity, which compensated, in some measure, for the distresses she had experienced in the early period of her life.

MR. MATHEW.

The circumstance for which this gentleman has obtained a place in our collection is probably without a parallel. There are very few men who have not some hobby-horse, but yet it would be extremely difficult to find one who would, like Mr. Mathew, sacrifice the enjoyment of a princely fortune to the pleasure of riding his favorite nag.

Mr. Mathew inherited a large estate at Thomastown, in the county of Tipperary in Ireland, producing a

clear rent of eight thousand pounds a year. As he delighted in a country life, and possessed in an eminent degree that spirit of hospitality for which the natives of Ireland have ever been distinguished, he resolved to build a large, commodious house for the reception of visitors, surrounded by fifteen hundred acres of his choicest land, all laid out upon a regular plan of improvement, according to the newly adopted mode of English gardening, which had supplanted the bad Dutch taste introduced by King William, and of which Mr. Mathew was the first who set the example in Ireland.

As this design was formed in early life, in order to accomplish his point without incurring any debt on his estate, he retired to the continent for seven years, and lived upon six hundred pounds a year, while the remaining income of his estate was employed in carrying on the great works he had planned there.

It was towards the conclusion of Queen Ann's reign when Mr. Mathew returned from his long residence abroad. At that time party disputes ran very high, but no where did they rage with such violence as in the Irish metropolis, so that daily duels were the consequence. There happened to be at that time in London two gentlemen who valued themselves highly on their skill in fencing; the name of one was Pack and the other Creed; the former being a major and the latter a captain in the army. Hearing of these daily exploits in Dublin, they resolved, like two knight-errants, to go over to Ireland in quest of adventures. On inquiry they learned that Mr. Mathew, lately arrived from France, had the character of being one of the first swordsmen in Europe. Pack rejoicing to find an antagonist worthy of himself, resolved to pick a quarrel with him the first opportunity; and meeting him as he was carried along the street in his chair, he jostled the fore-chairman. Mathew, supposing this to be accidental,

took no notice of the circumstance; but Pack afterwards boasted of it in a public coffee-house, saying that he had purposely offered this insult to that gentleman who had not the spirit to resent it.

A particular friend of Mr. Mathew's of the name of Macnamara, a man of tried courage and reputed the best fencer in Ireland, happened to be present. He immediately took up the quarrel, observing, he was sure Mr. Mathew did not suppose the affront to be intentional, otherwise he would have chastised him on the spot: adding, that if the major would let him know where he was to be found, he should be waited on immediately on Mr. Mathew's return, who was to dine that day a little way out of town. The major said that he should be at the tavern opposite, where he and his companion would wait their commands.

Immediately on his arrival, Mathew, being made acquainted with what had passed, went from the coffee-house to the tavern accompanied by Macnamara. Being shown into the room where the two officers were, after securing the door, without any expostulation, Mathew and Pack drew their swords; but Macnamara stopped them, saying he had something to propose before they proceeded to action. He said, that, in cases of this nature, he never could bear to be a cool spectator. "So, Sir," continued he addressing himself to Creed, "if you please I shall have the honour of entertaining you in the same manner." Creed, who desired no better sport, made no other reply than that of immediately drawing his sword: and to work the four champions fell with the same composure as if it were only a fencing match with foils.

The conflict was of some duration, and maintained with great obstinacy by the two officers, notwithstanding the great effusion of blood from the many wounds which they had received. At length, quite exhausted,

they both fell, and yielded the victory to the superior skill of their antagonists.

Upon this occasion Mathew gave a remarkable proof of the perfect composure of his mind during the action. Creed had fallen first, on which Pack exclaimed: "Ah, poor Creed, are you gone?"—"Yes," replied Mathew, with the utmost calmness, "and you shall instantly *pack* after him," at the same time making a home thrust quite through his body, which threw him to the ground. This was the more remarkable as he was never known in his life, either before or after, to have aimed at a pun.

The number of wounds received by the vanquished parties was very great; and what seemed almost miraculous, their opponents were untouched. The surgeons seeing the desperate state of their patients would not suffer them to be removed out of the room where they fought, but had beds immediately conveyed it, on which they lay many hours in a state of insensibility. When they came to themselves and saw where they were, Pack, in a feeble voice, said to his companion: "Creed, I think we are the conquerors, for we have kept the field of battle." For a long time their lives were despaired of, but to the astonishment of every one, they both recovered. When they were able to see company, Mathew and his friends attended them daily, and a close intimacy afterwards ensued, as they found them men of probity and of the best dispositions except in this extravagant idea of duelling, of which, however, they were now perfectly cured.

Mr. Mathew spent some time in Dublin, and during his residence there he availed himself of the opportunity to renew the old and cultivate new acquaintance. From his personal accomplishments and large fortune, he found no difficulty to obtain access to all whose character or talents rendered him desirous of their

friendship. Out of these he selected such as were most conformable to his taste, inviting them to pass such leisure time as they might have upon their hands at his seat at Thomastown, to which he retired to spend the remainder of his days.

His house had been chiefly contrived to answer the noble purpose of that constant hospitality which he intended to maintain there. It contained forty commodious apartments for guests, with suitable accommodations for their servants. Each apartment was completely furnished with every convenience that could be wanted, even to the minutest article. When a guest arrived, the hospitable owner showed him his apartment, saying: "This is your castle; here you are to command as absolutely as in your own house. You may breakfast, dine and sup here whenever you please, and invite such of the guests as may be most agreeable to you." He then showed him the common parlour, where he said a daily ordinary was kept, at which he might dine when it was more agreeable to him to mix in society, adding: "But from this moment you are never to know me as the master of the house, and only to consider me as one of the guests." In order to avoid all ceremony at meals, he took his place at random at the table, and thus all ideas of precedence being laid aside, the guests seated themselves promiscuously, without any regard to difference of rank or quality.

There was a large room fitted up exactly like a coffee-house, where a bar-maid and waiters attended to furnish refreshments at all times of the day. Here such as chose breakfasted at their own hour. It was provided with chess-boards, backgammon-tables, newspapers, pamphlets, and all other conveniences, that are to be found in a city coffee-house. But the most extraordinary circumstance in his whole domestic arrangement was that of a detached room, in one of the extremities of the house, called the tavern. As Mr. Mathew was him-

self a very temperate man, and many of his guests were of the same disposition, the quantity of wine consumed in the common room was very moderate; but as drinking was much in fashion in those days, in order to indulge such of his guests as had habituated themselves to that custom, he had recourse to this contrivance; and it was the custom of all who loved a cheerful glass to adjourn to the tavern soon after dinner, and leave the more sober part of the company to themselves. Here they were attended by a waiter in a blue apron, as was then the fashion, and all things in the room were so contrived as to favour the illusion. Every one called for what liquor he pleased, with as little restraint as if he had actually been in a public-house and to pay the reckoning. Here too, the midnight orgies of Bacchus were often celebrated with the same noisy mirth as in his city temples, but without in the least disturbing the repose of the more sober part of the family.

Games of all sorts were allowed, but under such restrictions as to prevent gambling, and so as to answer their true end, that of amusement, without injury to the purse of the players. There were two billiard tables and a large bowling-green; ample provision was made for all such as delighted in field sports, with fishing-tackle of all sorts, a variety of guns, with proper ammunition, a pack of buck-hounds, another of fox-hounds, and another of harriers; and twenty choice hunters were kept in the stables for the use of those who were not properly mounted for the chace.

The reader may perhaps be ready to imagine that Mr. Mathew's income, considerable as it was, could not be adequate to the support of so extensive an establishment; but when he considers that the value of money was at that time more than double what it is at the present day; that his large demesne, in some of the richest soil in Ireland, furnished the house with every necessary except wine, liquors and grocery; he may suppose it to

be sufficient, if under the regulation of strict economy, of which no man was a greater master than Mr. Mathew.

His plan was so well formed, and he had such checks upon all his domestics, that it was impossible there could be any waste, or that any article from the larder, or a single bottle of wine from the cellar, could have been purloined without immediate detection. This was accomplished partly by the choice of faithful stewards and clerks of approved integrity, but chiefly by his own superintendance of the whole, as not a day passed without having all the accounts of the preceding one laid before him. This he was enabled to do by his early rising; and the business being finished before others were out of their beds, he always appeared the most disengaged man in the house, and seemed to have as little concern in the conduct of it as any of the guests.

With a stranger, indeed, he might easily have passed for a visitor, as he made it a point that no one should consider him in the light of master of the house, or pay him any civilities on that score.

This he carried so far that he sometimes went abroad without giving any notice, and staid away several days, while things went on as usual at home; and on his return he would not allow any congratulation to be made him, nor any other notice to be taken of him than if he had not been absent during that time.

The arrangements of every kind were so prudently made, that no number of guests or of their domestics ever occasioned any disorder, and all things were conducted with the same ease and regularity as in a private family. There was one point which at first it seemed rather difficult to accomplish, namely, the establishing of certain signals, by which each servant might know when he was summoned to his master's apartment. For this purpose a great hall was appropriated to the use of the servants, where they always assembled when they were not upon duty. Along the wall, bells were ranged in

order, one to each apartment, with the number of the chamber marked over it, so that when any of them was rung they had only to turn their eyes to the bell, and to see what servant was called.

Mr. Mathew was the first that put an end to the inhospitable custom of giving vales to servants, by making a suitable addition to their wages; at the same time assuring them that if they took any afterwards they should be discharged with disgrace; and to prevent the temptation, the guests were informed that he would consider it as the highest affront if any offer of that sort were made.

The following particulars of a visit of the celebrated Dean Swift to Thomastown, will enable the reader to form a more precise idea of the interior economy of that establishment.

Swift had heard much of this place from his friend Dr. Sheridan, who had often been a welcome guest there, both on account of his convivial qualities, and as being the preceptor of the nephew of Mr. Mathew. He at length became desirous of ascertaining with his own eyes the truth of a report, which he could not forbear considering as greatly exaggerated. On receiving an intimation of this from Sheridan, Mr. Mathew wrote a polite letter to the dean, requesting the honour of a visit in company with the doctor, at his next school vacation. They accordingly set out on horseback, attended by a gentleman who was a near relation to Mr. Mathew. They had scarcely reached the inn where they intended to pass the first night, and which, like most of the Irish inns at that time, afforded but miserable entertainment, when they were surprised by the arrival of a coach and six horses, sent to convey them the remainder of their journey to Thomastown, and at the same time bringing a supply of the choicest viands, wine and other liquors, for their refreshment. Swift was highly pleased with this uncommon mark of attention

paid him, and the coach proved particularly acceptable, as he had been a good deal fatigued with his day's journey.

When they came within sight of the house, the dean, astonished as its magnitude, cried out: "What in the name of God can be the use of such a vast building?" "Why, Mr. Dean," replied the fellow-traveller before mentioned, "there are no less than forty apartments for guests in that house, and all of them probably occupied at this time, except what are reserved for us."—Swift in his usual manner called out to the coachman to stop, and drive him back to Dublin, for he could not think of mixing with such a crowd. "Well," said he immediately afterwards, "there is no remedy, I must submit; but I have lost a fortnight of my life."

Mr. Mathew received him at the door with uncommon marks of respect; and then conducting him to his apartment, after some compliments, made his usual speech, acquainting him with the customs of the house, and retired, leaving him in possession of his castle. Soon after the cook appeared with the bill of fare, to receive his directions about supper, and the butler at the same time with a list of wines and other liquors. "And is all this really so?" said Swift. "And may I command here as in my own house?" His companion assured him he might, and that nothing could be more agreeable to the owner of the mansion, than that all under his roof should live conformably to their own inclinations, without the least restraint. "Well then," said Swift, "I invite you and Dr. Sheridan to be my guests while I stay, for I think I shall scarcely be tempted to mix with the mob below."

Three days were passed in riding over the demesne, and viewing the various improvements, without ever seeing Mr. Mathew or any of the guests: nor were the company below much concerned at the dean's absence, as his very name usually inspired those who did not

know him with awe, and they were afraid that his presence would put an end to the ease and cheerfulness which reigned among them. On the fourth day Swift entered the room where the company were assembled before dinner, and addressed Mr. Mathew in a strain of the highest compliment, expatiating on all the beauties of his improvements, with the skill of an artist, and with the taste of a connoisseur. Such an address from a man of Swift's character could not fail of being pleasing to the owner, who was, at the same time, the planner of these improvements; and so fine an eulogium from one who was supposed to deal more largely in satire than panegyric, was likely to remove the prejudice entertained against his character, and prepossess the rest of the company in his favour. He concluded his speech by saying: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, I am come to live among you, and it shall be no fault of mine if we do not pass our time agreeably."

In a short time all constraint on his account disappeared. He entered readily into all the little schemes for promoting mirth, and every day, with the assistance of his coadjutor, produced some new one which afforded a good deal of sport and merriment. In short, never were such joyous scenes known at Thomastown before. When the time came which obliged Sheridan to return to his school, the company were so delighted with the dean, that they earnestly entreated him to remain there some time longer, and Mr. Mathew himself for once broke through his rule of never soliciting the stay of any guest. Swift found himself so happy, that he readily yielded to their solicitations, and instead of a fortnight, passed four months there, much to his own satisfaction, and that of all those who visited the place during the time.

How long Mr. Mathew continued to enjoy the pleasure arising from this establishment, as much the offspring of a genuine spirit of hospitality as of an ec-

Engraved by R. Page.

THOMAS BRITTON,

The Musical Small Coal-man.

centric disposition, we are unable to state. Nor can we inform the reader whether he derived from the execution of his plan all the gratification which he expected. Certain it is, that his method of spending a fortune was much better calculated to afford happiness and rational enjoyment than that pursued by many, who have thrown away theirs on the turf or at the gaming table; and that it was productive of infinitely greater advantage to the community in general, than if, like others, he had locked up the receipts of his estates in his coffers, for the sole purpose of feasting his eyes on his accumulated hoards.

THOMAS BRITTON.

A CHARACTER so truly remarkable as that which occupies the following memoir is fully entitled to a place in this collection, and the more so, as the singularities for which Britton was distinguished were not, as in the generality of mankind, the consequences of follies, failings or vices.

Thomas Britton was born at or near Higham Ferrers, in Northamptonshire. From his native county he went to London, where he bound himself apprentice to a small coal-man. After he had served his full time of seven years, his master gave him a sum of money not to set up for himself. On this he went back to Northamptonshire, and after he had spent the money, returned to London, where, notwithstanding his master was still living, he set up the small coal-trade, in a building which had been a stable, but which he converted into a house, near Clerkenwell-green.

What particular circumstance directed Britton's attention to subjects totally unconnected with his business we are not informed; but it is probable that the ac-

quaintance which commenced, soon after he was settled in the above-mentioned situation, between him and his near neighbour Dr. Garanciers, led him to the study of chemistry. He not only became a proficient in that science, but even contrived a moveable laboratory which was universally admired by all of the profession that happened to see it: and a gentleman from Wales was so much taken with it, as to carry Britton with him into that country to build such another.

Besides his great skill in chemistry, Britton was not less celebrated for his knowledge of the theory of music, in the practical part of which he was also a considerable adept. What will appear still more extraordinary, is, that notwithstanding the meanness of his profession, a musical concert was held at Britton's house, which was attended by the most distinguished professors, as well as by many persons of the highest rank and fashion.

Of the origin of Britton's concert we have an account written by a near neighbour of his, the facetious Edward Ward, author of the London Spy, and many doggerel poems, coarse it is true, but not devoid of humour or pleasantry, and who at that time kept a public-house at Clerkenwell. In one of his publications entitled, "Satirical reflections on Clubs," he has bestowed a whole chapter on the small coal-man's club. From the account there given we learn that "this club was first begun, or at least confirmed by Sir Roger L'Estrange, a very musical gentleman, and who had a tolerable perfection on the bass viol." Ward farther says, that "the attachment of Sir Roger and other ingenious gentlemen, lovers of the muses, to Britton, arose from the profound regard that he had in general to all manner of literature; that the prudence of his deportment to his betters procured him great respect; and that men of the greatest wit, as well as some of the highest quality, honoured his musical society with their company. Britton was, indeed, so much distinguished, that when passing along

streets in his blue linen frock, and with his sack of small coal on his back, he was frequently accosted with such expressions as these: "There goes the famous small coal-man, who is a lover of learning, a performer in music, and a companion for gentlemen." Ward adds, and speaks of it as of his own knowledge, and indeed the fact is indisputable, that Britton had made a very good collection of ancient and modern music by the best masters; that he had also collected a very handsome library, which he had publicly disposed of to very considerable advantage: and that he had still in his possession many valuable curiosities. He farther observes that, at the first institution of this concert it was performed in Britton's own house, but that some time afterwards he took a convenient room out of the next to it. What sort of a house Britton's was, and where it stood, shall now be related.

It was situated on the south side of Aylesbury-street, which extends from Clerkenwell-green to St. John's-street, and was the corner-house of the passage leading by the Old Jerusalem Tavern under the gate-way of the Priory into St. John's-square. On the ground-floor was a repository for small coal; over that was the concert-room, which was very long and narrow, and had a ceiling so low that a tall man could but just stand upright in it. The stairs to this room were on the outside of the house, and could scarcely be ascended without crawling. The house itself was low and very old, and in every respect so mean as to be a fit habitation only for a very poor man. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, this man, despicable as he might seem, attracted as polite an audience as ever the opera did, and ladies of the first rank in the kingdom, in the pleasure which they felt at hearing Britton's concert, forgot the difficulty with which they ascended the steps that led to it.

The reader will probably feel some curiosity to know

who were the persons that performed in Britton's concert. Perhaps when he is informed that Dr. Pepusch, and frequently the celebrated Handel played the harpsichord; Mr. Bannister the first violin; and that Dubourg, then a child, played his first solo at Britton's, standing on a joint stool, it will be unnecessary to repeat the names of the rest. It has been questioned by some whether Britton had any skill in music or not, but it is certain he could tune a harpsichord, and very frequently played the viol de gamba in his own concert.

It has been said that Britton found instruments, and the subscription to his concert was ten shillings a year, with coffee at a penny a dish. If so, Britton had departed from his original institution, for at first no coffee was drank there, nor would he receive any gratuity from one of his guests; on the contrary, he was offended whenever it was offered to him, as was asserted by one of the performers at his concert.

The following stanza of a song written by Ward, in praise of Britton seems to confirm it.

Upon Thursdays repair
To my palace, and there
Hobble up stair by stair;
But I pray ye take care
That you break not your shins by a stumble.
And without e'er a souse,
Paid to me or my spouse,
Sit as still as a mouse,
At the top of the house,
And there you shall hear how we fumble.

Britton's skill in old books and manuscripts is mentioned by Hearne, who in the preface to his edition of Robert of Gloster, refers to a curious manuscript copy of that historian in Britton's possession. The account of the means used by him and other collectors of ancient books and manuscripts about this time, given by one of that class, includes some intimation of Britton's pursuits and connexions.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century a passion for collecting old books and manuscripts prevailed among the nobility. The chief of those who sought after them were the Earls of Oxford, Pembroke, Sunderland, Winchelsea, and the Dukes of Devonshire. These noblemen in the winter season, on Saturdays, the parliament not sitting on that day, used to resort to the city, and dividing themselves, took different routes, some to Little Britain, some to Moorfields, and others to different parts of the town inhabited by booksellers. There they would inquire in the several shops as they passed along for old books and manuscripts; and some time before noon would assemble at the shop of Christopher Bateman, a bookseller at the corner of Ave Maria Lane, in Paternoster-row, where they were frequently met by other persons engaged, in the same pursuits. A conversation on the subject of their inquiries ensued, and while they were thus engaged and as near as possible to the hour of twelve by St. Paul's clock, Britton, who by that time had finished his round, arrived clad in his blue frock, and pitching his sack of small coal on the bulk of Mr. Bateman's shop window, would go in and join them. After a conversation which generally lasted about an hour, the above-mentioned noblemen adjourned to the Mourning Bush at Aldersgate, where they dined and spent the remainder of the day.

The singularity of his character, the course of his studies, and the collections he made induced suspicions that Britton was not the man he appeared to be. Some thought his musical assembly only a cover for seditious meetings, others for magical purposes, and Britton himself was taken for an atheist, a presbyterian and a jesuit. These, however, were ill-grounded conjectures; for he was a plain simple honest man, perfectly inoffensive and highly esteemed by all who knew him, and notwithstanding the meanness of his occupation was always called *Mr.* Britton.

The circumstances of this man's death are not less remarkable than those of his life. There resided in Britton's time near Clerkenwell-close, a man named Robe, who frequently played at his concerts, and who being in the commission of the peace for Middlesex was usually denominated Justice Robe. At the same time one Honeyman a blacksmith by trade, who lived in Bear-street near Leicester-square, became very famous for a faculty which he possessed of speaking as if his voice proceeded from some different part of the house from where he stood. He was one of those who are known by the appellation of ventriloquists, and was himself called "the talking smith." The pranks played by this man would, if collected, almost fill a volume, but in this place the following anecdote may suffice. During the time that Dr. Sacheverell was under censure, and had a great resort of friends to his house near the the church in Holborn, Honeyman had the assurance to get himself admitted under the pretext that he came from a couple who wished to be married by the doctor. He did not remain long in the room, but made such good use of his time that the doctor, though one of the stoutest and most athletic men of his time, was almost terrified into fits.

This man Robe was foolish and wicked enough to introduce to Britton for the sole purpose of frightening him, and he was but too successful. Honeyman, without moving his lips or seeming to speak, announced, as from a distance, the death of poor Britton within a few hours, with an intimation that the only way to avert his doom was for him to fall on his knees immediately and say the Lord's prayer. The poor man did as he was bid, went home, took to his bed and died in a few days, leaving his friend Mr. Robe, to enjoy the consequences of his mirth. His death happened in September, 1714, and on the first of October he was buried in the church-yard of Clerkenwell, being attend-

ed to the grave by a great concourse of people, especially by those who had been used to frequent his concerts. At the time of his death he was upwards of sixty years of age.

"He was," says Hearne, the antiquary, "an extraordinary and valuable man, much admired by the gentry, even those of the best quality, and by all others of inferior rank, that had any kind of regard for probity, sagacity, diligence and humility. I say humility, because, though he was so much famed for his knowledge, and might therefore have lived very reputably without his trade, yet he continued it to his death, not thinking it to be at all beneath him."

Britton was in his person a short thick-set man, with a very honest, ingenuous countenance. There are two pictures of him extant, both painted by his friend Mr. Woolaston. One of them is in the British Museum, and the occasion of painting it, as related by the artist himself, was this: Britton had been out one morning, and having nearly emptied his sack in a shorter time than he expected, had a mind to see his friend Mr. Woolaston. But having always been accustomed to consider himself in two capacities, namely, as one who subsisted by a very mean occupation, and as a companion for persons in a station of life far above his own, he could not, consistently with this distinction, pay Woolaston a visit, dressed as he then was. He, therefore, in his way home, varied his usual round, and passing through Warwick-lane, determined to cry small coal so near the artist's door as to stand a chance of being invited in by him. Accordingly, he had no sooner turned into Warwick-court and cried small coal in his usual tone, than Mr. Woolaston, who had never heard him there before, threw up the sash and beckoned him in. After some conversation Woolaston intimated a desire to paint his picture; Britton modestly complied; and then and at a few subsequent sittings the artist painted him in his blue frock

and with his small coal measure in his hand. A print was taken from this picture, after which Mr. Hughes wrote the following lines that were inscribed underneath it:—

Tho' mean thy rank, yet in thy humble cell
Did gentle peace and arts unpurchas'd dwell;
Well pleas'd Apollo thither led his train,
And music warbled in her sweetest strain.
Cyllenius so, as fables tell, and Jove
Came willing guests to poor Philemon's grove.
Let useless pomp behold and blush to find
So low a station, such a liberal mind.

Britton was a married man, and was survived by his wife. He left little behind him, except his books, his collection of manuscripts and printed music and musical instruments, which were afterwards sold by auction.

Nor did the celebrated Mathew Prior refuse to contribute to the memory of poor Britton in the following lines:—

Tho' doom'd to small coal yet to arts allied;
Rich without wealth, and famous without pride
Music's best patron, judge of books and men;
Belov'd and honour'd by Apollo's train.
In Greece or Rome sure never did appear
So bright a genius, in so dark a sphere!
More of the man had probably been sav'd
Had Kneller painted, and had Vertue grav'd.

THE REVEREND GEORGE HARVEST.

The character of this divine was of such a singular composition, that we shall scarcely find its equal. He was one of the most absent men of his time, a lover of good eating almost to gluttony, extremely negligent in his dress, and a believer in ghosts, goblins, and fairies, though he received a classical education in the university of Oxford.

Though he was bred for the church, his fondness for dramatic exhibitions led him early to try his abilities upon the boards of different provincial theatres; but his vivacity always getting the better of his judgment, and some unlucky impromptu inadvertently popping out, he was constantly upon the minus side of his engagement. Being possessed of a considerable paternal estate, and having a firm friend in Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, for whose daughter Mr. Harvest had a partiality and regard, he, at the age of twenty-four years, bade adieu to the Thespian mania, but not without leaving abundance of anecdotes in the memory of his friends, who have, however, generously sacrificed them to oblivion; whilst the spirit of detraction has preserved his fame as an eccentric divine of no common abilities, but of extraordinary and singular conduct.

He had at this time an estate of 300*l.* per annum; and had insinuated himself so far into the good graces of the bishop's daughter, that the wedding-day was fixed; but unluckily, on that day he forgot himself, for being out fishing, he staid beyond the canonical hour; and the lady, justly offended at his neglect, broke off the match.

Soon after this he commenced housekeeper, and kept a variety of company. Among others who visited him, was Mr. Arthur Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons, who lived at Ember-court, in the parish of Thames Ditton. This gentleman was very fond of Mr. Harvest's company, insomuch that he procured him the living of Thames Ditton, which he held during life. Lord Onslow, the speaker's son, was likewise so pleased with his company, that he took him to Ember-court, where he lived more than he did at his own house. He suffered much from the abuse and dishonesty of his servants in his absence, who ran him so far in debt, that his circumstances became much embarrassed and confused. It is a fact, related by those who knew the

circumstance, that his maid frequently gave balls to her friends, and other servants in the neighbourhood, and persuaded her master that the noise he heard was made in the street, or was the effect of wind.

His memory, if judged of according to his actions, seems to have been a perfect sieve, for any thing would fall through it: and he has even been tried and found to have forgotten his own name. His ideas were so confused sometimes, that he has been known to write a letter to one person, direct it to another, and address it to a third, who could not devise from whom it came, because he had forgotten to subscribe his name. If a beggar happened to take off his hat to him in the street, in hopes of receiving alms, Mr. Harvest made him a low bow, told him he was his most obedient humble servant, and walked on.

His reveries and distractions were so frequent, that not a day passed but he committed some egregious mistake. A friend and he walking together in the Temple-gardens, one evening, previous to the meeting of the club called the Beef-steak Club, in Ivy-lane, to which they were going, and to which Smollet, Johnson, and others belonged, Mr. Harvest picked up a small pebble of so odd a make, that he said he would present it to Lord Bute, who was an eminent virtuoso. After they had walked some time, his friend asked him what o'clock it was, to which, pulling out his watch, he answered, that they had seven minutes good. They took a turn or two more, when, to his friend's astonishment, he canted his watch away into the Thames, and with great sedateness put up the pebble he had before found, in his fob.

His notorious heedlessness was so apparent, that no one would lend him a horse, as he frequently lost his beast from under him, or, at least, from out of his hands; it being his frequent practice to dismount and lead the horse, putting the bridle under his arm, which the

horse sometimes shook off, or the intervention of a post occasioned to fall; sometimes it was taken off by mischievous boys, when the parson was seen drawing his bridle after him; and if any one asked him after the animal, he could not give the least account of it nor how he lost it.

Being desired to officiate one Sunday morning at St. Mary's, in Oxford, a waggish acquaintance wrote the following burlesque upon the banns of matrimony, and which being duly put forward, was read by Mr. Harvest as follows:—

I publish the marriage banns between
Jack Cheshire and the Widow Glo'ster,
Both of a parish that is seen
'Twixt Oxford here and Paternoster;
Who, to keep out the wind and weather,
Hereafter mean to pig together.
So if you wish to put in caveat,
Now is the time to let us have it.

Mr. Harvest constantly thought of something else than what he ought immediately to have considered: not only the office of his sacred functions, but every other circumstance was forced to yield to his inadvertent way of acting. His distraction seemed to proceed from a certain vivacity and changeableness of temper, which, while it raised up an infinite number of ideas in his mind, continually propelled, without allowing it to rest on any particular image. Nothing, therefore, could be more incongruous than the conceptions and thoughts of such a man; for he was never influenced either by the company he was in, or any of those objects which were placed before him; and while you might fancy him attending to your discourse, he was often, in thought bobbing for eels, or studying the character of Chamont, the young soldier in Otway's Orphan; and it was far from being impossible, but he was building some castle in the air. Yet, amidst all these vagaries, Mr. Harvest

was a man of good sense, and was every day doing and saying some things, which though a *mal-a-propos*, and undesigned, denoted his mind to be cast in no common mould.

His want of attention to the present, led him often into disagreeable as well as ridiculous mistakes. Once, when at a gentleman's house in the city, taking his leave with an intention to go away, in one of his absent fits, he mounted up three pair of stairs into the garret: the maids, who by chance were ironing there, wondered what it could be that kept such a stamping about the rooms; when one of them taking a light to see, found the Rev. Mr. Harvest, who, in the utmost confusion, told her he fancied he had made some mistake, and begged to know if that was not the way to the street-door. Such was his absence and distraction, that he frequently used to forget the prayer-days, and walk into his church with his gun upon his arm, to see what could have assembled the people there. Wherever he slept, he used commonly to pervert the use of every utensil: he would wash his mouth and hands in the chamber-pot, wipe himself with the sheets, and not unfrequently go into bed between the sheets with his boots on. In company he never put the bottle round, but always filled when it stood opposite to him, so that he very often took half a dozen glasses running—that he alone was intoxicated, and the rest of the company sober, is not therefore to be wondered at.

It is observed of the passion of love, that it acts like an inundation, turning every thing that stands in its way topsy-turvy, misleading the judgment, blinding the understanding, punishing the wise man, and tickling the fool; but this powerful incentive to action had no effect upon Mr. Harvest. After his first affair with the bishop's daughter, it might be supposed that he would have taken better care the second time. Mr. Harvest, however, was the same absent man still, and he made himself as ridi-

culous this time as the first, and lost an amiable female with a handsome fortune. When the appointed day arrived on which he was to become a husband, and the coach called at his door to carry him to breakfast with his intended bride and her father, the gentleman was not to be found. He had set off the same morning about seven o'clock, and nobody could tell what was become of him. It was nearly dusk before he recollected any thing of the affair, when he took to his heels, from the company he was in, and ran like a madman all the way back: and in such a dirty plight did he arrive, that he could scarcely be recognised. The truth was, that, being invited by the fineness of the weather, he had strayed as far as Richmond, where he had been engaged to dine with company; but suddenly recollecting the important business fixed for that day, he made all the haste possible to the place of assignation, to apologize for his egregious piece of neglect; but this lady, like the first, thought herself so ill used, that she would never see him afterwards; yet Mr. Harvest used often to mention that day as the pleasantest of his whole life.

The figure of this divine was one of the most uncouth imaginable; he seldom had a clean shirt; and when he happened to have one, he either wanted shaving, or had dirty boots, or perhaps two odd stockings; and if any one remarked to him the great impropriety of his slovenliness, he would reply, that, "Indeed he was not very exact." An equestrian expedition to see the abovementioned lady, during the period of their courtship, ought not to pass unnoticed. Thinking it necessary to go on horseback, as it was winter, and the roads were very dirty, he conceived he might save the time of shifting himself by doing it upon the road upon his Rosinante. Providing himself, therefore, with a clean cravat and shirt in his pocket, he proceeded until he came to the lane, at the bottom of which the lady lived,

when, stripping himself, and laying the things before him on the saddle, just as he was attempting to put his shirt on, his horse took fright, and ran with him quite to the door of the lady's house. Here, to the no small astonishment of the family, the Rev. Mr. Harvest made his appearance, without shirt or hat, for all his accoutrements were, like John Gilpin's hat and wig, on the road, where they lay till the doctor and a servant went and collected them together.

He generally travelled on foot, regardless of all weathers. His shoes and stockings were generally in a beastly condition, for he never cleaned them, nor would suffer them to be cleaned. The Surrey and Kent roads, forty years ago, were not so good as they are now; some of them were excessively deep then, and if they had been a fathom or more, it would have been just the same to Parson Harvest, for he never picked his steps, but waded through the middle, so that he had nearly been run over once or twice. To have robbed him of money to any amount would have been totally impossible, for he very seldom carried any about him, save a few halfpence, to buy shrimps or gingerbread; a pennyworth of which he would put into his waistcoat pocket, and forget they were there, among tobacco and gunpowder, worms, gentles for fishing, and other articles. This rubbish he often carried about him till it smelled so as to render his presence almost insufferable. The late dowager Countess of Pembroke once turned out such an heterogeneous mass, as filled a dust shovel. The intimacy of Mr. Harvest with the Onslow family, who lived at Ember-court, in the parish of Thames Ditton, has already been mentioned. This family was so fond of Mr. Harvest's company, that he had a bed there, and resided with them as long as he chose. Here, unrestrained by the rank of his hosts, and regardless of that decorous respect universally paid to the sex, Mr. Harvest was daily guilty of gross improprieties. The family

had a private mode of warning him when he was falling into any of these inadvertencies: this was by crying Col! Col. which meant fellow of a college; these inaccuracies in his behaviour having been, by Lady Onslow, called behaving like a mere scholar, or fellow of a college.

Mr. Harvest making one in a company with Mr. Onslow, in a punt on the Thames, began to read a favourite passage in a Greek author, with such strange theatrical gestures, that his wig soon fell into the water, when, such was his impatience to regain it, that he jumped into the water to fetch it out, and was with difficulty fished out himself. On returning into the boat, he only observed that his Greek had never had such a wetting before.

His advance in years did not cure him in the least of his thoughtless inadvertency. When Lord Sandwich was canvassing for the vice-chancellorship of Cambridge, Mr. Harvest, who had been his schoolfellow at Eton, went down to give him his vote. One day at dinner there in a large company, his lordship jesting with Harvest on their boyish tricks, the parson suddenly exclaimed, "Apropos; whence do you, my lord, derive your nick-name of *Jemmy Twitcher?*"—"Why," answered his lordship, "from some foolish fellow."—"No," replied Harvest, "it is not from some, but every body calls you so." On which his lordship, to end the disagreeable altercation, being near the pudding, put a large slice on the doctor's plate, who immediately seizing it, stopped his mouth for that time.

On another occasion, having accompanied the same nobleman to Calais, they walked on the ramparts. Musing on some geometrical problem, he lost his company in the midst of the town. He could not speak a word of French; but, recollecting that Lord Sandwich was at the Silver Lion, he put a shilling in his mouth, and set himself in the attitude of a lion rampant. After

exciting much admiration, he was led back to the inn by a soldier, under the idea that he was a maniac escaped from his keepers.

The doctor was a great lover of pudding as well as argument. Once at a visitation, the archdeacon was talking very pathetically on the transitory things of this life, among which he enumerated many particulars, such as health, beauty, riches, and power: the doctor, who listened with great attention, turning about to help himself to a slice of pudding, found it was all gone, on which, turning to the reverend moralist, he begged that Mr. Archdeacon, in his future catalogue of transitory things, would not forget to insert a *pudding*.

His fondness for theatrical performances very much abated in his latter years. Lady Onslow one day invited him to see Garrick play some favourite character; they took their seats in the front row of the front boxes. Mr. Harvest, knowing that he was to sleep in town, literally brought his night-cap in his pocket: it was of striped woollen, and had not been washed full half a year. In pulling out his handkerchief, his cap fell out with it, and dropped into the pit. The person on whom it fell tossed it from him; the next did the same; and the cap was for some minutes tossed to and fro all over the pit. Harvest, who was afraid of losing his cap, got up, and, after hemming three times to clear his pipe, began to make an oration, signifying to those who were thus amusing themselves with his cap, to restore it when they had had fun enough with it; for, he observed it was a very serious thing to die without a night-cap: adding, "And please to restore it to me, who am the owner of it;" at the same time placing his left hand on his breast, declaring, "I shall be restless to-night if I have not my cap." The people were struck with his manner, the cap was handed to him at the end of a stick, and the doctor was relieved from his apprehension of a restless night.

Of his impropriety of behaviour in the company of ladies, the following is one of the least censurable examples. Sitting one day among a company, mostly of the fair sex, at Lady Onslow's, a large fly, which had buzzed about him a long time, at last settled upon the bonnet of one of the ladies, which the doctor observing, got up, and with a grave look and accent, addressed these words aloud to the fly, "May you be married!" and watching his opportunity to kill it, he lifted his hand, and gave the lady such a blow upon the head as quite deranged her attire, and confused the company so much, that had not Lady Onslow entered the room at that moment, and made an apology for the rudeness of the doctor's conduct, the whole company would have retired in affront. But on Mr. Harvest begging pardon of the offended lady, and confessing he did not know what he was doing, the affair terminated in a hearty laugh.

His ideas were sometimes so confused, that he performed actions equal to those done in a state of somnabulism. Once perceiving a friend and his wife in an upper room at the house at Ember-court, he, in joke only, locked them in, and put the key in his pocket; when soon afterwards being called down upon business, he forgot what he had done, went out with the key in his pocket, and it was near dark before the two prisoners could be set at liberty. On another occasion, in one of his absent fits, he mistook his friend's house, and went into another, the door of which happened to stand open; and no servant being in the way, he rambled all over the house, till coming into a middle room, where an old lady was ill in bed of a quinsey, he stumbled over the night-stool, threw down a clothes-horse, and might not have ended there, had not the affrighted patient made a noise at his intrusion which brought up the servants, who, finding Dr. Harvest in the room instead of the apothecary, who was momentarily expected, not only

quieted the old lady's fears, but she was taken with such an immoderate fit of laughter at his confusion, that it broke the quinsey in her throat, and she lived many years afterwards to thank Dr. Harvest for his lucky mistake.

Having to preach before the clergy at the visitation, he provided himself with three sermons for the purpose, which he had in his pocket. Some wags got possession of them, mixed the leaves, and sewed them all up as one. The doctor began his sermon, and soon lost the thread of the discourse: he grew confused, but still persisted, and actually preached out first, the clergy who had met on the occasion; next, the churchwardens; and lastly, the congregation: nor would he yet have ended, had not the sexton and beadle admonished him that all the pews were empty.

Mr. Harvest's forgetfulness continued with him through life; yet he was an amusing companion, and if we may judge of him from the sermons which he printed, he was no inelegant scholar; but in his person he was the most beastly sloven alive. He died at Embercourt, in August, 1789, aged 61.

JOHN ELWES, ESQ.

Of all the passions that reign in the human breast, avarice, under certain circumstances, is one of the most unaccountable. That the man who has once felt the miseries of poverty, should, on the acquisition of wealth, exhibit a disposition somewhat more than frugal, cannot appear surprising. It is but just to ascribe it to solicitude to prevent a recurrence of the evils to which he was once exposed. But how shall we explain the existence of that inordinate propensity to accumulate, which sometimes marks the character of persons, born in the lap of

Engraved by R. Page.

JOHN ELWES.

The Remarkable Miser.

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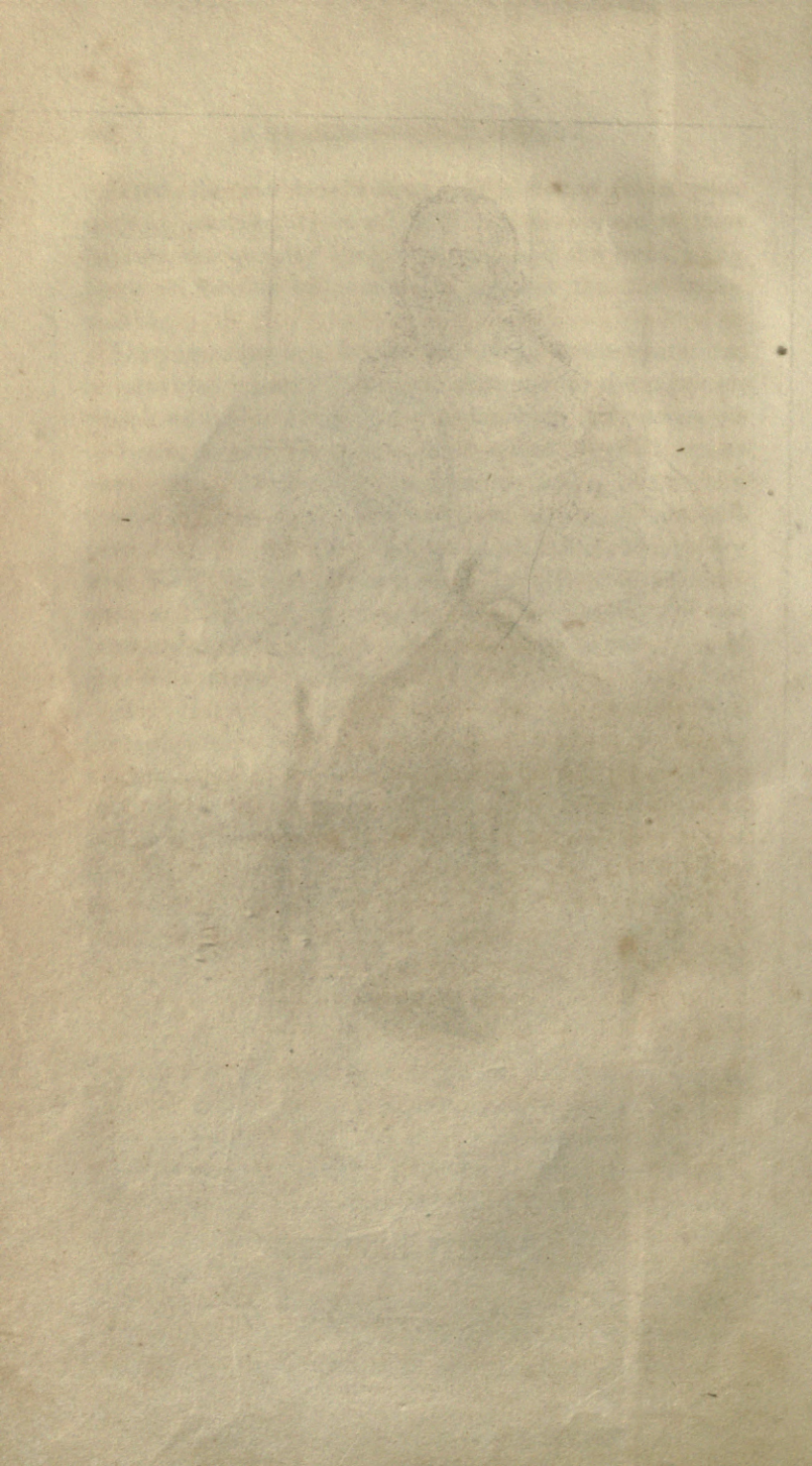


riches, and succeeding, without any exertion of their own, to the possession of almost boundless wealth.

Such was the case of John Elwes—a name which has become proverbial in the annals of avarice—the circumstances of whose remarkable life incontestibly prove that not vast heaps of hoarded gold, or wide-extended possessions, can give happiness and content to such as want spirit to make use of them. Who would exchange the feelings with the scanty fortune of the man of Ross, celebrated by Pope, for the feelings of Elwes, even though coupled with his immense property!

The history of Mr. Elwes likewise furnishes an example, as memorable as any recorded in history, of the inconsistency of man. It shows that the most sordid parsimony may be combined with the most extravagant negligence and profusion, and that principles of the purest honour may be associated with a meanness that is degrading to the human character. But we shall cease to anticipate the reflections that will not fail to occur to every intelligent reader while perusing the following pages, and introduce in them this extraordinary compound of frailty and excellence.

The father of Mr. Elwes, whose family name was Meggot, was an eminent brewer in Southwark. He died when his son was only four years old, so that little of the penurious character by which he was afterwards distinguished, can be attributed to his father. The precepts and example of his surviving parent doubtless exercised more influence; for though she was left nearly one hundred thousand pounds by her husband, it is said that she starved herself to death. Another cause, which will presently be noticed, doubtless contributed to instil into the mind of Mr. Elwes that saving principle by which he was so eminently distinguished.

At an early period of life he was sent to Westminster-school, where he remained ten or twelve years, and became a good classical scholar; yet it is not a little

extraordinary, that at no future period of his life was he ever seen with a book, nor did he leave behind him, at all his different houses, two pounds' worth of literary furniture. Of accounts he had no knowledge whatever, and this may perhaps have been, in part, the cause of his total ignorance of his own concerns. From Westminster-school he removed to Geneva, to complete his education. Here he entered upon pursuits more agreeable to him than study. The riding-master of the academy there had then to boast, perhaps, of three of the boldest riders in Europe, Mr. Worsley, Mr. Elwes, and Sir Sydney Meadows. Of the three, Elwes was reckoned the most courageous; the young horses were always put into his hands, and he was the rough-rider of the other two. After an absence of two or three years he returned to England.

At this time his uncle, Sir Harvey Elwes, resided at Stoke, in Suffolk, the most perfect picture of penury that perhaps ever existed. To this gentleman he was introduced, and as he was to be his heir, it was of course policy to endeavour to please him. A little disguise was now sometimes necessary even in Mr. Elwes, who, as he mingled with the gay world, dressed like other people. This, however, would not have gained him the favour of Sir Harvey: his hopeful nephew used, therefore, when he visited him, to stop at a little inn at Chelmsford, where he dressed in a manner more likely to ensure his uncle's approbation. He made his appearance at Stoke in a pair of small iron buckles, darned worsted stockings, an old worn-out coat, and tattered waistcoat, and was contemplated with a miserable satisfaction by Sir Harvey, who was delighted to see his heir bidding fair to rival him in the accumulation of useless wealth. There they would sit, with a single stick on the fire, and indulge occasionally with one glass of wine between them, while they inveighed against the extravagance of the times; and when night approached

they retired to bed, because they thus saved the expense of candle-light. The nephew, however, had then, what he never lost, a very keen appetite, and this, in the opinion of his uncle, would have been an unpardonable offence. He therefore first partook of a dinner with some country neighbour, and then returned to his uncle with a little diminutive appetite, which quite charmed the old gentleman.

And here we shall take the liberty of digressing a little, for the purpose of introducing to the reader a few farther particulars of Sir Harvey Elwes, whose portrait alone is worthy of being a companion to that of his penurious nephew.

Sir Harvey, on succeeding to the family estate, found himself in the nominal possession of some thousands a year, but actually reduced to an income of not more than one hundred. On his arrival at the mansion of Stoke, he declared that he never would leave it, till he had entirely cleared the paternal estate. This he lived to fulfil, and to realize above one hundred thousand pounds in addition.

But he was formed of the very materials for making an accomplished miser. In his youth he had been given over for a consumption; so that he had no constitution and no passions. He was timid, shy, and diffident, in the extreme, of a thin, spare habit of body, and without a friend in the world.

Having no acquaintance, no books, no inclination for reading or study, his whole delight consisted in hoarding up and counting his money. Next to this the highest gratification he could enjoy was partridge setting. Such was his dexterity, and so plentiful was game at that time, that he has been known to take five hundred brace of birds in one season. But he lived upon partridges, with his whole household, comprehending one man and two maids. What they could not eat, he turned out again, as he never gave any thing away.

During the partridge season, Sir Harvey and his man never missed a single day, when the weather was tolerable; and his breed of dogs being remarkably good, he seldom failed to take great quantities of game. He always wore a black velvet cap much over his face, a threadbare, full-dress suit of clothes, and an old great-coat, with worsted stockings drawn up over his knees. He rode a lean thorough-bred horse, and the horse and his rider looked as if a gust of wind would have blown them away together. When the weather prevented him from going abroad, he would walk backward and forward in his old hall to save the expense of fire. If a farmer of the neighbourhood came in, he would strike a light in a tinder-box which he kept by him, and putting one single stick upon the grate, would not add another till the first was nearly burned out.

As he had but little connexion with the metropolis, Sir Harvey was never without three or four thousand pounds in his house. A set of fellows, afterwards known by the appellation of the Thaxted gang, and who were all hanged, formed a plan to rob him. It was the custom of Sir Harvey to go up at eight o'clock into his bed-chamber, where, after taking a bason of water-gruel by the light of a small fire, he went to bed to save the unnecessary extravagance of a candle. The gang knowing the hour when his servant went to the stable, left their horses in a small grove on the Essex side of the river, and concealed themselves in the church porch till they saw the man pass by. They then rushed from their hiding-place, and after some struggle, bound and gagged him; on which they ran toward the house, tied the two maids together, and going up to Sir Harvey, presented their pistols and demanded his money.

Never did Sir Harvey behave so well as on this occasion. He refused to give the robbers any answer, till they had assured him that his servant, who was a great favourite, was safe. He then delivered them the key of

a drawer in which were fifty guineas. Knowing but too well that he had much more in the house, they again threatened his life, unless he discovered where it was deposited. He, at length, showed them the place, and they turned out a large drawer containing seven hundred and twenty guineas. This sum they packed up in two large baskets and carried off. On quitting Sir Harvey they told him they should leave one of their number behind to dispatch him if he stirred or made the least alarm. With great calmness and simplicity, he took out his watch, for which they had not asked him, and said: "Gentlemen, I do not want to take any of you; therefore, upon my honour, I will give you twenty minutes for your escape; after that time nothing shall prevent me from seeing how my servant does." He was as good as his word; for, at the expiration of the time, he went and released the man: but though some search was made by the village, the robbers were not discovered.

Being apprehended some years afterwards for other offences, and found to be the men who robbed Sir Harvey, he refused to appear against them. To his attorney, who pressed him to go to Chelmsford to identify their persons, he replied: "No, no; I have lost my money, and now you want me to lose my time also."

Notwithstanding Sir Harvey's dislike of society, he was a member of a club which occasionally met at his own village of Stoke, and to which belonged two baronets besides himself, Sir Cordwell Firebras, and Sir John Barnardiston. In spite of their riches, the reckoning was always a subject of investigation. One day when they were engaged in settling this difficult point, a wag, who was a member, called out to a friend that was passing: "For heaven's sake, step up stairs and assist *the poor!* Here are three baronets, worth a million of money, quarrelling about a farthing."

In the chastity and abstinence of his life, Sir Harvey Elwes was a rival to the celebrated Newton; for he

would have held it unpardonable to have given even his affections; and as he saw no lady whatever, he was under no temptation to barter them matrimonially for money.

His ordinary annual expenditure was about one hundred and ten pounds. His clothes cost him nothing; for he took them out of an old chest, where they had lain ever since the gay days of his grandfather Sir Jervaise. His household he kept principally on game, and the fish of his own ponds: while the cows which grazed before his door, supplied them with milk, butter and cheese, and his woods furnished all the fuel that he burned.

Sir Harvey was a remarkable instance of what temperance can effect. Though given over for a consumption at an early period of his life, he attained to the age of between eighty and ninety years. At his death, the only tear that was dropped upon his grave fell from the eye of his servant, who had long and faithfully attended him. To that servant, and to his heirs, he bequeathed a farm of fifty pounds per annum.

Previous to his interment, he lay in state, such as it was, at his seat at Stoke, on which occasion some of his tenants, with more humour than decency, observed, that "it was well Sir Harvey could not see it."

The contemplation of such a character as that of Sir Harvey Elwes, affords a very mortifying picture of human infirmity. The contrast of so much wealth, and so much abuse of it, is disgusting, but yet it has its uses. Let those who fancy that riches are capable of conferring happiness here view all their inability and failure, and acknowledge that the mind alone makes or mars our felicity. In an age when the comforts, if not the luxuries of life, are almost regarded as inseparable from happiness, and as the foundation of our pleasures, it cannot fail to excite the greatest astonishment, that Sir Harvey Elwes, possessed of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, should live above sixty years in soli-

tude to avoid the expense of company; should almost deny himself fire and candle; should wear the cast-off clothes of his predecessor, and live in a house where the wind was entering at every broken casement, and the rain descending through the roof—voluntarily imposing upon himself a condition little better than the pauper of an alms-house!

Sir Harvey left his name and his whole property, amounting to at least two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, to his nephew, who at the time possessed a fortune very little inferior. For fifteen years previous to this event, Mr. Elwes was known in all the fashionable circles of the metropolis. His numerous acquaintance and large fortune conspired to introduce him into every society; he was admitted a member of a club at Arthur's, and various other clubs of that period. His passion for play was only exceeded by his avarice, and it was not till late in life that he was cured of the inclination. Few men, according to his own acknowledgment, had played deeper and with more various success. He once played two days and a night without intermission, and the room being small, the party, one of whom was the Duke of Northumberland, were nearly up to the knees in cards. At this sitting Mr. Elwes lost some thousands.

No one will be disposed to deny that avarice is a base passion. It will therefore be the more difficult to conceive how a mind organized like that of Mr. Elwes, could be swayed by principles of such peculiar honour and delicacy as often influenced his conduct: the theory which he professed, that it was impossible to ask a gentleman for money, he adhered to in practice, and this feeling he never violated to the last. Had he received all he won, he would have been richer by many thousands, for many sums owing him by persons of very high rank were never liquidated. Nor was this the only pleasing trait in the character of Mr. Elwes; his man-

ners were so gentlemanly, so mild, and so engaging, that rudeness could not ruffle them, nor strong ingratitude oblige him to cease the observance of his usual attention.

After sitting up a whole night at play for thousands, with the most fashionable and profligate men of the time, surrounded with splendour and profusion, he would walk out about four in the morning, not towards home, but to Smithfield, to meet his own cattle which were coming to market from Theydon Hall, a mansion he possessed in Essex. There, forgetting the scenes he had just left, he would stand in the cold or rain squabbling with a carcase butcher for a shilling. Sometimes, if the beasts had not yet arrived, he would walk on in the mire to meet them; and more than once he has gone on foot the whole way to his farm, which was seventeen miles from London, without stopping, after sitting up the whole night.

The principal residence of Mr. Elwes, at this period of his life, was at his seat at Marcham in Berkshire. Here he had two sons born by Elizabeth Moren, his housekeeper; and these natural children, at his death, inherited by will the greatest part of his immense property. He, however, paid frequent visits to his uncle Sir Harvey, and used to attend him in his favourite amusement of partridge-setting. He always travelled on horseback, and to see him preparing for a journey was a matter truly curious. His first care was to put two or three eggs, boiled hard, into his great-coat pocket, together with a few scraps of bread; then mounting one of his hunters, his next care was to get out of London into that road where there were the fewest turnpikes. Stopping on these occasions, under any hedge where grass presented itself for his horse, and a little water for himself, he would sit down and refresh himself and his beast together.

On the death of his uncle, Mr. Elwes went to reside

at Stoke, in Suffolk. Bad as was the mansion-house he found there, he left one still worse behind him at Marcham, of which his nephew, the late Colonel Timms, used to relate the following anecdote:—A few days after he went thither, a great quantity of rain falling in the night, he had not been long in bed before he found himself wet through, and perceived that the rain was dropping from the ceiling on the bed. He rose and moved the bed; but he had not lain long before he found that he was just as much exposed as before. At length, after making the tour of the room with his bed, he retired into a corner where the ceiling was better secured, and there he slept till morning. At breakfast he told Elwes what had happened. "Aye, aye," said the old man, seriously, "I don't mind it myself; but to those that do, that's a nice corner in the rain."

On his removal into Suffolk Mr. Elwes first began to keep fox hounds, and his stable of hunters was, at that time, considered the best in the kingdom. This was the only instance of his ever sacrificing money to pleasure; but even here every thing was managed in the most frugal manner. His huntsman led by no means an idle life: he rose at four every morning, and after milking the cows, prepared breakfast for his master and any friends he might happen to have with him; then slipping on a green coat, he hurried into the stable, saddled the horses, got the hounds out of the kennel, and away they went into the field. After the fatigues of hunting, he refreshed himself by rubbing down two or three horses as quickly as possible; then running into the house he would lay the cloth and wait at dinner. This business being dispatched, he again hurried into the stable to feed the horses, and the evening was diversified with an interlude of the cows again to milk, the dogs to feed, and eight horses to litter down for the night. It may, perhaps, appear extraordinary, that this man should live in his place some years, though his master often

used to call him an idle dog, and say, the rascal wanted to be paid for doing nothing. Thus the whole fox-hunting establishment of Mr. Elwes, huntsman, dogs, and horses, did not cost him three hundred pounds a year. In the summer, the dogs always passed their lives with the different tenants, where they had more meat and less work, and were collected together a few days before the season began.

While he kept hounds, which was for a period of nearly fourteen years, Mr. Elwes resided almost entirely at Stoke in Suffolk. He sometimes made excursions to Newmarket, but never engaged on the turf. A kindness which he performed on one of these occasions ought not to pass unnoticed. Lord Abingdon, who was slightly known to him, in Berkshire, had made a match for 7000*l.* which it was supposed he would be obliged to forfeit, from inability to produce the sum, though the odds were greatly in his favour. Unasked and unsolicited, Mr. Elwes made him an offer of the money, which he accepted, and won his engagement.

On the day when this match was to take place, a clergyman agreed to accompany Mr. Elwes, to see the issue of it. They went on horseback; and as they were to set off at seven in the morning, the gentleman took no refreshment, imagining that they were to breakfast at Newmarket. About eleven they reached that place, where Mr. Elwes was occupied in inquiries and conversation till twelve, when the match was decided in favour of Lord Abingdon. His companion now expected they should move off to the town, to take some breakfast, but Elwes still continued to ride about. The hour of four at length arrived, at which time the gentleman became so impatient, that he mentioned something of the keen air of Newmarket Heath, and the comforts of a good dinner. "Very true," said old Elwes, "very true. So here do as I do," at the same time offering him from his great coat pocket a piece of an old crushed pancake, which he

said he had brought from his house at Marcham two months before, but that it was as good as new. It was nine in the evening before they reached home, when the gentleman was so fatigued, that he could think of no refreshment but rest; and Elwes, who in the morning had risked seven thousand pounds, went to bed happy in the reflection that he had saved three shillings.

He had brought with him his two sons out of Berkshire, to his seat at Stoke, and if he ever manifested a fondness for any thing, it was for those boys. But he would lavish no money on their education, often declaring, that "putting things into people's heads was taking money out of their pockets." That he was not, however, overburthened with natural affection, the following anecdote appears to prove. One day he had sent his eldest boy up a ladder, to get some grapes for the table, when, the ladder slipping, he fell down and hurt his side against the end of it. The boy took the precaution to go up to the village to the barber and get blooded. On his return, being asked where he had been, and what was the matter with his arm, he informed his father that he had got bled.—"Bled! bled!" cried the old gentleman; "but what did you give?" "A shilling," answered the boy. "Pshaw!" returned the father, "you are a blockhead; never part with your blood!"

An inn upon the road, and an apothecary's bill, were equal objects of Mr. Elwes's aversion. The words "*give*" and "*pay*" were not found in his vocabulary; and therefore, when he once received a very dangerous kick from one of his horses, who fell in going over a leap, nothing could persuade him to have any assistance. He rode the chase through, with his leg cut to the bone; and it was only some days afterwards, when it was feared an amputation would be necessary, that he consented to go up to London, and, hard day! part with some money for advice.

From the parsimonious manner in which he lived, and

the two large fortunes of which he was possessed, riches rolled in upon him like a torrent; but as he knew scarcely any thing of accounts, and never reduced his affairs to writing, he was obliged, in the disposal of his money, to trust much to memory, and still more to the suggestions of others. Every person who had a want or a scheme with an apparently high interest, adventurer or honest, it signified not, was prey to him. He caught at every bait, and to this cause must be ascribed visions of distant property in America, phantoms of annuities on lives that could never pay, and bureaus filled with bonds of promising peers and senators. In this manner Mr. Elwes lost at least one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

Thus there was a reflux of some portion of that wealth which he was denying himself every comfort to amass. All earthly enjoyments he voluntarily renounced. When in London, he would walk home in the rain rather than pay a shilling for a coach; and would sit in wet clothes rather than have a fire to dry them. He would eat his provisions in the last stage of putrefaction, rather than have a fresh joint from the butcher; and at one time he wore a wig above a fortnight which he picked up out of a rut in a lane, and which had, apparently, been thrown away by some beggar. The day on which he first appeared in this ornament, he had torn an old brown coat which he generally wore, and had therefore been obliged to have recourse to the old chest of Sir Jervaise, (his uncle's father,) from which he selected a full-dress green velvet coat, with slash sleeves; and there he sat at dinner in boots, the above-mentioned green velvet, his own white hair appearing round his face, and the black stray wig at the top of all.

Mr. Elwes had inherited from his father some property in houses in London, particularly about the Haymarket. To this he began to add by engagements for building, which he increased from year to year, to a

very great extent. He was the founder of great part of Marybone; Portman-place, Portman-square, and many of the adjacent streets rose out of his pocket: and had not the fatal American war put a stop to his rage for building, much of the property he then possessed would have been laid out in bricks and mortar. He judiciously became his own insurer, and stood to all his losses by conflagrations. He soon became a philosopher upon fire; and, on a public house which belonged to him being consumed, he said, with great composure, "Well, there is no great harm done; the tenant never paid me, and I should not have got rid of him so quickly in any other way."

It was the custom of Mr. Elwes, whenever he came to town, to occupy any of his premises that might then chance to be vacant. In this manner he travelled from street to street, and whenever any person wished to take the house in which he was, the owner was instantly ready to move into any other. A couple of beds, the same number of chairs, a table, and an old woman, comprised all his furniture, and he moved them about at a minute's warning. Of all these moveables, the old woman was the only one that gave him any trouble; for she was afflicted with a lameness that made it difficult to get her about quite so fast as he chose; and besides, the colds she took were amazing; for sometimes she was in a small house in the Haymarket, at another in a great house in Portland-place; sometimes in a little room with a coal fire, at other times with a few chips which the carpenters had left, in rooms of most splendid, but frigid dimensions, and with a little oiled paper in the windows for glass. It might with truth be said of the old woman, that she was "here to-day, and gone to-morrow;" and the scene which terminated her life is not the least singular of the anecdotes recorded of Mr. Elwes.

He had come to town, and as usual had taken up his

abode in one of his empty houses. Colonel Timms, who wished much to see him, accidentally learned that his uncle was in London; but how to find him was the difficulty. In vain he inquired at his banker's and at other places; some days elapsed, and he at length learned, from a person whom he met by chance in the street, that Mr. Elwes had been seen going into an uninhabited house, in Great Marlborough-street. This was some clue to the colonel, who immediately posted to the spot. As the best mode of gaining intelligence he applied to a chairman, but he could obtain no information of a gentleman called Mr. Elwes. Colonel Timms then described his person, but no gentleman had been seen. A pot-boy, however, recollected that he had seen a poor old man opening the door of the stable, and locking it after him, and from the description it agreed with the person of Mr. Elwes; the colonel proceeded to the house, and knocked very loudly at the door, but could obtain no answer, though some of the neighbours said they had seen such a man. He now sent for a person to open the stable door, which being done, they entered the house together. In the lower part all was shut and silent; but on ascending the staircase they heard the moans of a person seemingly in distress. They went to the chamber, and there, on an old pallet bed, they found Mr. Elwes apparently in the agonies of death. For some time he seemed quite insensible; but on some cordials being administered by a neighbouring apothecary who was sent for, he recovered sufficiently to say that he believed he had been ill two or three days, "that an old woman who was in the house, for some reason or other had not been near him; that she had herself been ill; but he supposed she had got well and was gone away." The poor old woman, the partner of all his journeys, was, however, found lifeless on a rug upon the floor, in one of the garrets, and had to all appearance been dead about two days. Thus died the servant, and thus,

had it not been for his providential discovery, would have perished her master, Mr. Elwes; who, though worth at least half a million sterling, was near expiring in his own house of absolute want.

Mr. Elwes had resided thirteen years in Suffolk, when, on the dissolution of parliament, a contest appeared likely to take place for Berkshire; but, to preserve the peace of the county, he was nominated by Lord Craven. Mr. Elwes consented, only on the express stipulation, that he was to be brought in for nothing. All he did was to dine at the ordinary at Abingdon, so that he actually obtained a seat in parliament for the moderate sum of eighteen pence. He now left Suffolk, and again went to his seat at Marcham. He took his foxhounds with him, but finding that his time was likely to be much employed, he resolved to part with them, and they were soon afterwards given away to some farmers in the neighbourhood. He was chosen for Berkshire in three successive parliaments, and sat as a member of the House of Commons about twelve years. Though a new man, Mr. Elwes could not be called a young member, for he was at this time nearly sixty years of age. But he was in possession of all his activity; and preparatory to his appearance on the boards of St. Stephen's chapel, he used to attend constantly during the races and other public meetings in all the great towns where his voters resided. At the different assemblies, he would dance amongst the youngest to the last, after riding on horseback, frequently in the rain, to the place of meeting.

The honour of parliament made no alteration in the dress of Mr. Elwes; on the contrary, it seemed to have attained additional meanness, and nearly to have reached that happy climax of poverty, which has more than once drawn on him the compassion of those who passed him in the street. For the speaker's dinners, however, he had one suit, with which the speaker, in the course of the session, became very familiar. The minister like-

wise was well acquainted with it; and at any dinner of opposition, still was his apparel the same. The wits of the minority used to say, "that they had full as much reason as the minister to be satisfied with Mr. Elwes, as he never turned his coat." At this period of his life Mr. Elwes wore a wig. Much about the time when his parliamentary life ceased, that wig became worn out; and then, being older and wiser as to expense, he wore his own hair, which, like his expenses, was very small. All this time the income of Mr. Elwes was increasing hourly, and his present expenditure was next to nothing; for the little pleasures he had once engaged in he had now given up. He kept no house, and only one servant, the huntsman, and a couple of horses, and resided with his nephew; his two sons he had stationed in Suffolk and Berkshire, to look after his respective estates; and his dress certainly was no expense to him; for had not other people been more careful than himself, he would not have had it even mended.

As Mr. Elwes came into parliament without expense, he performed his duty as a member would have done in the pure days of our constitution. What he had not bought, he never attempted to sell; and he went forward in that straight and direct path which can alone satisfy a reflecting mind. Amongst the smaller memorials of the parliamentary life of Mr. Elwes may be noted, that he did not follow the custom of members in general, by sitting on any particular side of the house, but sat as occasion presented itself, on either indiscriminately; and he voted much in the same manner, but never rose to speak.

In his attendance on his senatorial duties, Mr. Elwes was extremely punctual; he always staid out the whole debate, and let the weather be what it might, he used to walk from the House of Commons to the Mount Coffee-house. In one of these pedestrian returns, a circumstance occurred which furnished him a whimsical oppor-

tunity of displaying his disregard of his person. The night was extremely dark, and hurrying along, he ran with such violence against the pole of a sedan-chair, that he cut both his legs very deeply. He, as usual, never thought of having any medical assistance, but Colonel Timms, at whose house he then was, insisted on some one being called in. At length he submitted, and an apothecary was sent for, who immediately began to expatiate on the ill consequences of breaking the skin, the good fortune of his being sent for, and the peculiarly bad appearance of the wounds. "Very probable," replied Mr. Elwes; "but Mr. —— I have one thing to say to you. In my opinion my legs are not much hurt; now you think they are; so I will make this agreement: I will take one leg and you shall take the other; you shall do what you please with your's, I will do nothing to mine; and I will wager your bill that my leg gets well before your's." He exultingly beat the apothecary by a fortnight.

Mr. Elwes, when he conceived that he had obtained a seat in parliament for nothing, had not taken into account the inside of the house; for he often declared that three contested elections could not have cost him more than he lost by loans to his brother representatives, which were never repaid. But this passion for lending was in time conquered, and an unfortunate proposal which was made him of vesting twenty-five thousand pounds in some iron works in America, gave at last a fatal blow to his various speculations. The plan had been so plausibly laid before him that he had not the least doubt of its success; but he had the disappointment never more to hear of his iron or his gold. His parsimony was the chief cause of his quitting parliament, for such was the opinion his constituents entertained of his integrity, that a very small expense would have restored him to his seat. He therefore voluntarily retired from a parliamentary life.

He was however now, in the common phrase, "a fish

out of water!" The style of Mr. Elwes's life had left him no domestic scenes to which he could retire; his home was dreary and poor; his rooms received no cheerfulness from fire; and while the outside had all the appearance of a "house to be let," the interior was a desert; but he had his penury alone to thank for this, and for the want of all the little comforts, and consolations which should attend old age, and smooth the passage of declining life.

Mr. Elwes frequently declared "that, after the experience he had had of public speakers, and members of parliament, there was only one man, he thought, could now talk him out of his money, and that was young Pitt!"

About this time he lost his famous servant of all work. He died as he was following his master on a hard trotting horse into Berkshire, and he died empty and poor; for his yearly wages were not above five pounds, and he had fasted the whole day on which he expired. The life of this extraordinary domestic certainly verified this saying, which Mr. Elwes often used: "If you keep one servant your work is done; if you keep two it is half done; but if you keep three you may do it yourself."

For some years Mr. Elwes had been a member of a card club at the Mount Coffee-house; and by a constant attendance on this meeting, he, for a time, consoled himself for the loss of parliament. The play was moderate, and he had an opportunity of meeting many of his old acquaintances in the House of Commons; and he experienced a pleasure, which, however trivial it may appear, was not less satisfactory—that of enjoying fire and candle at the general expense.

Mr. Elwes therefore passed much of his time in the Mount Coffee-house. But fortune seemed resolved, on some occasion, to disappoint his hopes, and to force away that money from him which no power could persuade him to bestow. He still retained some fondness for play, and imagined he had no small skill at picquet.

It was his ill luck, however, to meet with a gentleman who thought the same, and on much better grounds; for after a contest of two days and a night, in which Mr. Elwes continued with a perseverance which avarice will inspire, he rose a loser of a sum which he always endeavoured to conceal—though there is reason to believe, that it was not less than three thousand pounds. Some part of it was paid by a large draft on Messrs. Hoares, and was received very early the next morning. This was the last folly, of the kind, of which Mr. Elwes was ever guilty; and it is but justice to the members of the club to say, that they ever after endeavoured to discourage any wish to play with him.—Thus, while by every art of human mortification he was saving shillings and sixpences, he would kick down in one moment the heap he had raised. Though the benefit of this consideration was thrown away upon him, for his maxim, which he frequently repeated, always was, "That all *great fortunes* were made by *saving*: for of that a man could be sure."

Among the sums which Mr. Elwes injudiciously vested in the hands of others, some solitary instances of generosity are upon record. When his son was in the guards he was in the habit of dining frequently at the officers' table. The politeness of his manners rendered him generally agreeable, and in time he became acquainted with every officer of the corps. Among these was Captain Tempest, whose good humour was almost proverbial. A vacancy happening in a majority, it fell to this gentleman to purchase, but as money cannot always be raised immediately on landed property, it was imagined that he would have been obliged to suffer some other officer to purchase over his head. Mr. Elwes one day hearing of the circumstance, sent him the money the next morning, without asking any security. He had seen Captain Tempest and liked his manners; and he never once spoke to him afterwards concerning the

payment; but on the death of that officer, which soon followed, the money was replaced. At this time he was in possession of seven hundred thousand pounds, and lived upon fifty pounds a year.

At the close of the spring of 1785, he again wished to see his seat at Stoke, which he had not visited for some years; but the journey was now a serious object. The famous old servant was dead; out of his whole stud he had remaining only a couple of worn-out brood mares; and he himself no longer possessed such vigour of body as to ride sixty or seventy miles, with two boiled eggs. The mention of a post-chaise, indeed! "where was he to get the money?" At length, to his no small satisfaction, he was carried into the country, as he had been into parliament, free of expense, by a gentleman who was certainly not quite so rich as himself. When he reached Stoke, once the scene of more active life and where his fox hounds had spread somewhat like vivacity around, he remarked, "he had expended a great deal of money once very foolishly; but that a man grew wiser by time." On his arrival he found fault with the expensive furniture of the rooms, which would have fallen in but for his son John Elwes, Esq. who had resided there. If a window was broken there was to be no repair, but that of a little brown paper, or piecing in a bit of broken glass; and to save fire he would walk about the remains of an old green-house, or sit with a servant in the kitchen. During the harvest, he would amuse himself with going into the fields, to glean the corn on the grounds of his own tenants; and they used to leave a little more than common to please the old gentleman, who was as eager after it as any pauper in the parish.

When the season was still farther advanced, his morning employment was, to pick up any straw, chips, bones or other things, to carry to the fire in his pocket; and he was one day surprised by a neighbouring gentleman

in the act of pulling down, with some difficulty, a crow's nest for this purpose. The gentleman expressed his wonder why he gave himself this trouble, to which he replied, "O Sir, it is really a shame that these creatures should do so. Only see what waste they make."

As no gleam of favourite passion, or any ray of amusement, broke through this gloom of penury, his insatiable desire of saving was now become uniform and systematic. He used still to ride about the country on one of the brood mares; but then he rode her very economically, on the soft turf, adjoining the road, without putting himself to the expense of shoes, as he observed "The turf was so pleasant to a horse's foot!" And when any gentleman called to pay him a visit, and the boy who attended in the stables was profuse enough to put a little hay before his horse, old Elwes would slily steal back into the stable, and take the hay very carefully away. That very strong appetite which Mr. Elwes had in some measure restrained during the long sitting of parliament, he now indulged most voraciously, and on every thing he could find. To save the expense of going to a butcher, he would have a whole sheep killed, and so eat mutton to the end of the chapter. When he occasionally had his river drawn, though sometimes horse-loads of fish were taken, he would not suffer one to be thrown in again, observing that if he did, he should never see them more. Game in the last stage of putrefaction, and meat that walked about his plate, he would continue to eat, rather than have new things killed before the old provisions were exhausted. With his diet his dress kept pace. When any friends who might happen to visit him were absent, he would carefully put out his own fire, and walk to the house of a neighbour, making one fire serve both. Sometimes he would walk about in a tattered brown coloured hat, and sometimes in a red and white woollen cap, like a prisoner confined for debt. His shoes he never would

suffer to be cleaned, lest they should be worn out the sooner. When he went to bed, he would put five or ten guineas into a bureau, and would rise sometimes in the middle of the night, to go down stairs and see if they were safe. There was nothing but the common necessaries of life which he did not deny himself, and it would have admitted of a doubt whether, if he had not held in his own hands manors and grounds which furnished him a subsistence, he would not have starved rather than have bought any thing. He one day dined on the remnant of a moor-hen, which had been brought out of the river by a rat, and at another ate the undigested part of a pike, which had been swallowed by a larger one taken in this state in a net. On the latter occasion, he observed, with great satisfaction: "Aye! this is killing two birds with one stone."

But still, with all this self-denial, that penury of life to which the inhabitant of an alms-house is not doomed, still did he think he was profuse, and frequently say, "He must be a little more careful of his property."

When seventy-three, he walked out a shooting with his friends, to see whether a pointer, one of them at that time valued much, was as good a dog as some he had had in the time of Sir Harvey. After walking for some hours, much unfatigued, he determined against the dog, but with all due ceremony. One of the gentlemen who was a very indifferent shot, by firing at random, lodged two pellets in the cheek of Mr. Elwes; the blood appeared, and the shot certainly gave him pain; but when the gentleman came to make him his apology and profess his sorrow—"My dear sir," said the old man, "I give you joy on your improvement, I knew you would hit *something* by and by."

Mr. Elwes passed the spring of 1786 alone, at Stoke, and had it not been for some little daily scheme of avarice, he would have passed it without one consolatory moment. His temper began to give way; his

thoughts were incessantly occupied with money, and he saw no person but what, as he imagined, was deceiving and defrauding him. As he would not allow himself any fire by day, so he retired to bed at it's close, to save candle; and even began to deny himself the luxury of sheets. In short, he had now nearly brought to a climax the moral of his whole life,—the perfect vanity of wealth!

On removing from Stoke, he went to his farm at Theydon-hall, a scene of greater ruin and desolation, if possible, than either of his other houses in Suffolk or Berkshire. It stood alone on the borders of Epping Forest, and an old man and woman, his tenants, were the only persons with whom he could hold any converse. Here he fell ill, and as he refused all assistance, and had not even a servant, he lay, unattended, and almost forgotten, indulging, even in the prospect of death, that avarice which nothing could subdue. It was at this period he began to think of making his will; as he was probably sensible that his sons could not be entitled by law to any part of his property, should he die intestate. On his arrival in London, he put his design in execution, and devised all his real and personal estates to his two sons, who were to share the whole of his vast property equally between them.

Soon after this Mr. Elwes gave, by letter of attorney, the power of managing all his concerns into the hands of Mr. Ingraham, his attorney, and his youngest son, who had been his chief agent for some time. This step had become highly necessary, for he entirely forgot all recent occurrences, and as he never committed any thing to writing, the confusion he made was inexpressible. Of this the following anecdote may serve as an instance: He had one evening given a draft on Messrs. Hoare's, his bankers, for twenty pounds, and having taken it into his head during the night, that he had overdrawn his account, his anxiety was unceasing. He

left his bed, and walked about his room with that feverish irritation that always distinguished him, waiting with the utmost impatience for the morning; when, on going to the banker, with an apology for the great liberty he had taken, he was assured there was no occasion to apologize, as he happened to have in his hands at that time, the small balance of fourteen thousand seven hundred pounds.

However singular this act of forgetfulness may appear, it serves to mark that extreme conscientiousness which, amidst all his anxiety about money, did honour to his character. If accident placed him in debt to any person, even in the most trivial manner, he was never easy till it was paid, and he was never known on any occasion to fail in what he said. Of the punctuality of his word he was so scrupulously tenacious, that no person ever requested better security.

Mr. Elwes passed the summer of 1788 at his house in Welbeck-street, London, without any other society than that of two maid-servants. His chief employment used to be that of getting up early in the morning, to visit his houses in Mary-le-bone, which were repairing. As he was there generally at four o'clock in the morning, and of course long before the workmen, he used to sit down contentedly on the steps before the door, to scold them when they did come. The neighbours, who used to see him appear so regularly every morning, and concluded from his apparel that he was one of the workmen, observed, that "there never was such a punctual man as the *Old Carpenter!*"

During the whole of the morning he would continue to run up and down stairs to see the men were not idle for an instant, with the same anxiety as if his whole happiness in life had been centered in the finishing this house, regardless of the greater property he had at stake in various places, and for ever employed in the minutia of affairs.

Mr. Elwes had now attained the age of seventy-six, and began, for the first time, to feel some bodily infirmities from age. He experienced some occasional attacks of the gout; on which, with his accustomed perseverance and antipathy to apothecaries and their bills, he would set out to walk as far, and as fast as he could. While engaged in this painful mode of cure, he frequently lost himself in the streets, the names of which he no longer remembered, and was as often brought home by some errand-boy or stranger of whom he had inquired his way. On these occasions, he would bow, and thank them with great politeness, at the door, but never indulged them with a sight of the interior of the house.

Another singularity was reserved for the close of Mr. Elwes's life, which, considering his disposition and advanced age, was not less extraordinary than many already recorded. He who had, during his whole life, been such an enemy to giving, now gave away his affections. One of the maid-servants, with whom he had for some time been accustomed to pass his hours in the kitchen, had the art to induce him to fall in love with her, and had it not been discovered, it is doubtful whether she would not have prevailed upon him to marry her. From such an act of madness, he was however saved by good fortune, and the attention of his friends.

During the winter of 1788, the last Mr. Elwes was fated to see, his memory visibly weakened every day; and from his unceasing wish to save money, he now began to apprehend he should die in want of it. Mr. Gibson had been appointed his builder in the room of Mr. Adam; and one day, when this gentleman waited upon him, he said, with apparent concern, "Sir, pray consider in what a wretched state I am; you see in what a good house I am living, and here are five guineas, which is all I have at present; and how I shall go on

with such a sum of money, puzzles me to death—I dare say you thought I was rich; now you see how it is!"

About this time Mr. George Elwes, his elder son, married a young lady, not less distinguished for her engaging manners than for her beauty. She was a Miss Alt, of Northamptonshire, a lady of whom any father might be proud; but pride, or even concern, in these matters, were not passions likely to affect Mr. Elwes: as a circumstance which happened a few years before, in a case not dissimilar, will prove.

His son at that time had paid his addresses to a niece of Dr. Noel, of Oxford, who, of course, thought proper to wait upon old Mr. Elwes, to apprize of the circumstance, and to ask his consent. He had not the least objection to the match. Doctor Noel was very happy to hear it, as a marriage between the young people might be productive of happiness to both. Old Mr. Elwes had not the least objection to any body marrying whatever. "This ready acquiescence is so obliging!" said the doctor—"But doubtless you feel for the mutual wishes of the parties." "I dare say I do," replied the old gentleman. "Then, sir," said Doctor Noel, "you have no objection to an immediate union? you see I talk freely on the subject." Old Mr. Elwes had not the least objection to any thing. "Now then, sir," observed Doctor Noel, "we have only one thing to settle; and you are so kind, there can be no difficulty about the matter; as I shall behave liberally to my niece—what do you mean to give your son?"—"*Give!*" said Elwes, "sure I did not say any thing about *giving*; but, if you wish it so much, I will *give* my *consent*."

Mr. George Elwes, having now married and settled at his seat at Marcham, was naturally desirous that in the assiduities of his wife, his father might at length find a comfortable home. A journey with any expense annexed to it was, however, an insurmountable obstacle. This was fortunately removed, by an offer from Mr.

Partis, a gentleman of the law, to take him to his ancient seat in Berkshire, with his purse perfectly whole. Still there was another circumstance not a little distressing; the old gentleman had now nearly worn out his last coat, and could not afford to buy a new one. His son therefore, with pious fraud, requested Mr. Partis to buy him a coat, and make him a present of it. Thus formerly having had a good coat, then a bad one, and at last no coat at all, he was glad to accept one of a neighbour.

On the arrival of the old gentleman, his son and his wife neglected nothing that was likely to render the country a scene of quiet to him. But he carried that within his bosom which baffled every effort of the kind. His mind, cast away on the vast and troubled ocean of his property, extending beyond the bounds of his calculation, amused itself with fetching and carrying a few guineas, which in that ocean were indeed but a drop.

The first symptom of more immediate decay, was his inability to enjoy his rest at night. He was frequently heard at midnight, as if struggling with some one in his chamber, and crying out, "I will keep my money, I will; nobody shall rob me of my property!" If any one of the family entered the room, he would start from his fever of anxiety, and as if waking from a troubled dream, hurry into bed again, and seem unconscious of what had happened. In the muscular frame of Mr. Elwes, there was every thing that promised extreme length of life; and he lived to above seventy years of age, without any natural disorder attacking him; but, as Lord Bacon has well observed, "the minds of some men are a lamp that is continually burning;" and such was the mind of Mr. Elwes. Removed from those occasional public avocations which had once engaged his attention, money was now his only thought. He rose upon money—upon money he lay down to rest; and as his capacity sunk away from him by degrees, he

dwindled from the real cares of his property into the puerile concealment of a few guineas. This little store he would carefully wrap in various papers, and depositing them in different corners, would amuse himself with running from one to the other, to see whether they were safe. Then forgetting, perhaps, where he had concealed some of them, he would become as seriously afflicted as a man might be who had lost all his property. Nor was the day alone thus spent; he would frequently rise in the middle of the night, and be heard walking about different parts of the house, looking after what he had thus hidden and forgot.

One night, while in this walking state, he missed the sum which he had carried with him into Berkshire, amounting to five guineas and a half, and half-a-crown. He had wrapped it up in various folds of paper that no part of his treasure might be lost. The circumstances of his loss were these. His attorney, who had accompanied and still remained with him at his house in Berkshire, was waked one morning about two o'clock by the step of some one walking barefoot about his chamber with great caution. Somewhat alarmed at this unexpected intrusion, he naturally asked, "Who is there?" The person, coming up towards his bed, replied, with great civility, "Sir, my name is Elwes; I have been unfortunate enough to be robbed in this house, which I believe is mine, of all the money I have in the world—of five guineas and a half, and half-a-crown."—"Dear sir," replied Mr. Partis, "I hope you are mistaken; do not make yourself uneasy." "Oh! no, no," rejoined the old gentleman; "its all true; and really, Mr. Partis, with such a sum—I should have liked to have seen the end of it."—This unfortunate sum was a few days afterwards found in a corner behind the window-shutter.

When Mr. Elwes was at Marcham, two very ancient maiden ladies, in his neighbourhood, had, for some neglect, incurred the displeasure of the spiritual court,

and were threatened with immediate "excommunication!" The whole import of the word they did not perfectly understand, but they had heard something about standing in a church, and a penance; and their ideas immediately ran upon a white sheet. They concluded, if they once got into that, it was all over with them; and as the excommunication was to take place the next day, away they hurried to Mr. Elwes, to know how they could make submission, and how the sentence might be prevented. No time was to be lost. Mr. Elwes, never wanting in a good action, ordered his horse to be saddled, and putting, according to usual custom, a couple of hard eggs in his pocket, he set out for London that evening, and reached it early enough the next morning to notify the submission of the culprit damsels. Riding sixty miles in the night to confer a favour on two antiquated virgins to whom he had no particular obligation, was really what not one man in five thousand would have done; but where personal fatigue could serve, Mr. Elwes never wanted alacrity.

The ladies were so overjoyed—so thankful—so much trouble and expense!—What returns could they make? An old Irish gentleman, their neighbour, who knew Mr. Elwes's mode of travelling, wrote these words to them by way of consolation—"My dears, is it expense you are talking of?—send him sixpence, and he then gains two-pence by the journey."

In the autumn of 1789, his memory was gone entirely, his senses sunk rapidly into decay, his mind became unsettled, and gusts of the most violent passion began to usurp the place of his former command of temper. For six weeks previous to his death, he would go to rest in his clothes, as perfectly dressed as during the day. He was one morning found fast asleep between the sheets with his shoes on his feet, his stick in his hand, and an old torn hat on his head.

On this circumstance being discovered, a servant was set to watch, and take care that he undressed himself; yet so desirous was he of continuing this custom, that he told the servant, with his usual providence about money, that if he would not take any notice of him, he would leave him something in his will.

His singular appetite he retained till within a few days of his dissolution, and walked on foot twelve miles only a fortnight before he died.

On the 18th of November, he manifested signs of that total debility which carried him to his grave in eight days. On the evening of the first day he was conveyed to bed, from which he rose no more. His appetite was gone; he had but a faint recollection of every thing about him, and the last intelligible words he uttered were addressed to his son John, hoping "he had left him what he wished." On the morning of the 26th of November he expired without a sigh; leaving property to the amount of above 800,000*l.* The value of that which he had bequeathed to his two sons, was estimated at half a million, and the remainder, consisting of entailed estates, devolved to Mr. Timms, son of the late Lieutenant-colonel Timms, of the second troop of Horse-guards.

One strange circumstance should not be omitted. Some days previous to the death of his father, Mr. John Elwes was returning from an estate he had just purchased in Gloucestershire, with a clergyman, to whom he had given the living. On his journey a strange presentiment came across his mind, that he should see his father but once again. The idea was so strongly impressed upon his thoughts, that he set out in the middle of the night to reach Marcham: he did reach it, and was in time to be a witness of that sight which most afflicts a good son, on the subject of a father—he beheld him expire.

The following epitaph on Mr. Elwes is copied from

the Chelmsford Chronicle. Its beauties, and the striking picture of the man whose memory it is intended to perpetuate, will be a sufficient apology for introducing it.

Here, to man's honour, or to man's disgrace,
Lies a strong picture of the human race
In ELWES' form;—whose spirit, heart, and mind,
Virtue and vice in firmest tints combin'd;
Rough was the rock, but blended deep with ore,
And base the mass—that many a diamond bore:
Meanness to grandeur, folly join'd to sense,
And av'rice coupled with benevolence:
Whose lips ne'er broke a truth, nor hands a trust,
Were sometimes warmly kind—and always just:
With power to reach Ambition's highest birth,
He sunk a mortal—groveling to the earth;
Lost in the lust of adding pelf to pelf,
Poor to the poor—still poorer to himself:
Whose wants, that nearly bent to all but stealth,
Ne'er in his country's plunder dug for wealth;
Call'd by her voice—but call'd without expense,
His noble nature rous'd in her defence;
And in the Senate labouring in her cause,
The firmest guardian of the fairest laws
He stood;—and each instinctive taint above,
To every bribe preferr'd a people's love;
Yet still with no stern patriotism fir'd,
Wrapt up in wealth, to wealth again retir'd.
By Penury guarded from Pride's sickly train,
Living a length of days without a pain,
And adding to the millions never tried,
Lov'd—pitied—scorn'd—and honour'd—ELWES died!
Learn from this proof, that in life's tempting scene,
Man is a compound of the great and mean;
Discordant qualities together tied,
Virtues in him and vices are allied:
The sport of follies, or of crimes the heir,
We all the mixtures of an ELWES share.
Pondering his faults—then ne'er his worth disown,
But in *his* nature recollect *thine own;*
And think—for life and pardon where to trust,
Were God not MERCY, when his creature's dust.

JEFFERY HUDSON.

THIS celebrated dwarf, was born at Oakham in Rutlandshire, in 1619, and about the age of seven or eight years, being then but eighteen inches high, was retained in the service of the Duke of Buckingham who resided at Burleigh on the Hill. Soon after the marriage of Charles I. the king and queen being entertained at Burleigh, little Jeffery was served up at table in a cold pie, which, when cut open, presented to the astonished royal visitors the dimunitive Jeffery armed cap-a-pee. This pie was purposely constructed to hold our little hero, who, when the duchess made an incision in his castle of paste, shifted his situation until sufficient room was made for his appearance. The queen expressing herself greatly pleased with his person and manners, the duchess presented him to her majesty, who afterwards kept him as her dwarf. From the age of seven years till thirty, he never grew taller; but after thirty he shot up to three feet nine inches, and there fixed.

Jeffery became a considerable part of the entertainment of the court, and Sir William Davenant wrote a poem called "*Jeffreidos*" on a battle between him and a turkey-cock, which took place at Dunkirk, where a woman rescued him from the fury of his antagonist. In 1638, was published a very small and curious book, called "The New Year's Gift," presented at court from the Lady Parvula to the Lord Minimus (commonly called Little Jeffery), her majesty's servant, &c. written by Microphius, with a portrait of Jeffery prefixed.

Before this period, our hero was employed in a negotiation of great importance. This was, to procure a midwife for the queen, but on his return with a lady of that profession and her majesty's dancing master, with many rich presents to the queen from her mother, Mary de Medicis, he was taken by the Dunkirkers; and be-

Engraved by E. Page.

JEFFERY HUDSON,
Aged 30 Years, 18 Inches high.

Dwarf to King Charles the First.

sides what he was bringing for the queen, he lost to the value of two thousand five hundred pounds, that he had received in France, on his own account, from the queen's mother, and ladies of that court. This happened in the year 1630.

Jeffery lost little of his consequence with the queen on this misfortune, but was often teazed by the courtiers and domestics with the story of the turkey-cock, and trifles of a similar description; his temper was by no means calculated to put up with repeated affronts, and at last being greatly provoked by Mr. Crofts, a young gentleman of family, a challenge ensued. Mr. Crofts coming to the rendezvous armed only with a squirt, the little creature was so enraged, that a real duel ensued; and the appointment being on horseback with pistols, to put them more on a level, Jeffery, at the first fire, shot his antagonist dead. This happened in France, whither he had attended his mistress in the troubles.

He was afterwards taken prisoner by a Turkish rover, and sold for a slave in Barbary; but he did not remain long in captivity, for at the beginning of the civil war he was made captain in the royal army; and in 1644, attended the queen again into France, where he remained till the restoration. At last, upon suspicion of his being privy to the Popish Plot, he was taken up in 1664, and confined in the Gate-house, Westminster, where he ended his life, at the age of 63.

MARIA LE BLANC.

In 1731, as a nobleman was shooting at Songi, near Chalons, in Champagne, he saw something at a distance in the water, which he took for a couple of birds, and at which he fired. The supposed birds avoided the shot by diving instantly under the water, and rising at

another place they made to the shore, when it appeared that they were two children, about nine or ten years of age. They carried ashore with them several fishes, which they tore in pieces with their fore-teeth, and swallowed without chewing: as they were going from the shore, one of them found a rosary, probably dropped by some traveller, at which she testified great joy by screaming and jumping about. In order to keep it to herself she covered it with her hand, but her companion, who perceived this, gave her such a blow upon the hand with a sort of club that she could not move it with her other; however, she struck her companion in return a blow upon the head, with a similar club, that brought her to the ground with a loud shriek. The victor made herself a bracelet with the rosary, but she still had so much pity on her companion that she covered her wound with the skin of a fish, which she stripped off, and bound it up with the slip of the bark of a tree. They then parted, the girl that had been wounded returned to the river and was never after seen; the other went to the village of Songi. The ignorant people were frightened at her singular appearance, for her colour was black, and she had on a scanty covering of rags and skins of animals. They set a great dog at her, but she waited his attack without stirring from her place, and as soon as he was within reach, gave him such a blow on the head with her club as laid him dead on the spot. Unable to gain admission into any house, for every door was shut against her, she returned into the fields, climbed up a tree, and there took her repose. The Viscount d'Epinoy, who was then at his seat at Songi, offered a reward to any one who would catch this wild girl. As it was supposed she would be thirsty, a bucket of water was placed under the tree to entice her down; on awaking she looked cautiously around, came down and drank, but immediately ascended to the summit of the tree, as if she thought herself not otherwise secure. At length

she was allured to come down by a woman who walked under the tree with a child in her arms, and offered her fish and fruits. When she had descended, some persons lying in wait seized her, and conveyed her to the viscount's seat. At first she was taken into the kitchen, where she fell upon some wild fowl, and ate them up before the cook missed them. A rabbit being offered her, she immediately stripped off the skin and devoured the flesh. An opportunity of observing her with more ease was now obtained, and it was found that the black colour of her skin was accidental, for after she had been repeatedly washed, her naturally fair complexion appeared. Her hands were upon the whole well formed, only the fingers and the thumb in particular were uncommonly strong, which was undoubtedly ascribable to her frequently climbing trees, as she would fling herself from one to another like a squirrel. The Viscount d'Epinoy delivered her to the care of a shepherd, recommending him to be extremely attentive to her, under a promise of paying him well for his trouble. On account of her wildness she was commonly known by the name of the shepherd's beast. It cost a great deal of trouble to render her a little tame. She was very dexterous at making holes in the walls or roofs, and would creep through an aperture so small that an eye witness could not conceive how it was possible. Once she eloped in a severe frost during a heavy fall of snow, and after a long search was found sitting on a tree in the open fields. Nothing was more astonishing than the swiftness and agility with which she ran, though latterly long illness and want of exercise diminished her speed. It was always surprising she did not take long steps like other people, but her run was rather a flying trip, which was more like gliding than walking, her feet moved with such quickness that their motion was scarcely discernible.

Several years after she had been caught she was

capable of outstripping wild animals, as she proved to the Queen of Poland in 1737, for being taken out on a hunting party, she ran after rabbits and hares that were started, caught them presently, and brought them to the queen. The quickness of her eyes was equally astonishing: in a moment she would look every way round her, with scarcely turning her head, which was very necessary for her security, and procuring her food in her wild state. Both the girls used to spend their nights on trees. They laid down on a bough, held themselves fast with one hand and rested their heads on the other. In this situation, according to our maiden's account, they slept very soundly.

In her savage state she had no language, but a sort of wild scream, which sounded frightfully when she was in anger, and particularly when a stranger attempted to take hold of her; long afterwards her speech had something wild, abrupt, and childish, but when she was a little civilized she appeared to be a quick lively girl. There was nothing from which she was more difficult to be weaned than eating flesh and vegetables raw; her stomach could not bear dressed victuals, so that she fell into one disease after another, though raw food was allowed her occasionally; perhaps the change was attempted with too little caution. At first she was led by this propensity to play some laughable tricks. Once the viscount had a great deal of company, and she ate at table with them. None of the thoroughly dressed and high seasoned dishes being to her taste, she started up—vanished like lightning—filled her apron with live frogs from the nearest pool, hastened back, and bestowed them among the company with a liberal hand, joyfully exclaiming, as she distributed her agreeable present, here, here, take some. It is easily to imagine how the company were delighted with the frogs hopping over all the plates and dishes, while the little wild girl, astonished at

the slight estimation in which they seemed to hold her delicious morsels, busied herself in catching the frogs that leaped about the floor and replacing them on the table.

In the year 1732, this remarkable maiden was baptized by the name of Maria le Blanc. On account of the change in her mode of life she was often ill, and after the death of her patron, spent the remainder of her days in a convent.

How this child came in that wild state, and in what country she was born, were circumstances which could never be known with certainty; it was conjectured, however, that she was by birth an Esquimaux, and brought to Europe in some ship, for when she had learned to talk, she said she had twice crossed the sea, gave a description of boats resembling those of the Esquimaux, and once when she was shown a series of delineations of people of different countries, she seemed agreeably surprised on coming to that in which the Esquimaux were represented.

JOHN METCALF.

We almost invariably find that nature, in withholding from man the benefit of one sense, compensates the deficiency by the superior perfection in which she bestows others. The extraordinary particulars related in the following pages strikingly exemplify this observation, and show to what a degree the power of habit, and a good understanding, are capable of overcoming impediments apparently insurmountable. For instance, who would expect to find a man, totally blind from his infancy, superintending the building of bridges and the construction of high roads, an occupation for which his defect would seem to have wholly disqualified him. These, however, were undertakings that Metcalf successfully

executed, and that, with many singular adventures in which he engaged, cannot fail to excite no small degree of astonishment and admiration.

John Metcalf was born in 1717, at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire. At the age of four years, his parents, who were labouring people, put him to school, where he continued two years, when he was seized with the small-pox, which deprived him of his sight in spite of all the means that were employed for its preservation.

About six months after his recovery, he was able to go from his father's house to the end of the street, and to return without a guide; and in about three years he could find his way alone to any part of Knaresborough. About this period he began to associate with boys of his own age, among whom he acted a distinguished part in the juvenile pranks of taking birds' nests, and robbing orchards. As his father kept horses, he learned to ride, and soon became a good horseman, a gallop being his favourite pace. At the age of thirteen he was taught music, in which he made great proficiency, though the cry of a hound or a harrier was more congenial to his taste than the sound of an instrument. He kept hounds of his own, and frequently hunted with Mr. Woodburn of Knaresborough, who kept a pack, and was always very desirous of Metcalf's company in the chase.

When about fourteen years old, his activity, and the success with which his enterprises were usually attended, led him to imagine that he might undertake any thing without danger, and greatly consoled him for the want of sight; but he was taught to regret that defect by a severe wound he received in consequence of a fall into a gravel-pit, while making his retreat from a plumb-tree, in which he had been surprised by the owner.

About this period, 1731, he learned to swim, and soon became so very expert, that his companions did not choose to come near him in the water, it being his custom to seize, plunge them to the bottom, and swim

over them by way of diversion. In this year two men being drowned in the deeps of the river Nidd, Metcalf was employed to seek for their bodies, and succeeded in bringing up one of them.

A friend of his, named Barker, having carried two packs of yarn to wash at that river, they were swept away by a sudden swelling of the current, and carried through the arches of the bridge which stands on a rock. A little below there is a piece of still water, supposed to be about twenty-one feet in depth: as soon as the yarn came to this place it sunk. Metcalf promised his friend to recover his yarn, but the latter smiled at the supposed absurdity of the attempt. He, however, procured some long cart-ropes, fixed a hook at one end, and leaving the other to be held by some persons on the high bridge, he descended, and by degrees recovered the whole of the yarn.

He continued to practise on the violin till he was able to play country dances. During the winter season he performed as a waiter at Knaresborough, with three others; he likewise attended the assemblies which were held every fortnight, and frequented many other places where there was public dancing.

Notwithstanding this application, he found opportunity for playing his neighbours a number of mischievous tricks, and for a long time escaped suspicion. At length, however, his expertness became known, and when any arch trick had been played, it was always the first inquiry where Metcalf was at the time.

Though he was fully engaged he still retained his fondness for hunting, and also began to keep game cocks. Whenever he went to a cock-pit, it was his custom to place himself on the lowest seat, near some friend who was a good judge, and who, by certain motions, enabled him to bet, hedge, &c.

In 1732, he was invited to Harrowgate, to play at the assembly, as successor to a poor old man, who, borne

down by the weight of one hundred years, began to play too slow for country dances. Here he was well received by the visiting nobility and gentry. In this employment he passed his evenings, and the mornings he spent in cocking, hunting, and coursing. About this period, also, he bought a horse, and often ran him for small plates; and his engagements increasing, he took a partner, who was likewise a good performer.

In summer he often played at bowls, and, singular as it may seem, was frequently the winner; cards likewise began to engage his attention, and he generally won the majority of the games. But these achievements were far from being the limits of his ambition or capacity, for he now began to attend the races at York, and other places; at the race ground he commonly rode in among the crowd, and was often successful in his bets, in which he was however assisted by several gentlemen to whom he was known.

Having once matched one of his horses to run three miles for a considerable wager, and the parties agreeing each to ride his own horse, they set up posts at certain distances on the Forest Moor, describing a circle of one mile; having consequently to go three times round the course. Under the idea that Metcalf would be unable to keep the course, great odds were laid against him. His ingenuity furnished him with an expedient in this dilemma. He procured some bells, and placing a man with one of them at each post, was enabled by the ringing to judge when to turn. By this contrivance, and the superior speed of his horse, he came in winner, amidst the applause of all present, excepting those who had betted against him.

At different times he bought horses to sell them again, which he often did with a large profit, so accurate was his judgment.

In 1738, Metcalf attained the age of twenty-one: he was extremely robust, and six feet one inch and a half

in height. He about this time acquired considerable celebrity as a pugilist from the following circumstance. A friend of his being insulted in a public-house by a man, who, from his ferocious temper and great strength, was the general dread of the neighbourhood, Metcalf bestowed on him such discipline as soon extorted a cry of mercy.

Returning one day on foot from Harrowgate, he had proceeded about a mile, when he was overtaken by a Knaresborough man on horseback, who proposed for two shillings worth of punch to let him ride in turn, dividing the distances equally. Metcalf agreed, upon condition that he should have the first ride, to which his townsman assented, on these terms: that he should ride a little beyond Poppleton Field, where on his right hand he would see a gate, to which he should fasten the horse. Metcalf, however, rode forward to Knaresborough, which was seventeen miles from the place where he left his fellow traveller. The latter was greatly enraged at being obliged to walk so far, but Metcalf pleading in excuse that he never *saw* the gate, the man found it his interest to join in the laugh.

He was now in the prime of life, and possessed a peculiar archness of disposition, with an uncommon flow of spirits, and an unparalleled contempt of danger; and though his conduct was long marked by a variety of mischievous tricks, yet he afterwards planned and brought to perfection several schemes, both of private and public utility.

When the Harrowgate season was over, Metcalf always remained a few days, and passed his evening at one or other of the different inns. At the Royal Oak, now the Granby, he attracted the notice of Miss Benson, the landlady's daughter, whose constant attention and kindness soon inspired him with a reciprocal affection. Knowing, however, that her mother would oppose their union, various successful devices were employed to conceal

their mutual partiality and frequent meetings. An event, however, occurred which obliged Metcalf to quit not only the object of his attachment, but likewise that part of the country.

Among Metcalf's acquaintances were two young men, whose sister lived with them as housekeeper. One evening, in her usual jocular way, she apprized Metcalf of her intention to pay him a visit in the night, desiring him to leave his door unlocked. Knowing the mirthful propensity of this female, he was inclined to consider this as a joke, but on the other hand thinking it possible that a real assignation might be intended, and being too gallant to disappoint a lady, he told her he would obey her orders. The lady was punctual to her appointment, and the consequence of her imprudence was evident in a few months. She intreated Metcalf to marry her, but she having made the first advances, he did not feel his conscience interested, and refused. Her only resource was to apply to the parish, which finding she had done, he with some difficulty obtained an interview with Miss Benson, proceeded to Whitby, and went on board an alum-ship bound to London.

After an absence of seven months, he returned to Knaresborough, where he found the woman who had been the cause of his journey comfortably situated, and not inclined to trouble him. During his absence a Mr. Dickinson had paid his addresses to Miss Benson, and now urged his suit with such ardour, that the banns were published, and the wedding day appointed to the no small mortification of Metcalf, who thought himself secure of her affection. Though he loved her tenderly, his pride prevented him from manifesting his feelings, or attempting to prevent the match.

On the day preceding that on which the nuptials were to be solemnized, Metcalf riding past the Royal Oak, was accosted with, "one wants to speak with you." He immediately turned towards the stables of the Oak, and

there, to his joy and surprise, he found the object of his love, who had sent her mother's servant to call him. After some explanation an elopement was resolved upon, which Metcalf, with the assistance of a friend, effected that night, and the next morning they were united. The confusion of his rival, who had provided an entertainment for two hundred people, may easily be conceived.

Mrs. Benson being much enraged at her daughter's conduct, refused either to see her or to give up her clothes; nor was she reconciled to her till she was delivered of her second child, on which occasion she stood sponsor to it, and presented Metcalf with twenty guineas.

He now purchased a house at Knaresborough, and continued to play at Harrowgate during the season. He likewise set up a four-wheeled chaise, and a one-horse chair, for public accommodation, which were the first of the kind kept there. These vehicles he kept two summers, but the inn-keepers beginning to run chaises, he relinquished that scheme, and with it racing and hunting. He then bought horses and went to the coast for fish, which he took to Leeds and Manchester, and was so indefatigable, that he would frequently walk for two nights and a day with little or no rest. But the profits of this business being small, and the fatigue excessive, he soon abandoned that likewise.

At the commencement of the rebellion in 1745, he exchanged his situation as violin player at Harrowgate, for the profession of arms. This singular event was brought about in the following manner:—

William Thornton, Esq. of Thornville, having resolved to raise a company at his own expense, asked Metcalf, who was well known to him, whether he would join the company about to be raised, and whether he knew of any spirited fellows likely to make good

soldiers. Upon his replying in the affirmative, he was appointed assistant to a sergeant, and in two days raised one hundred and forty men, out of whom the captain drafted sixty-four, the number of privates he wanted.

With this company, among whom was Metcalf, as musician, Captain Thornton joined the army under General Wade. In the first battle in which they were engaged, twenty of the men, the lieutenant and ensign were made prisoners, and the captain himself very narrowly escaped.

Metcalf, after a variety of adventures, rejoined his patron, and was always in the field during the different engagements which succeeded. After the battle of Culloden, he returned to his family at Knaresborough.

Being again at liberty to choose his occupation, he attended Harrowgate as usual. During his Scotch expedition he had become acquainted with various articles manufactured in that country, and judging that he might dispose of some of them to advantage in England, he repaired in the spring to Scotland, and furnished himself with a variety of cotton and worsted articles, for which he found a ready sale in his native country. Among a thousand articles he knew what each cost him, for a particular mode of marking them. He also dealt in horses, directing his choice, by feeling the animal; and engaged pretty deeply in the contraband trade, the profits of which were then much more considerable than the risk.

In the year 1751, he commenced a new employ; he set up a stage-waggon between York and Knaresborough, being the first on that road, and drove it himself twice a week in the summer, and once in winter. This business, with the occasional conveyance of army baggage, employed his attention till the period for his first contracting for the making of roads; which suiting him better, he relinquished every other pursuit.

During his leisure hours he had studied mensuration

in a way peculiar to himself; and when certain of the girth and length of any piece of timber, he was able accurately to reduce its contents to feet and inches, and could bring the dimensions of any building into yards and feet.

The first piece of road he made was about three miles of that between Fearnsby and Minskip. The materials for the whole were to be procured from one gravel-pit; he therefore provided deal boards, and erected a temporary house at the pit, took a dozen horses to the place, fixed racks and mangers, and hired a house for his men at Minskip. He often walked from Knaresborough in the morning with four or five stone of meat on his shoulders, and joined his men by six o'clock. He completed the road much sooner than was expected to the entire satisfaction of the surveyor and trustees.

Soon after this he contracted for building a bridge at Boroughbridge, which he completed with great credit to his abilities. The business of making roads, and building and repairing bridges in Yorkshire, Lancashire, Derbyshire, and Cheshire, he continued with great success till the year 1792, when he returned to his native county.

In the summer of 1788, he lost his wife in the sixty-first year of her age, and the fortieth of their union, leaving four children. She was interred in the churchyard of Stockport, in Cheshire, where she then resided.

After some unsuccessful speculations in the cotton trade, Metcalf returned to Yorkshire, and for want of other engagements, he bought hay to sell again, measuring the stacks with his arms, and having learned the height, he could readily tell what number of square yards were contained in a stack of any value between five and one hundred pounds. Sometimes he bought a little wood standing, and if he could get the girth and height, would calculate the solid contents.

In addition to this brief history of the life of this

singular character, the reader will not be displeased to find the following anecdotes, which are of a nature too extraordinary to be omitted :—

Metcalf had learned to walk and ride very readily through most of the streets of York ; and being once in that city, as he was passing the George, the landlord called to him, and informed him that a gentleman in the house wanted a guide to Harrowgate, adding, "I know you can do as well as any one." To this proposal Metcalf agreed upon condition that his situation should be kept secret from the gentleman, who might otherwise be afraid to trust him. The stranger was soon ready, and they set off on horseback, Metcalf taking the lead. When they came to Allerton-Mauleverer, the gentleman inquired whose large house that was on the right, to which Metcalf replied without the least hesitation. A little farther the road is crossed by that from Wetherby to Boroughbridge, and runs along by the lofty brick wall of Allerton-park. A road led out of the park opposite to the gate upon Knaresborough road, which Metcalf was afraid of missing; but perceiving the current of wind that came through the park gate, he readily turned his horse towards the opposite one. Here he found some difficulty in opening the gate, in consequence, as he imagined, of some alteration that had been made in the hanging of it, as he had not been that way for several months. Therefore, backing his horse, he exclaimed, "Confound thee, thou always goes to the heel of the gate instead of the head." The gentleman observed that his horse was rather awkward, but that his own mare was good at coming up to a gate, on which Metcalf cheerfully permitted him to perform that office. Passing through Knaresborough, they entered the forest which was then uninclosed, nor was there as yet any turnpike road upon it. Having proceeded a little way upon the forest, the gentleman observed a light, and asked what it was. Metcalf took it for granted that his

companion had seen what is called a Will-o'-the-Wisp, which frequently appears in a low and swampy spot, near the road; but fearful of betraying himself, did not ask in what direction the light lay. To divert his attention from this object, he asked him if he did not see two lights, one to the right, the other to the left. The stranger replied that he saw but one, on the right.—"Well then, sir," says Metcalf, "that is Harrowgate." Having arrived at their journey's end, they stopped at the house now called the Granby, where Metcalf, being well acquainted with the place, led both the horses into the stable, and then went into the house, where he found his fellow traveller comfortably seated over a tankard of negus, in which he pledged his guide. Metcalf took it of him very readily the first time, but the second time he was rather wide of his mark. He therefore withdrew, leaving the landlord to explain what his companion was yet ignorant of. The latter hinted to the landlord his suspicion that his guide must have taken a great quantity of spirits since their arrival, upon which the landlord inquired his reason for entertaining such an opinion—"I judge so," replied the traveller, "from the appearance of his eyes."—"Eyes! bless you sir! do not you know that he is blind?" "What do you mean by that?"—"I mean, sir, that he cannot see!"—"Blind! gracious God!"—"Yes, sir, as blind as a stone, by heaven!"—The stranger desired Metcalf to be called, and upon his confirming the landlord's account: "Had I known that," said he, "I would not have ventured with you for a hundred pounds."—"And I, sir," said Metcalf, "would not have lost my way for a thousand."—The services of the evening were rewarded with two guineas, and a plentiful entertainment the next day by the gentleman, who considered this circumstance as the most extraordinary adventure he had ever met with.

During Metcalf's residence in London, he found out

several gentlemen who were in the habit of visiting Harrowgate, and among the rest Colonel Liddell, member of parliament for Berwick, who gave him a general invitation to the house. This gentleman on his return from London to the North, was accustomed to make a stay of a few weeks at Harrowgate, and before his departure he proposed to Metcalf to take him down, either on the top of his carriage, or behind it. Metcalf declined the offer with thanks, assuring the colonel, that he could with ease walk as far in a day, as he would choose to travel. They accordingly started on Monday at noon, and he actually arrived at the end of every stage before the colonel, with whom he stopped during the night. On coming to Wetherby, he, as usual, arrived at the inn before the colonel, informing the landlord that he might expect the latter. This being Saturday-night the colonel proposed halting at Wetherby till Monday, but Metcalf continued his route to Knaresborough that night, and on the Monday he met him, according to promise, at Harrowgate.

Metcalf happened once to be at Scriven, at the house of one Green, an innkeeper, where two persons had a dispute concerning some sheep, which one of them had put into the pen-fold. The owner of the sheep, a townsman of Metcalf's, appeared to be ill-treated by the other party, who wished to take an unfair advantage. Metcalf perceiving that they were not likely to agree about the damages, departed. It being about midnight, he resolved to perform a good turn for his friend before he went home. The pen-fold being walled round, he climbed over, and laying hold of the sheep one after the other, he fairly threw them over the wall. The difficulty of the undertaking increased as the number diminished, as they were not so ready to catch; but not deterred by that circumstance, he completed the business. On the return of day, when the pen-fold was found untenanted, though the door was fast locked, a con-

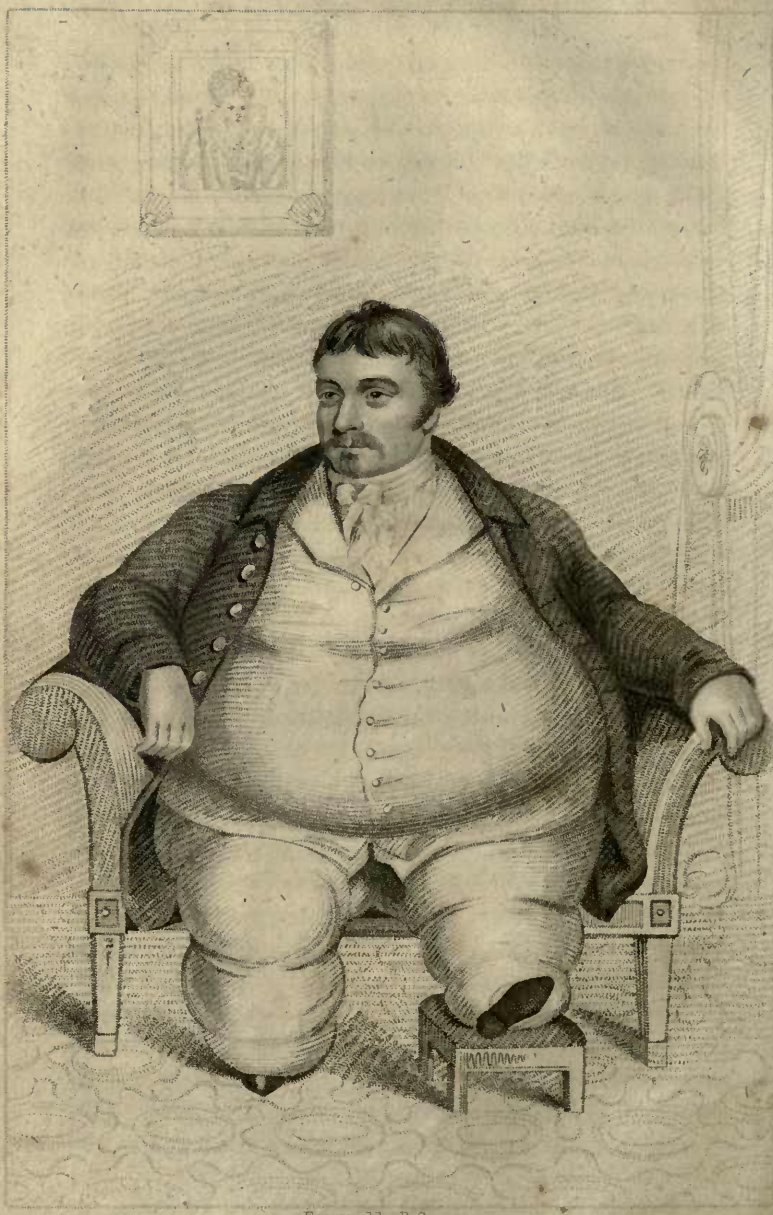
siderable degree of surprise was excited, and various conjectures were formed relative to the rogues who had liberated the sheep: but Metcalf passed unsuspected, and enjoyed the joke in silence.

Passing once through Halifax, he stopped at an inn called the Broad Stone. The landlord's son, and some others who frequented Harrowgate, having heard of Metcalf's exploits, expressed a wish to play at cards with him. He consented, and a pack was sent for, which he requested permission to examine; but as the landlord was his friend, he could rely upon him to prevent any deception. They began, and Metcalf beat four of them in turn, playing for liquor only. Not satisfied with this, some of the company proposed to play for money, and at shilling whist Metcalf won fifteen shillings. The losing party then proposed to play double or quit, but he declined playing for more than half-a-guinea points. At length yielding to their importunity, he engaged for guineas, and being favoured by fortune, he won ten, and a shilling for liquor each game. The loser taking up the cards, went out, and soon returned with eight guineas more, which soon followed the other ten.

Among the numerous roads which Metcalf contracted to make, was part of the Manchester road from Blackmoor to Standish-foot. As it was not marked out, the surveyor, contrary to expectation, took it over deep marshes, out of which it was the opinion of the trustees, that it would be necessary to dig the earth till they came to a solid bottom. This plan appeared to Metcalf extremely tedious and expensive, and liable to other disadvantages. He therefore argued the point privately with the surveyor, and several other gentlemen, but they were all immoveable in their former opinion. At their next meeting Metcalf attended, and addressed them in the following manner: "Gentlemen, I propose to make the road over the marshes after my own plan, and if it does not answer, I will be at the expense of

making it over again after your's."—To this proposal they assented. Having engaged to complete nine miles in ten months, he began in six different parts, having nearly four hundred men employed. One of the places was Pule and Standish Common, which was a deep bog, and over which it was thought impracticable to make any road. Here he cast it fourteen yards wide, and raised it in a circular form. The water, which in many places ran across the road, he carried off by drains; but found the greatest difficulty in conveying stones to the spot on account of the softness of the ground. Those who passed that way to Huddersfield-market, were not sparing of their censure of the undertaking, and even doubted whether it would ever be completed. Having, however, levelled the piece to the end, he ordered his men to collect heather or ling, and bind it in round bundles which they could span with their hands. These bundles were placed close together, and another row laid over them, upon which they were well pressed down and covered with stone and gravel. This piece, being about half a mile in length when completed, was so remarkably fine, that any person might have gone over in winter unshod without being wet; and though other parts of the road soon wanted repairs, this needed none for twelve years.

These particulars concerning this extraordinary man, and useful member of society, are taken from a narrative published by himself, since his return to his native country. He there fixed his residence at Spofforth near Wetherby, with a daughter and son-in-law who kept his house. Happy in the enjoyment of the fruits of his industry, he declined engaging again in the more active occupations to which he had been accustomed. He died in the year 1810, at the advanced age of 94.



Engraved by R. Cooper.

DANIEL LAMBERT,

Of Surprising Corpulency.

DANIEL LAMBERT.

Our immortal bard, in delineating the character of Falstaff, has rendered the corpulent knight remarkable for wit and ingenuity, in direct contradiction to the prevalent opinion, that excessive bulkiness in the human form is a general sign of weakness and stupidity. Notwithstanding the physical reason assigned for this opinion, we have many instances that the mind is not always affected by a more than ordinary weight of body. Quin, who some years ago personated the above-mentioned character, was remarkably facetious though remarkably corpulent. The subject of this memoir, however, is perhaps the most extraordinary instance ever heard of, where an uncommon magnitude in the corporeal system was united with a greater portion of intellectual capacity than commonly falls to the lot of many.

Daniel Lambert was born on the 13th of March, 1770, in the parish of St. Margaret, at Leicester. From the extraordinary bulk to which he had attained, the reader may naturally be disposed to inquire, whether his parents were persons of remarkable dimensions. This was not the case, nor was any of his family inclined to corpulence, excepting an uncle and an aunt on the father's side, who were both very heavy. The former died during the infancy of Lambert, in the capacity of game-keeper to the Earl of Stamford, to whose predecessor his father had been huntsman in early life. The family of Mr. Lambert, senior, consisted, besides Daniel, of another son, who died young, and two daughters of the common size.

The habits of young Lambert were not in any respect different from those of other young persons till the age of fourteen. Even at that early period he was strongly attached to all the sports of the field. This, however,

was only the natural effect of a very obvious cause, aided probably by an innate propensity to those diversions. We have already mentioned the professsion of his father and his uncle, and have yet to observe, that his maternal grandfather was a great cock-fighter. Born and bred, as it were, among horses, dogs, cocks, and all the other appendages of sporting, in the pursuits of which he was encouraged, even in his childhood, it cannot be matter of wonder that he should be passionately fond of all those exercises and amusements which are comprehended under the denomination of field-sports, as well as of racing, cocking, and fishing.

Brought up under the eye of his parents till the age of fourteen, he was then placed with Mr. Benjamin Patrick, in the manufactory of Taylor and Co. at Birmingham, to learn the business of a die-sinker and engraver. This establishment, then one of the most flourishing in that opulent town, was afterwards destroyed in the riots of 1795.

Owing to the fluctuations to which all those manufactures that administer to the luxuries of the community are liable from the caprices of fashion, the wares connected with the profession which had been chosen for young Lambert ceased to be in request. Buckles were all at once proscribed, and a total revolution took place at the same period in the public taste with respect to buttons. The consequence was, that a numerous class of artisans were thrown out of employment, and obliged to seek a subsistence in a different occupation. Among these was Lambert, who had then served only four years of his apprenticeship.

Leaving Birmingham, he returned to Leicester to his father, who held the situation of keeper of the prison in that town. Soon afterwards, at the age of nineteen, he began to imagine that he should be a heavy man, but had not previously perceived any indications that could lead him to suppose he should ever attain the excessive

corpulence for which he was distinguished. He always possessed extraordinary muscular power, and at the time we are speaking of, could lift great weights, and carry five hundred weight with ease. Had his habits been such as to bring his strength into action, he would doubtless have been an uncommonly powerful man.

That he was not deficient either in physical strength, or in courage, is demonstrated by the following adventure, in which he was about this period engaged.

Standing one day in his father's house at Leicester, his attention was attracted by a company of Savoyards with their dancing dogs and bears, surrounded by an immense concourse of spectators. While they were exhibiting, a dog which had formerly been accustomed to travel with a similar company of these grotesque performers, and now belonged to the county gaoler, hearing the sound flew furiously upon a very large bear, whose overbearing force and weight soon crushed him to the ground. "Give her tooth," said the Savoyards, irritated at the interruption of their exhibition, and making preparations to take off the muzzle of the bear. Lambert being acquainted with the master of the dog, and knowing that, in this case, the animal would be exposed to certain destruction, went out and addressed the people, with the intention of pacifying them, and prevailing upon them to suffer the dog to be taken away. Deaf to all his remonstrances, one of the Savoyards still persisted in pulling off the muzzle, the dog being all this time underneath, and in the grasp of the bear. Enraged at the fellow's obstinacy, he protested he would kill the bear if it lay in his power, and snatching from the man's hand the paddle or pole with which they manage these animals, at the moment when the muzzle was removed, he struck the bear with all his force, fully intending to dispatch her if possible. Bruin was for a moment completely stunned with the blow, and the dog seized that opportunity of disengaging himself from her

clutches. Enraged at this fresh attack, she turned towards her new antagonist, who kept repeating his strokes, but without being able to hit her head, which she protected from his blows with all the dexterity of the most accomplished pugilist. During these successive attacks, the dog, faithful to the friend who had so opportunely stepped to his aid, continued to exhibit the most astonishing proofs of undaunted intrepidity, till he was at length caught up by one of the by-standers. The weather was frosty, and the pavement was slightly glazed from the trundling of a mop. Here, while thus busily engaged in belabouring his formidable foe, Lambert fell, but rose again with the greatest agility. Bruin was now close to him; he had a full view of her tremendous teeth, and felt the heat from her breath. The danger became pressing, and as his shaggy foe was too near to admit of his using the weapon, he struck her with his left hand such a violent blow on the skull, as brought her to the ground, on which she declined the contest, and "yelling fled." During the fray, a smaller bear had been standing upright against a wall, with a cocked hat on his head; in consequence of the retreat of his companion, this ludicrous figure now appeared full in front of the victorious champion, who brandished in his hand the up-lifted pole. The beast, as if aware of his danger, and expecting to be attacked in his turn, instantly took off the hat, and, apparently in token of submission, tumbled heels over head at the feet of the conqueror. Meanwhile the populace, terrified at the approach of *ursa major*, began to retire in a backward direction, still keeping the unsuccessful combatant in view, till they tumbled one after another over some loads of coal that happened to lie in the way. The scene now became truly ludicrous; forty people were down at a time, and there was not one but what imagined himself already in the gripe of the irritated animal, and vociferated *murder* with all his might. The Savoyards,

who were, after all, the greatest sufferers by this tragi-comic representation, applied to the mayor, and demanded redress. The magistrate inquired where the fray happened, and was informed that it took place in Blue Boar-lane, in the parish of St. Nicholas—the inhabitants of which have for many years been distinguished by the appellation of *Nick's Ruffs*. "Oh!" said he, "the people of that parish do just as they please, they are out of my jurisdiction;" and gravely dismissed the disappointed complainants.—It was two years before this company of itinerant performers again ventured to make their appearance in Blue Boar-lane. On this occasion one who happened to be rather before the rest, perceiving Lambert sitting at his door, gave notice to the others, who, dreading a repetition of the treatment they had before experienced, instantly retreated by the way they had come.

It was not very long after the above adventure, that Lambert experienced an escape from a danger infinitely more alarming, and from the consequences of which no human exertions could possibly have preserved him. He was one of the numerous inhabitants of Leicester, whom the memorable conflagration at the house of a well-known bookseller, now resident in the metropolis, attracted to the spot. It was dark, and the fire was raging in the utmost fury, when Lambert passed along under a wall, which, from the falling of the others to which it had once been joined, now stood completely detached. Just as he had reached the extremity, an acquaintance whom he accidentally found there, congratulated him on his narrow escape, at the same time pointing to the wall. Totally unconscious of the risk to which he had been exposed, and now standing in a line with the wall, he observed with horror that it rocked to and fro like corn in the breeze, and not many moments elapsed, ere it fell with a most tremendous crash.

His father having resigned the office of keeper of the prison, young Lambert succeeded to the situation. It was within a year after this appointment that his bulk received the greatest and most rapid increase. This he attributed to the confinement and sedentary life to which he was obliged to submit, which produced an effect so much the more striking, as, from his attachment to sporting, he had previously been in the habit of taking a good deal of exercise. Though he never possessed any extraordinary agility, he was still able to kick to the height of seven feet, standing on one leg.

About the year 1793, when Lambert weighed thirty-two stone, he had occasion to visit Woolwich in company with the keeper of the county gaol of Leicester. As the tide did not serve to bring them up again to London, he walked from Woolwich to the metropolis with much less apparent fatige than several middle-sized men who were of the party.

The inhabitants of Leicester are remarkable for their expertness in swimming, an art which they are encouraged to practise by their vicinity to the river Soar. From the age of eight years Lambert was an excellent swimmer; and such was his celebrity, that for many years all the young people in his native town, who were learning to swim, resorted to him for instruction. His power of floating, owing to his uncommon bulk, was so great, that he could swim with two men of ordinary size upon his back. He used to relate, that on these occasions, when any of his young pupils manifested any timidity he would convey them to the opposite bank of the river from that on which they had laid their clothes, and there leave them to find their way back as well as they could. By these means they soon acquired that courage which is so indispensably necessary to the attainment of excellence in the art of swimming.

Lambert's father died about five years after his son's appointment to be keeper of the prison, which office he

held till Easter 1805. In this situation he manifested a disposition fraught with humanity and benevolence. Whatever severity he might be under the necessity of exercising towards the unhappy objects committed to his care during their confinement, he never forebore to make the greatest exertions to assist them at the time of their trials. Few left the prison without testifying their gratitude, and tears often bespoke the sincerity of the feelings they expressed. His removal from the office was in consequence of a wish, on the part of the magistrates, to employ the prisoners in the manufacture of the town. As a proof of the approbation which his conduct had merited, they settled upon him an annuity of 50*l.* for life, without any solicitation whatever; and, what was still more gratifying to his feelings, this grant was accompanied with a declaration, that it was a mark of their esteem, and of the universal satisfaction which he had given in the discharge of the duties of his office.

Such were the feelings of Mr. Lambert that he abhorred the very idea of exhibiting himself. Though he lived exceedingly retired at Leicester, the fame of his uncommon corpulence spread over the adjacent county to such a degree, that he frequently found himself not a little incommoded by the curiosity of the people, which it was impossible to repress, and which they were continually devising the means of gratifying in spite of his reluctance.

A gentleman travelling through Leicester conceived a strong desire to see this extraordinary phenomenon; but, being at a loss for a pretext to introduce himself, he first took care to inquire what were his particular propensities. Being informed that he was a great cocker, the traveller thought himself sure of success. He accordingly went to his house, knocked at the door, and inquired for Mr. Lambert. The servant answered that he was at home, but that he never saw strangers.

"Let him know," replied the curious traveller, "that I called about some cocks." Lambert, who chanced to be in a situation to overhear what passed, immediately rejoined: "Tell the gentleman that I am a *shy* cock."

On another occasion, a gentleman from Nottingham was extremely importunate to see him, pretending that he had a particular favour to ask. After considerable hesitation, Lambert directed him to be admitted. On being introduced, he said he wished to inquire the pedigree of a certain mare. "Oh! if that's all," replied Lambert, perceiving from his manner the real nature of his errand, "she was got by Impertinence out of Curiosity."

Finding, at length, that he must either submit to be a close prisoner in his own house, or endure all the inconveniencies without receiving any of the profits of an exhibition, he wisely strove to overcome his repugnance, and determined to visit the metropolis for that purpose. As it was impossible to procure a carriage large enough, he had a vehicle constructed expressly to convey him to London, where he arrived, for the twenty-second time, in the spring of 1806, and fixed his residence in Piccadilly.

His apartments there had more the air of a place of fashionable resort, than of an exhibition; and, as long as the town continued full, he was visited by a great deal of the best company. The dread he felt on coming to London, lest he should be exposed to indignity and insult from the curiosity of some of his visitors, was soon removed by the politeness and attention which he universally experienced. There was not a gentleman in town from his own county, but went to see him, not merely gazing at him as a spectacle, but treating him in the most friendly and soothing manner, which he declared was too deeply impressed upon his mind ever to be forgotten.

The spirit of politeness which always prevailed in the

presence of Lambert, was such as was, perhaps, never observed on a similar occasion, and it was a custom with his visitors to take off their hats. It is, however, but natural to suppose that among the numbers who chose to gratify their curiosity, some few exceptions should occur. Thus one day a person perceiving, previous to entering the room, that the company were uncovered, observed to the attendant, that he would not take off his hat, even if the king were present. This rude remark being uttered in the hearing of Lambert, he immediately replied, as the stranger entered :—"Then by G—, sir, you must instantly quit this room, as I do not consider it as a mark of respect due to myself, but to the ladies and gentlemen who honour me with their company."

Many of those visitors seemed incapable of gratifying their curiosity to its full extent, and called again and again to behold to what an immense magnitude the human figure is capable of attaining; nay, one gentleman, a banker in the city, jocosely observed, that he had fairly had a pound's worth.

This great personage had the pleasure of receiving people of all descriptions and of all nations. He was one day visited by a party of fourteen, eight ladies and six gentlemen, who expressed their joy at not being too late, as it was near the time of closing the door for the day. They assured him that they had come from Guernsey on purpose to convince themselves of the existence of such a prodigy as he had been described to be by one of their neighbours who had seen him; adding, that they had not even one single friend or acquaintance in London, so that they had no other motive whatever for their voyage.—A striking illustration of the power of curiosity over the human mind.

Great numbers of foreigners were gratified with the contemplation of a spectacle, unequalled, perhaps, in any other country. Among these a Frenchman,

accompanied by a Jew, seemed extremely desirous, from motives best known to himself, of persuading Lambert to make an excursion to the continent, and insinuating that under his guidance and management he could not fail of obtaining the greatest success. "Vy you not go to France?" said he, "I am sure Buonaparte vil make your fortune." Supposing that such an inducement must prove irresistible, he added, "Den vont you go to Paris?" Lambert, who had too much good sense, to be the dupe of a designing *monsieur*, rejoined in an emphatic style—"If I do, I'll be damned."—"Vat you tink of dat now?" cried the astonished Jew to his mortified and disappointed companion.

Among the numerous foreigners who anxiously witnessed this unequalled spectacle, was Count Borulawski, the celebrated Polish dwarf, who had acquired an ample fortune by exhibiting his own person. The great contrast of these figures afforded high entertainment to the spectators. During Lambert's apprenticeship at Birmingham he went several times to see Borulawski, and such was the strength of the count's memory, that he had scarcely fixed his eyes upon him in Piccadilly before he recollected his face. After reflecting a moment, he exclaimed, that he had seen his face twenty years ago in Birmingham, but it was not surely the same body. This unexpected meeting of the largest and smallest man seemed to realize the fabled history of the inhabitants of Lilliput and Brobdignag, particularly when Lambert rose for the purpose of affording the diminutive count a full view of his prodigious dimensions. In the course of conversation, Lambert asked what quantity of cloth the count required for a coat, and how many he thought his would make him.—"Not many;" answered Borulawski. "I take goot large piece cloth myself—almost tree quarters of yard."—At this rate one of Lambert's sleeves was abundantly sufficient for the purpose. The count felt one of his legs: "Ah mine

Got!" he exclaimed: "pure flesh and blood. I feel de warm. No deception! I am pleased: for I did hear it was deception." Lambert asked if his lady was alive; on which he replied: "No, she is dead, and (putting his finger significantly to his nose) I am not very sorry, for when I affronted her, she put me on the mantle-shelf for punishment."

The many characters that introduced themselves to Lambert's observation in the metropolis furnished him with a great number of anecdotes, which a retentive memory enabled him to relate with good effect.

One day, the room being rather crowded with company, a young man in the front made incessant use of one of those indispensable appendages of a modern beau, called a quizzing-glass. The conversation turned on the changes of the weather, and in what manner Mr. Lambert felt himself affected by them.—"What do you dislike most?" asked the beau—"*To be bored with a quizzing-glass,*" was the reply.

A person asking him in a very rude way the cost of one of his coats, he returned him no answer. The man repeated the question with the observation, that he thought he had a right to demand any information, having contributed his shilling, which would help to pay for Mr. Lambert's coat as well as the rest. "Sir," rejoined Lambert, "if I knew what part of my next coat your shilling would pay for, I can assure you I would cut out the piece."

On another occasion a lady was particularly solicitous to have the same question resolved. "Indeed, madam," answered Lambert, "I cannot pretend to charge my memory with the price, but I can put you into a method of obtaining the information you want. If you think proper to make me a present of a new coat, you will then know exactly what it costs."

A person, who had the appearance of a gentleman, one day took the liberty of asking several impertinent

questions. Lambert looked him sternly in his face, but without making any reply. A lady now entered the room, and Lambert entered into conversation with her, on which the same person observed that he was more polite to ladies than to gentlemen. "I can assure you, sir," answered Lambert, "that I consider it my duty to treat with equal politeness all those whose behaviour convinces me that they are gentlemen."—"I suppose," rejoined the querist, "you mean to infer that I am no gentleman."—"That I certainly did," was the reply. Not yet abashed by this reproof, he soon afterwards ventured to ask another question, of a similar nature with the preceding. Irritated at these repeated violations of decency, which bespoke a deficiency of good sense as well as good manners, Lambert fixed his eyes full upon the stranger: "You came into this room, sir, by the door, but ———" —"You mean to say," continued the other, looking at the window, "that I may possibly make my exit by some other way."—"Begone this moment," thundered Lambert, "or by G—d I'll throw you into Piccadilly."—No second injunction was necessary to rid him of this obnoxious guest.

After a residence of about five months in the metropolis, Mr. Lambert returned in September, 1806, to his native town.

From that period to his death he had been chiefly engaged in travelling to the principal towns, where many thousands beheld with admiration his astonishing bulk. He was a cheerful companion; possessed a generous heart; and was as fond of rural sports as any man in England. His game chickens and his dogs, when he was at home, were his chief amusement, and the Racing Calendar his study. He died on the 21st of June, 1809, at Stamford in Lincolnshire, to which place he had travelled the day preceeding his death from Huntingdon; and on his arrival in the evening he sent a message to the office of the Stamford News, requesting that, as "the

mountain could not wait on Mahomet, Mahomet would go to the mountain ;" or in other words that the printer would call upon him, and receive an order for executing some hand bills, announcing Mr. Lambert's arrival, and his desire to see company. The orders he gave upon that occasion were delivered without any presentiment that they were to be his last, and with his usual cheerfulness. He was in bed, fatigued with his journey; but was anxious that the bills might be quickly printed, in order to his seeing company next morning. Before nine o'clock on that morning, however, he was a corpse. He was in his 40th year, and upon being weighed a few days before his death, by the Caledonian balance, was found to be 52 stone 11lbs. in weight (14lb. to the stone), which is 10 stone 11lbs. more than the celebrated Bright of Essex ever weighed. He had apartments at the Waggon and Horses Inn, St. Martin's, on the ground floor, for he had long been incapable of walking up stairs. Nor is this to be wondered at, when it is known that he measured three yards four inches round the body, and one yard one inch round the leg, and that a suit of clothes cost about twenty pounds.

His coffin, in which there was a great difficulty to place him, was six feet, four inches long, four feet, four inches wide, and two feet four inches deep; the immense substance of his legs made it necessarily a square case. This coffin, which consisted of 112 superficial feet of elm, was built on two axle-trees, and four cog-wheels. Upon these his remains were rolled into his grave, which was in the new burial ground at the back of St. Martin's church. A regular descent was made, by sloping it for some distance. It was found necessary to take down the window and wall of the room in which he lay to allow his being taken away.

A tomb-stone, with the following epitaph, has been erected in St. Martin's burying ground, Stamford.

> "In remembrance of that prodigy in nature, Daniel Lambert, a native of Leicester, who was possessed of an excellent and convivial mind, and in personal greatness, he had no competitor. He measured three feet one inch round the leg, nine feet four inches round the body, and weighed 52 stone, 11lbs. (14lb. to the stone.) He departed this life on the 21st of June, 1809, aged 39 years. As a testimony of respect, this stone was erected by his friends in Leicester."

We shall now proceed to state a few observations relative to the habits, manners, and propensities, of this extraordinary man.

It is not improbable that incessant exercise in the open air, in the early part of his life, laid the foundation of an uncommonly healthy constitution. Lambert scarcely knew what it was to be ailing or indisposed. His temperance, no doubt, contributed towards this uninterrupted flow of health. His food differed in no respect from that of other people: he ate with moderation, and of one dish only at a time. He never drank any other beverage than water, and though at one period of his life he seldom spent an evening at home, but with convivial parties, he never could be prevailed upon to join his companions in their libations to the jolly god. He possessed in an eminent degree one of the qualifications that strongly tended to promote harmony and conviviality, having a fine, powerful, melodious voice. It was a strong tenor, unlike that of a fat man, light and unembarrassed, and the articulation perfectly clear.

Lambert's height was five feet eleven inches, and in June 1805, he had attained the enormous weight of fifty stone, four pounds. He never felt any pain in his progress towards his greatest bulk, but increased gradually and imperceptibly. Before he grew bulky he never knew what it was to be out of wind. It was evident to all who were acquainted with him, that he had no

oppression on the lungs from fat, or any other cause; and Dr. Heaviside expressed his opinion that his life was as good as that of any other healthy man. He conceived himself that he could walk a quarter of a mile, and notwithstanding his excessive corpulence, could not only stoop without trouble to write, but even kept up an extensive correspondence, insomuch that his writing table resembled the desk of a merchant's counting-house.

He slept less than the generality of mankind, being never more than eight hours in bed. He was never inclined to drowsiness, either after dinner, or in any other part of the day; and such was the vivacity of his disposition, that he was always the last person to retire to rest, which he never did before one o'clock. He slept without having his head raised more than is usual with other men, and always with the window open. His respiration was so perfectly free and unobstructed, that he never snored, and what is not a little extraordinary, he could awake within five minutes of any time he pleased.

We have already adverted to Lambert's fondness for hunting, coursing, racing, fishing, and cocking. He was likewise well known in his neighbourhood as a great otter-hunter, and until within a few years of his death was extremely active in all the sports of the field, and though he was prevented by his corpulence from partaking in them, he still bred cocks, setters, and pointers, which he brought to as great, or perhaps greater, perfection than any other sporting character of the day. At the time when terriers were the vogue, he possessed no less than thirty of them at once. The high estimation in which the animals of his breeding were held by sporting amateurs, was fully evinced in the sale of the dogs which he brought with him to London, and which were disposed of at Tattersal's at the following prices! Peg, a black setter bitch, forty-one guineas; Punch, a setter dog, twenty-six guineas; Brush, ditto, seventeen guineas; Bob, ditto, twenty guineas; Bounce,

ditto, twenty-two guineas; Sam, ditto, twenty-six guineas; Bell, ditto, thirty-two guineas;—Charlotte, a pointer bitch, twenty-two guineas; Lucy, ditto, twelve guineas.—Total 218 guineas. Mr. Mellish was the purchaser of the seven setters, and Lord Kinnaird of the two pointers.

If Lambert had a greater attachment to one kind of sport than another, it was to racing, for which he always manifested a peculiar preference. He was fond of riding himself, before his weight prevented him from enjoying that exercise; and it was his opinion, founded on experience, that the more blood, and the better a horse was bred, the better he carried him.

During his residence in London he found himself in nowise affected by the change of air, unless he ought to have attributed to that cause an occasional, momentary, trifling depression of spirits in a morning, such as he had felt on his recovery from inflammatory attacks, which were the only kind of indisposition he ever remembered to have experienced.

The extraordinary share of health he enjoyed was not the result of any unusual precaution on his part, as he had in many instances accustomed himself to the total neglect of those means by which men in general endeavour to preserve that inestimable blessing. As a proof of this the following fact is related from his own lips: Before his increasing size prevented his partaking in the sports of the field, he never could be prevailed upon, when he returned home at night from these excursions, to change any part of his clothes, however wet they might be; and he put them on again the next morning, though they were perhaps so thoroughly soaked, as to leave behind them their mark on the floor. Notwithstanding this, he never knew what it was to take cold. On one of these occasions he was engaged with a party of young men in a boat, in drawing a pond. Knowing that a principal part of this diversion always consists in sousing

each other as much as possible, Lambert, before he entered the boat, walked, in his clothes, up to his chin into the water. He remained the whole of the day in this condition, which to any other man must have proved intolerably irksome. At night, on retiring to bed, he stripped off shirt and all, and the next morning, putting on his clothes again, wet as they were, he resumed the diversion with the rest of his companions. Nor was this all; for lying down in the bottom of the boat, he took a comfortable nap for a couple of hours, and though the weather was rather severe, he experienced no kind of inconvenience from what might justly be considered as extreme indiscretion.

It would have been an interesting speculation to try how far a certain regimen might have tended to reduce Lambert's excessive bulk, which, however healthy he might be, could but be productive of some inconvenience, besides depriving him of enjoyments to which he was passionately attached.

SIXTUS THE FIFTH.

Pope Sixtus V. was born the 13th of December, 1521, in the province of La Marca d'Ancona, at a village called Le Grotte, in the signiory of Montalto; his father's name was Francis Peretti, who, for his faithful service to a country gentleman in that neighbourhood, with whom he lived as a gardener, was rewarded with his master's favourite servant maid for a wife. These were the parents of that pontiff, who, from the instant of his accession to the papacy, even to the hour of his death, made himself obeyed and feared, not only by his own subjects, but by all who had any concern with him. Our pope was their eldest child, and named Felix. Though he very early discovered a fitness and inclina-

tion for learning, the poverty of his parents prevented their indulging it; wherefore, at about nine years of age, his father hired him to an inhabitant of the same town, to look after his sheep: but his master, being on some occasion disobliged, removed him to a less honourable employ, and gave him the care of his hogs.

Providence, however, soon released him from this disagreeable occupation: he had ever manifested a particular respect for all ecclesiastics, and one day, in the beginning of February, 1531, as Father Michael Angelo Selleri, a Franciscan friar, was going to preach during the Lent season at Ascoli, a considerable town in that province, he lost his way near Le Grotte, and coming to four lane ends, could not tell which to take, but was looking round for somebody to direct him; when little Felix, who was attending his hogs just by, saw Father Michael in distress, he ran to salute him, making him, at the same time, a tender of his service: the friar carefully accepted it, and asked him the road to Ascoli; I'll soon show you the way thither, said he, and immediately began to run before him; as they went along, the answers he gave to Father Michael's questions were so smart and pertinent, and accompanied with so much good humour, that every time the child turned his face to listen more attentively to what was said, he was charmed with him, and could not conceive whence a child that had no higher employment than looking after hogs, should have such a share of sense and good manners.

When Father Michael had got into his road again, he thanked Felix for the trouble he had given him, and would have dismissed him with an alms; but he kept running forwards, without seeming to take any notice of what he said, which obliged the friar to ask him, in a jocose manner, whether he designed to go with him quite into the town. "Yes," says Felix, "not only to Ascoli, but to the end of the world, with a great deal of pleasure,"

and upon this took occasion to tell him, that the poor circumstances of his parents would not allow them to send him to school, as he desired; that he earnestly wished somebody belonging to a convent would take him as a waiting boy, and he would serve him to the utmost of his power, provided he would teach him to read.

To try the boy a little farther, he asked him if he would take upon him the habit of the order? Felix, who was in very good earnest, answered that he would; and though the other set forth to him, in a long detail, and very frightful colours, all the mortifications and austerities he would be obliged to undergo in that course of life, he boldly replied, he would suffer the pains of purgatory itself, if he would make him a scholar: the priest, surprised at his courage and resolution, thought there must be something extraordinary in such a call, and resolved to take him along with him. This he accordingly did, and presented him to the fraternity he was going to; at the same time acquainting them by what accident he had picked him up, and with what extraordinary zeal he had followed him thither: upon which the warden of the convent sent for him, and asked him several questions, his answers to which were no less pleasing and amazing to the warden than they had been to Father Michael; insomuch, that with the unanimous approbation of the community, he was received among them, and invested with the habit of a lay-brother, and was placed under the sacristan, to assist in sweeping the church, lighting the candles, and such little offices, who, in return for his services, was to teach him the responses, and rudiments of grammar.

Such was Felix's introduction to greatness. By a ready comprehension, strong memory, and unwearied application, he made such a surprising progress in learning, that on the 25th of September, 1534, he was thought fit to receive the cowl, and enter upon his

noviciate; and on the 1st of November, 1535, was admitted to make his profession, being no more than fourteen years old: when, contrary to the usual practice of the religious, he refused to change his baptismal name, and desired he might be called brother Felix. He pursued his studies with so much assiduity, that in the year 1539 he was accounted equal to the best disputants. Having been admitted to deacon's orders, he preached his first sermon on the day of the annunciation, before an uncommonly numerous congregation, in which were many prelates; one of the most eminent of whom was so well pleased with his discourse, that he sent for him after dinner, and entering into a long conversation upon the subject of his sermon, said to him at his going away, "if I was pope, you should soon be a cardinal."

In June 1545, he was ordained priest and assumed the name of Father Montalto; in the same year he took his bachelor's degree, and in about two years after was created doctor, and was pitched upon to keep a divinity act before the whole chapter of the order, that was soon to be assembled at Assise: at this time he so effectually recommended himself to Cardinal Di Carpi, and cultivated so close an intimacy with Bossius, his secretary, that they were both of them ever after his steady friends.

Frequent were the occasions he had for their interposition on his behalf, for the impetuosity of his temper, and his impatience of contradiction, had already subjected him to several inconveniencies, and in the subsequent part of his life involved him in many more difficulties. While all Italy was delighted with his eloquence, he was perpetually embroiled in quarrels with his monastic brethren: however, he had the good fortune to form two new friendships at Rome, which were afterwards of signal service to him; one with the Colonna family, who thereby became his protectors; the other with Father Ghisilieri, by whose recommendation he was appointed inquisitor-general at Venice, by

Paul IV. soon after his accession to the papacy in 1555. But the severity with which he executed his office was so offensive to a people jealous of their liberties, as the Venetians were, that he was obliged to be indebted for his preservation to a precipitate flight from that city.

After his retreat from Venice, we find him acting in many public affairs at Rome, and as often engaged in disputes with the conventuals of his order, till he was appointed to attend, as chaplain and consultor of the inquisition, Cardinal Buon Compagnon, afterwards Gregory XIII. who was then legate de latere to Spain. Here Montalto had great honours paid him; he was offered to be made one of the royal chaplains, with a table and an apartment in the palace, also a stipend of one hundred pistoles a year, if he would stay there; but having centered his views at Rome, he declined accepting these favours, and only asked the honour of bearing the title of his majesty's chaplain wherever he went.

While things were thus circumstanced at Madrid, news was brought of the death of Pius IV. and the elevation of Cardinal Alexandrino to the holy see, with the title of Pius V. Montalto was greatly transported at this news, the new pontiff having ever been his steady friend and patron, viz. the above-mentioned Father Ghisilieri, who had been promoted to the purple by Paul IV. predecessor to the deceased pope.

Montalto's joy at the promotion of his friend was not ill founded, nor were his expectations disappointed; for the new pope, even in the first week of his pontificate, appointed him general of his order, an office that he executed with his accustomed severity. In 1568 he was made bishop of St. Agatha, and on the 17th of May, 1570, was honoured with a red hat and a pension. During this reign he had likewise the chief direction of the papal councils, and particularly was employed to draw up the bull of excommunication against our Queen Elizabeth.

Being now in possession of the purple, he began to aspire to the papacy. With this view he became humble, patient, and affable, so artfully concealing the natural impetuosity of his temper, that one would have sworn this gentleness and moderation was born with him. There was such a change in his dress, his air, his words, and all his actions, that his nearest friends and acquaintance said he was not the same man. A greater alteration, or a more absolute victory over his passions, was never seen in any one; nor is there an instance, perhaps, in all history, of a person supporting a fictitious character in so uniform and consistent a manner, or so artfully disguising his foibles and imperfections for such a number of years. To which may be added, that while he endeavoured to court the friendship of the ambassadors of every foreign power, he very carefully avoided attaching himself to the particular interest of any one, nor would he accept favours that might be presumed to lay him under peculiar obligations.

He was not less singular in his conduct to his relations, to whom he had heretofore expressed himself with the utmost tenderness; but as soon as he was invested with his new dignity, he behaved very differently, knowing that disinterestedness in that point was one of the keys to the papacy; so that when his brother Antony came to see him at Rome, he lodged him in an inn, and sent him back again the next day, with only a present of sixty crowns, strictly charging him to return immediately to the care of his family, and tell them, "that his spiritual cares increased upon him, and he was now dead to his relations and the world; but as he found old age and infirmities began to approach, he might, perhaps, in a while, send for one of his nephews to wait on him."

Upon the death of Pius V. which happened in March 1572, he entered the conclave with the rest of the cardinals; but, appearing to give himself no trouble about

the election, he kept altogether in his apartment, without ever stirring from it, except to his devotions. He affected a total ignorance of the intrigues of the several factions, and if he was asked to engage in any party, he would reply with seeming indifference, "that for his part he was of no manner of consequence; that as he had never been in the conclave before, he was afraid of making some false step, and should leave the affair to be conducted wholly by people of greater knowledge and experience." If any one asked his opinion, whom he thought the fittest person to succeed as pope, he would answer, "they were all so worthy men, and so thoroughly well qualified to govern the church, that, upon his conscience, he could not tell; but wished he had as many voices as there were cardinals, that he might vote for every one of them." Nevertheless, this behaviour did not prevent the more discerning from suspecting his affection for the papacy, and Cardinal Farnese one day, when he was talking in this strain, plainly said to him, "other people may swallow this, sir, but it wont go down with me."

The election being determined, the 13th of May, 1572, in favour of Cardinal Buon Compagnon, who assumed the name of Gregory XIII. Montalto did not neglect assuring him, "that he had never wished for any thing so much in his life, and that he should always remember his goodness, and the favours he received from him in Spain." However, the new pope not only showed very little regard to his compliment, but during his pontificate treated him with the utmost contempt, and deprived him of the pension which had been granted to him by Pius V. Nor was he held in greater esteem by the generality of the cardinals, who considered him as a poor, old, doating fellow, incapable of doing either good or harm, and who, by way of ridicule, they were used frequently to style, "the ass of La Marca."

Montalto's own conduct contributed much towards

this despicable opinion that many had conceived of him; for after the indifferent reception his first address to Gregory met with, he bought a small house near St. Maria Maggiore, where he lived in a very obscure manner, with a slender attendance, suitable to the modesty and humility he professed. When he went to any consistory or congregation, which was but very seldom, his behaviour was always meek and submissive; and so far was he from resenting the indignities offered him, that he appeared even thankful for them: his patience and clemency were in nothing more conspicuous, than in his never complaining of, or prosecuting, the murderers of a nephew he had lately sent for to Rome, and whom he tenderly loved. He extended his complaisance to every body, but more particularly to those among the religious who had formerly used him worst; these he would treat with such tenderness, that many of them, after having taken leave of him, were wont to say, "certainly Cardinal Montalto is one of the best of Christians, that can so easily forget we were once his inveterate enemies."

He seldom interfered in, or was present at, any public transactions; the chief part of his time was employed in works of piety and devotion, and his benevolence to the indigent was so remarkable, that when a terrible famine prevailed at Rome, the poor said openly of him, "that Cardinal Montalto, who lived upon charity himself, gave with one hand what he received with the other; while the rest of the cardinals, who wallowed in abundance, contented themselves with showing them the way to the hospital."

However, notwithstanding this affected indifference to what passed in the world, he was never without able spies, who informed him from time to time of every the most minute particular; and having established an universal character of great sanctity, as he was before esteemed a very learned divine, he had now an oppor-

tunity of making even religion subservient to his designs. To this purpose he attended two hours after morning, and as long after evening service, to hear confessions; the resort to him was very numerous, of all ages, ranks, and sexes, from whom he had the address to draw, not only their own private sins, but every thing that passed amongst their acquaintance, with whatever else they knew of public concerns.

He had assumed great appearance of imbecility and all the infirmities of old age, for some years before the death of Gregory XIII. in April 1585; when it was not without much seeming reluctance, that Montalto accompanied the rest of the cardinals into the conclave, where he maintained the same uniformity of behaviour in which he had so long persisted. He kept himself close shut up in his chamber, and was no more thought or spoke of, than if he had not been there. He very seldom stirred out, and when he went to mass, or any of the scrutinies, appeared so little concerned, that one would have thought he had no manner of interest in any thing that happened within those walls; and without promising any thing he flattered every body.

This method of proceeding was judiciously calculated to serve his ambition. He was early apprized that there would be great contests or divisions in the conclave, and he knew it was no uncommon case, that when the chiefs of the respective parties met with a strenuous opposition to the person they were desirous of electing, they would all willingly concur in the choice of some very old and infirm cardinal, whose life would last only long enough to prepare themselves with more strength against another vacancy.

These views directed his conduct, nor was he mistaken in his expectations of success. Three cardinals, who were the heads of potent factions, finding themselves unable to secure the election to the particular persons they respectively favoured, all concurred to choose

Montalto. As it was not yet necessary for him to discover himself, when they came to acquaint him with their intention, he fell into such a violent fit of coughing, that they thought he would have expired upon the spot. When he recovered himself, he told them, "that his reign would be but a few days; that besides the continual difficulty with which he drew his breath, he had not strength enough to support such a weight; and that his small experience in affairs made him altogether unfit for a charge of so important a nature, without he could depend on the assistance of others:"— Nor would he be prevailed on to accept it on any other terms than that "they should all three promise not to abandon him, but take the greatest part of the weight off his shoulders, as he was neither able, nor could in conscience pretend to take the whole of it upon himself." The cardinals giving a ready assent to his proposal, he added, "If you are resolved to make me pope, it will only be placing yourselves on the throne; we must share the pontificate; for my part, I shall be content with the bare title; let them call me pope, and you are heartily welcome to the power and authority."

The bait was swallowed, and in confidence of engrossing the administration, they exerted their joint interests so effectually, that Montalto was elected. Having thus compassed his favourite point, he immediately threw off the mask he had worn for near fourteen years, with an amazing steadiness and uniformity. As soon as ever he found a sufficient number of votes to secure his election, he threw the staff with which he used to support himself into the middle of the chapel, and appeared taller by almost a foot than he had done for several years, hawking and spitting with as much strength as a man of thirty years old: being asked, according to custom, "Whether he would please to accept of the papacy," he replied somewhat sharply, "It is trifling and impertinent to ask whether I will accept, what I have already ac-

cepted;—however, to satisfy any scruple that may arise, I tell you, that I accept it with great pleasure, and would accept another, if I could get it; for I find myself strong enough, by the Divine assistance, to manage two papacies."

Nor was the change in his manners less remarkable than in his person; he immediately divested himself of the humility he had so long professed, and laying aside his accustomed civility and complaisance, he treated every body with reserve and haughtiness, but more particularly those who had been most instrumental to his exaltation. These were more especially astonished at the sudden alteration; but as dissimulation could be of no further service to him, the new pope very soon convinced them that he did not intend to divide his power with any of them; for when one of the cardinals, who had very earnestly interested himself in Montalto's preferment, reminded him of his former professions, that he should want their assistance, his answer was, "Very true, I believe I might say so, and I thought so at that time; but now I perceive myself strong enough, by God's assistance, to govern without any other help. If I told you a story, you must e'en make the best of it. I shall give my confessor a power to absolve me from that sin. You made me pope for your own interests, and I accept that honour to do the church a service."

The deluded cardinals were no less vexed at their disappointment, than at their being made dupes to the dissimulation of Montalto; who from hence must be distinguished by the name of Sixtus V. They were sincerely sorry for their determination, and frequently expressed their discontent and resentment in mutual upbraidings of each other; which coming to the ears of our newly exalted pope, he sent for them, and sharply said, "We are informed that you repent of your choice —we would have you to know, that we do not think ourselves in the least obliged to you for the papacy,

but to Divine Providence alone, and our own prudent conduct."

The lenity of Gregory's government had introduced a general licentiousness among all ranks of people; which, though somewhat restrained from appearing publicly while he lived, broke out into open violence the very day after his death. Riots, rapes, robberies, and murders, were, during the vacancy of the see, daily committed in every part of the ecclesiastical state; the banditti, not content with plundering all the neighbouring country and villages, entered into the towns and cities, where they lived in the greatest security, in a continued scene of rapine and debauchery; and being frequently made subservient to the pleasures or resentment of the rich, they were assisted and supported by the governors and magistrates, who ought to have suppressed them. The religious were not less abandoned than the laity; nor was even the city of Rome free from these flagrant outrages.

The reformation of abuses, both in church and state, was the first and principal care of Sixtus: this he very early signified; for when, in his passage from the conclave immediately after his election, the people cried out, "Long live the pope," and added, according to custom, "plenty, holy father, plenty and justice," he replied, "Pray to God for plenty, and I'll give you justice." To this purpose he was so impatient to exercise the sovereignty, that he ordered the crown to be brought directly; nor was it without the utmost difficulty that he was prevailed on to defer his coronation a few days: nothing but an assurance that his authority was as full and extensive before as after that ceremony, could have procured his consent to the delaying it.

The first days of his pontificate were employed in receiving the congratulations of the Roman nobility, and in giving audience to foreign ministers; and though he received them with seeming cheerfulness and complai-

sance, yet he soon dismissed them, desiring to be excused, "for he had something else to do than to attend to compliments."

It having been customary with many preceding popes to order the prison doors to be set open, for the release of prisoners, on the day of their coronation, many of the banditti and other delinquents were wont to surrender themselves after the pope was chosen; several offenders, judging of Montalto's disposition by his humane behaviour while he was cardinal, came voluntarily to the prisons, not making the least doubt of a pardon: but they were fatally disappointed; for when the governor of Rome, and the keeper of St. Angelo's castle, waited on his holiness to know his intention upon this matter, Sixtus replied, in an angry manner, "You certainly either do not know your proper distance, or are very impertinent. What have you to do with pardons, and acts of grace, and releasing of prisoners? Don't you think it sufficient, that our predecessor has suffered the judges to lie idle and unemployed these thirteen years? Would you have us likewise stain our pontificate with the same neglect of justice? We have too long seen, with inexpressible concern, the prodigious degree of wickedness that reigns in the ecclesiastical state, to think of granting any pardon. God forbid we should entertain such a design. So far from releasing any prisoners, it is our express command, that they be more closely confined. Let them be brought to a speedy trial, and punished as they deserve, that the prisons may be emptied, and room made for others; and that the world may see, that Divine Providence has called us to the chair of St. Peter to reward the good and to chastise the wicked; 'that we bear not the sword in vain, but are the minister of God, and a revenger to execute wrath upon them that do evil.' It is our pleasure, therefore, that four of the most notorious of them be tried to-morrow, and publicly executed at different places, two

by the axe, and two by the halter, at the very time of our coronation; which will likewise take off most of those disorderly people that always occasion so much tumult and disturbances at that ceremony."

As a proof that he was in earnest in the orders that he gave, he sent word about two hours after, by a master of the ceremonies, to the governor and keeper of the castle, "that it behoved them to look well to their prisoners; for if any escaped, they themselves should be punished in their stead; that he expected to hear of at least four of them being condemned the next day, and to have a particular account of all the rest as soon as possible; that they ought now, by their diligence, to make amends for the shameful neglect of their duty in the late reign, out of complaisance, as he supposed, to the childish and ill-timed mercy of his predecessor."

Many of the cardinals, ambassadors, and nobles, having either relations, friends or dependants, that had fled for the commission of some crime, or had associated with the banditti, they had advised them to surrender, upon assurance of their being pardoned; but when the pope's order came to be promulgated, such of the cardinals, &c. as interested themselves in the preservation of those offenders, went immediately to his holiness, and demanded an audience of him, in the name of the whole college; when, being admitted, they represented the indecency of so sanguinary a proceeding, especially on so solemn a day, which had always been devoted to mirth and rejoicing, and used every argument to prevail on him to retract his resolution; but so far were their endeavours from succeeding, that the pope plainly told them, "he was above measure surprised at the insolence of their representations; for that when Jesus Christ committed the government of his church to St. Peter, he could not any where find that he had appointed the apostles to be his tutors and pedagogues; and that if they thought to be so to him, who was called by Divine

Providence to preside over the faithful, as he hoped, for their good, they would find themselves egregiously mistaken."—To which he afterwards added, that he was determined not only to punish the criminals themselves with the utmost severity, but to make a strict inquiry after all their encouragers, and treat them in the same manner: and in a few days afterwards he acquainted them, that it would be in vain to solicit him for any man's pardon.

In order to hinder all contests between foreign ministers, and other persons of superior rank, concerning precedency, as well as to prevent tumults and disorders among the lower sort of people, both which had been usual at former coronations, Sixtus published some well judged orders to be observed on that day; and to show that he was resolved to be obeyed, he directed the governor to provide twelve executioners, of different nations, whom he commanded to parade round the city the day before, and the very morning of the coronation, and once a week afterwards, two by two, with each of them an axe in one hand and an halter in the other.—A baker happening to throw a stone, which hit one of them upon the head as they walked their rounds that day, Sixtus ordered him to be severely whipped on the spot, and sent to the gallies, but the latter part of his sentence was afterwards remitted. In consequence of these regulations, though the spectators were as numerous as had been known, and the procession the most splendid that had ever been seen, every thing was conducted with decency and order; no disturbance of any kind was attempted, not an abusive word heard, nor a blow given.

In conformity to the resolution he had taken of putting an early stop to the prevailing profligacy of the people, his first attention was directed to the punishment of offenders; in which he conducted himself with an unexampled severity, without the least respect to persons.

The following instance may serve as a specimen of our pontiff's disposition with respect to this particular.

As the pope was going one day to his devotions, there was, according to custom, so great a crowd to see him, that nobody could pass, which obliged the Swiss guards, that always attended upon his holiness, when he stirs out, to make way with their halberts. There was unluckily among the crowd a Spanish gentleman, lately arrived at Rome, with his uncle, who was a learned and eminent divine. This unfortunate person being one of the foremost, was pushed back a little roughly by one of the guard, with the staff of his halbert, which he thought so great an affront that he vowed revenge. The poor Swiss, going one day soon after to mass at St. Peter's, had quite forgot the affair, when the Spaniard, who just came in, perceiving him upon his knees before the altar, thought it a proper opportunity to gratify his resentment; and taking up a pilgrim's staff that reared against one of the pillars, gave him so violent a stroke on the head, that he immediately dropped down dead, without speaking a word. The murderer endeavoured to make his escape, by flying to the Spanish ambassador's house, who had a friendship for him, upon his uncle's account; but was stopped by two other Swiss, that were witnesses of the fact.

When Sixtus heard of it he was extremely enraged, and said, "We thought our character had been too well known for any one to presume to commit so flagrant an action; but if it is not, we will soon make it." And immediately sent for the governor of the city, who having been informed of the transaction, was already come on foot to inquire into it, to show his zeal and diligence in the execution of his office. As soon as he appeared, the pope accosted him in this manner: "Well, sir, what do you think of a murder committed in the house of God, and almost before our face? It is your business to see that strict justice be done directly, and a proper punish-

ment inflicted upon the offender, for so daring an insult on our authority."—The governor answered, "he had given orders, as he came into the palace, to have informations taken, and a process to be commenced against him speedily."—"A process," said Sixtus, "what occasion is there for a process in such a case as this?" The governor happening to say, "that he thought it had been necessary to observe the usual forms of the law, as the criminal was nephew to a person of consideration, and under the protection of his catholic majesty's ambassador," the pope answered, in a very furious manner, "Do not talk to us of forms and ceremonies; it is our pleasure that he shall be hanged before we sit down to dinner, and we intend to dine early to-day, being somewhat hungry."

As soon as the governor knew his holiness's pleasure, he immediately gave directions to hasten the execution; and as he went out, the pope ordered him to have the gallows erected where he himself could see him hanged out of his window, from which he never stirred till he saw him quite dead; and then, turning round to those in the room with him, said, "Let them serve up dinner, we shall eat heartily now, for this piece of justice has served for a whet to our appetite."

Whilst dinner was coming up, he entertained the company with a discourse concerning the necessity of doing prompt justice in such cases, and seemed much pleased at his morning's work; repeating, with great satisfaction, that passage in the Psalms, "I shall soon destroy all the ungodly that are in the land, that I may root out all the wicked doers from the city of the Lord." After dinner was over, he said grace himself, and rising from the table, added "thanks be to God, we have eat very heartily to-day."

In the place of such judges as were inclined to lenity he substituted others of a more austere disposition, and appointed commissaries to examine not only their con-

duct, but also that of other governors and judges for many years past; promising rewards to those who could convict them of corruption, or of having denied justice to any one at the instance or request of men in power.—An advocate of Orvieto, who was privy to a piece of injustice which the governor of that town had been guilty of, for the sake of a sum of money, and would not inform against him, because he was his particular friend, and had been out of office five years, was not only excommunicated, but sent to prison, and put in irons, where he lay for a long time, and was not released till he had paid a considerable fine.

All the nobility and persons of the highest quality were strictly forbid, on pain of displeasure, to ask the judges any thing in behalf of their nearest friends or dependants; at the same time the judges were to be fined in case they listened to any solicitation.—He further commanded every body, on pain of death, not to terrify witnesses by threats, or tempt them by hopes or promises. He ordered the syndics and mayors of every town and signiory, as well those that were actually in office, as those who had been for the last ten years, to send him a list of all the vagrants, common debauchees, loose and disorderly people in their districts, threatening them with the strapado and imprisonment if they omitted or concealed any one. In consequence of which ordinance, the syndic of Albano, leaving his nephew, who was an incorrigible libertine, out of the list, underwent the strapado in the public market-place, though the Spanish ambassador interceded strongly for him.

He particularly directed the legates and governors of the ecclesiastical state to be expeditious in carrying on all criminal processes, declaring, "he had rather have the gibbets and gallies full, than the prisons." He also intended to have shortened all other proceedings in law.

It had been usual, and was pleasing to the people, as often as his holiness passed by, to cry out "long live the

pope;" but Sixtus, having a mind to go often unexpectedly to the tribunals of justice, convents, and other public places, forbad this custom in regard to himself, and punished two persons, who were ignorant of this edict, with imprisonment, for crying out, "long live Pope Sixtus."

Adultery he punished with death, nor was he less severe to those who voluntarily permitted prostitution of their wives, a custom at that time very common in Rome.

The female sex, especially the younger part, attracted, in a very particular manner, the attention of Sixtus: not only the debauching any of them, whether by force or artifice, but even attempting it, or offering the least offence against modesty, was very severely punished.

It has already been observed in what manner Sixtus rendered the communications he received in confessions useful to his exaltation: no sooner was he in possession of the pontificate, than several of his former penitents became early examples of his justice, for crimes they had themselves acknowledged under that presumed seal of secrecy; and not content with the discoveries he had himself made by this means, he obliged the oldest confessors, and such as were most followed, to acquaint him with any thing extraordinary that had or should be imparted to them; whereby many poor wretches were brought to punishment, for offences, the memory of which they imagined totally obliterated.

For the more effectual prevention, as well of private assassinations, as public quarrels, he forbad all persons, on pain of death, to draw a sword, or to carry arms specified in the edict; nor would he be prevailed on to spare any who transgressed this order: even to threaten another with an intended injury, was sufficient to entitle the menacer to a whipping and the gallies; especially if the nature of their profession furnished the means of carrying their threats into execution. The punishment of a barber, who in a quarrel had lifted up his fist at

another man in a threatening manner, and said, "if ever you come under my hands, I'll do your business for you," was somewhat singular. All the barbers in Rome were obliged to appear (on a penalty of being fined one hundred crowns, and banished the city) on a certain day, and at a particular place for that purpose appointed; when being placed in two rows, the offender was whipped three times through them, and was also ordered to the gallies for three years; but the latter part of the sentence was afterwards remitted.

The banditti, who were very numerous when Sixtus was advanced to the papacy, were rendered still more so by the junction of many loose and disorderly people, who, conscious of their demerits, and terrified at the severities they daily saw practised, had fled from justice. Their insolence increased with their numbers, insomuch, that no one could live in the ecclesiastical state with safety to his person or fortune, nor could strangers travel without imminent danger of being robbed or murdered. The public security more especially required the extirpation of these plunderers, which, by the prudence, vigilance, and resolution of our pope, was so effectually performed, that, in less than six months, they were all either taken or disappeared, and such a terror struck into the people, that every one, being afraid any little particular quarrel might make him pass for a disturber of the peace, made haste to agree with his adversary; differences that had passed for many years were composed in a moment; and people that had long been the bitterest enemies now lived in friendship and amity.

He obliged the nobility of Rome, and the country round it, to an exact payment of their debts. A gentleman, who had for a considerable time stood indebted to a draper in a large sum of money, and, instead of discharging it, upon application to him for that purpose, was wont to say to his creditor, "that gentlemen never paid their debts, but when they pleased," was sent for

by his holiness, together with the draper; when Sixtus not only compelled him to pay the money down immediately, but sent him to prison, and ordered a process against him, for having neglected doing it before. He at the same time commanded all the merchants and tradesmen to bring him in a list of their debts, with the names of the people that owed them, which he paid off, and took upon himself. This gave such an alarm, that many who were indebted to the merchants went to pay them that very night, begging of them, for God's sake, to cross their names out of their books, and give them such receipts as might show as if they had been paid long ago, lest the pope should come to know it.

Among other measures of our pontiff, we must not omit his abolition of quarters and other immunities, in the houses of ambassadors, cardinals, nobles or prelates. To this purpose, he sent for all the ambassadors then at Rome, and ordered them to acquaint their respective masters, "that he was determined nobody should reign in Rome but himself; that there should be no privilege or immunity of any kind there but what belonged to the pope, nor any sanctuary or asylum but the churches, and that only at such times and upon such occasions as he should think proper; that his intention was to have justice strictly observed, and rigorously executed, in all places, as well in the palaces of princes, cardinals, and ambassadors, as the houses of private persons:" and very soon afterwards he published a bull to the same effect, signifying that all such offenders "should be deemed usurpers of the sovereign authority,—guilty of *læsæ majestatis, ipso facto* excommunicated, and not to be absolved by any but the pope himself, except in the article of death."—The same attempt had been made by his predecessors, and was imitated by some of his successors, but ineffectually; they wanted this pope's resolution: Sixtus would be obeyed.

Thus far we have beheld his holiness acting in his civil

capacity, and if we take a view of his conduct as a politician: in his transactions with foreig powers, we find him maintaining the same degree of firmness as in his treatment of his own subjects. Before he had been pope two months, he quarrelled with Philip II. of Spain, Henry III. of France, and Henry king of Navarre. His intrigues in some measure may be said to have influenced, in his day, all the councils of Europe.

Sixtus had caused the vulgate Latin edition of the Bible to be published, which occasioned a good deal of clamour: but nothing like what there was upon his printing an Italian version of it. This set all the Roman Catholic part of Christendom in an uproar. Count Olivares, and some of the cardinals, ventured to expostulate with him pretty freely upon it, and said, "It was a scandalous as well as a dangerous thing, and bordered very nearly upon heresy." But he treated them with contempt, and only said "We do it for the benefit of you that do not understand Latin."

Though our pope's behaviour, in some particulars, may not command an universal applause, yet it is certain the holy see was under very great obligations to him: his impartial, though rigorous administration of justice, had a very happy effect; he strenuously defended the rights of the poor, the widow, and the orphan; he refused audience to nobody, ordering his masters of the ceremonies to introduce the poorest to him first: but was more particularly ready to hear any accusation against the magistrates; the same conduct he observed between the clergy and their superiors, always applying quick and effectual, though mostly severe remedies.—In short, he had wrought such a reformation, that the governor told him one day, the place of a judge was now become a perfect sinecure.

At his accession to the papacy he found the apostolic chamber, or treasury, not only exhausted, but in debt; he left it not only clear but enriched it with five

millions of gold; he also augmented the revenue to double its former amount.

To him the city of Rome was obliged for several of its greatest embellishments, particularly the Vatican library; and to him its citizens were indebted for the introduction of trade into the ecclesiastical state.

Though he was naturally an enemy to profusion, he was never sparing in expense, to relieve such as were really necessitous, especially those whose modesty would not let them make their wants known; and among many other noble charities, his appropriation of three thousand crowns a year for the redemption of Christian slaves out of the hands of the infidels, will hardly be reckoned the least meritorious.

In respect to his private character, it appears, from several instances, that he was, as well in his habit as diet, generally temperate and frugal; that he remembered, and gratefully rewarded, every service that was conferred upon him when he was in an inferior station; nor did his elevation make him unmindful of his former poverty: his sister once intimating that it was unbecoming his dignity to wear patched linen, he said to her, "though we are exalted through the Divine Providence to this high station, we ought not to forget, that shreds and patches are the only coat of arms our family has any title to."

The behaviour of Sixtus to his relations, previous to his exaltation, has been already taken notice of; soon after his accession to the pontificate, he sent for his family to Rome, with express orders that they should appear in a decent and modest manner. Accordingly his sister Camilla, accompanied by her daughter and two grandsons, and a niece, came thither. Our pope's reception of them was as singular as any other part of his conduct, for some of the cardinals, to ingratiate themselves with his holiness, went out to meet her, dressed her in a very superb manner, and introduced her with

great ceremony to the Vatican. When Sixtus saw her, he pretended not to know her, and asked two or three times who she was, upon which one of the cardinals, who handed her in, said, "it is your sister, holy father." "My sister!" replied Sixtus with a frown, "I have but one sister, and she is a poor woman at Le Grotte: if you have introduced her in this disguise, I declare I do not know her; and yet I think I should know her again, if I was to see her in such clothes as she used to wear." After which he retired immediately, and left the cardinals in great confusion, one of whom said to another, he was sure something was amiss, and that it was well if they were not in a wrong box.

Their conductors now thought it expedient to send the pope's relations to a common inn, where they were disrobed of their finery. When this was done, Sixtus sent two of his ordinary coaches for them, and being introduced a second time, the pope embraced them tenderly, and said to Camilla, "Now we see it is our sister indeed: nobody shall make a princess of you but ourselves."

The terms Sixtus stipulated with his sister, as the conditions of her advancement, were, not to ask any favour in matters of government, or make the least intercession for criminals, or otherwise interfere in the administration of justice, assuring her that every suit of that kind would meet with a refusal not less mortifying to her than painful to himself.

This being settled, he made, indeed, a princely provision, not only for his sister, who took care punctually to obey his orders, but also for all the family. Upon his eldest nephew, who had already been invested with the purple, he also settled one hundred thousand crowns a year, in estate and ecclesiastical benefices, besides two hundred and fifty thousand crowns in houses, rich furniture, plate, and jewels. For his other nephew he purchased a principality, and gave him an estate of sixty thousand crowns a year, with two superb palaces, one in

the country, and the other at Rome: and it was computed that, at the death of his uncle, he was worth, in ready money and jewels, three hundred thousand crowns. To his two nieces he gave very large fortunes, and married them into two of the noblest, as well as most opulent families in Italy.

Our pope's severity could not exempt him from several poignant satires, though we have only one instance wherein he thought them worth his resentment, and that related to his sister. Pasquin was dressed one morning in a very nasty shirt, and being asked by Marforio, why he wore such dirty linen, answered, He could get no other, for the pope had made his washerwoman a princess: meaning Camilla, who had formerly been a laundress.

His holiness ordered strict search to be made for the author, and promised to give him one thousand pistoles, and his life, provided he would discover himself; but threatened to hang him, if he was found out by any body else; and offered the thousand pistoles to the informer.

The author, though he had trusted no other person with the secret, was so tempted with the promise of a thousand pistoles, that he was simple enough to make a full confession of it to the pope, demanding the money, and to have his life spared. Sixtus was so astonished at his folly and impudence, that he could not speak for some time, and at last said, "It is true, we did make such a promise, and we shall not be worse than our word; we give you your life, and you shall have the money immediately;" ordering the money to be instantly paid down.

When he had received the money, Sixtus asked him if he was satisfied? and he answering that he was, Sixtus said "We promised you your life, and one thousand pistoles; you have received both, and say you are satisfied: but we reserved to ourselves the power of cutting off your

hands, and boring your tongue through, to prevent your being so witty for the future :" which was directly executed, Sixtus declaring, that he did not deserve the punishment so much for the pasquinade, as for being so audacious to avow it.

This great man, who was an encourager of arts as well as arms, died, not without a suspicion of having been poisoned by the Spaniards, on Monday the 27th of August, 1590, having enjoyed the papacy little more than five years.

HENRY WELBY.

In this gentleman we find a rare example of extraordinary abstinence and seclusion, in the midst of a gay and luxuriant city. For the long period of forty-four years he withdrew himself from all society, and during that time never tasted either fish, flesh, or fowl, or any strong drink. An account of his remarkable life was published in 1637, the year after his death, under the title of *the Phœnix of these late times.*

The noble and virtuous Henry Welby, a native of Lincolnshire, was born in 1552, and inherited a clear estate of more than 1000*l.* a year. He was regularly bred at the University, and studied some time in one of the Inns of Court. He afterwards spent several years in the Low Countries, Germany, France and Spain. When he returned he settled on his paternal estate, and lived with great hospitality, respected by the rich, prayed for by the poor, and honoured and beloved by all. Here he married, and had a daughter, who was afterwards led to the hymeneal altar by Sir Christopher Hilliard, a baronet in Yorkshire.

At the age of forty, a younger brother, with whom he had some difference of opinion, meeting him in the field,

snapped a pistol at him, which fortunately, however, flashed in the pan. Thinking this was only done to frighten him, he coolly disarmed the ruffian, and putting the weapon carelessly into his pocket, thoughtfully returned home: on examination, he discovered that the pistol was charged with more than one bullet, and this circumstance had such an effect on his mind, that he instantly formed the extraordinary resolution of retiring entirely from the world, in which he inflexibly persisted till the end of his life.

In the year 1592 he accordingly came to London, and took a neat house at the lower end of Grub-street, near Cripplegate. This house he prepared for the purpose, and contracting a numerous retinue into a small family, he selected three chambers for himself, one for eating, another for sleeping, and the other for a study. As they were one within another, while his repast was set on the table by an old maid, he retired into his bed-chamber, when his bed was making, into his study, till the rooms were clear. From these chambers he never issued till he was carried out, forty-four years afterwards, to his grave; during which time, no person ever saw him, except his servant Elizabeth, and she only in cases of necessity, although she cleaned his rooms and provided his food.

During the whole time of his retirement, his chief food was oat-meal gruel, or occasionally in summer a sallad of cool herbs, or the yolk of a hen's egg, but not the white, and what bread he eat he cut out of the middle, never tasting the crust. His constant drink was beer, excepting at times his servant Elizabeth fetched him some milk hot from the cow: yet he kept a bountiful table for his servants, and sufficient entertainment for any stranger or tenant who had business at his house. Every book that was printed was bought for him, but such as related to controversy he laid aside and never read.

At Christmas, Easter, and other holidays, he had all dishes in season provided and served up in his own chamber, when, having returned thanks to God, he would put a clean napkin before him, and putting on a pair of white holland sleeves, which reached to his elbows, and cutting them up dish after dish, would send them to different poor neighbours, till the table was quite empty; and then, without tasting any thing whatever himself, caused the cloth to be taken away. This formality he invariably practised, both dinner and supper, on those days. As he kept a kind of perpetual fast, he no doubt devoted himself to continual prayer, excepting what he dedicated to study, for he was both a scholar and a linguist, and left behind him some collections and translations of philosophy.

When any persons clamoured impudently at the gate, they were not, on that account, immediately relieved; but when from his private chamber, which looked into the street, he perceived any sick, infirm, or lame, he sent after them with relief enough for several days. He likewise inquired what neighbours were industrious, and which had the largest families; and if their labour and industry could not abundantly supply their wants, he used liberally to relieve them according to their necessities.

This singular, but benevolent and exemplary character, died while sitting in a chair, at his house in Grub-street, after a confinement of forty-four years, October the 29th, 1636, aged eighty-four years. At his death, his hair and beard were so overgrown, that he appeared rather like a hermit of the wilderness, than the inhabitant of one of the first cities in the world. His remains were interred in St. Giles's-church, Cripplegate.

The following lines are from the pen of the celebrated John Taylor, better known by the appellation of the Water Poet.

Old Henry Welby, *well be* thou for ever,
Thy purgatory's past, thy heaven ends never.
Of eighty-four years life, full forty-four
Men saw thee not, nor e'er shall see thee more!
'Twas piety and patience caused thee
So long a prisoner (to thyself) to be.
Thy bounteous house, within, express'd thy mind;
Thy charity, without, the poor did find.
From wine thou wast a duteous *Rechabite*,
And flesh so long time shunn'd thy appetite:
Small beer, a caudle, milk, or water gruel,
Strengthen'd thy grace, maintain'd thy daily duel
'Gainst the bewitching world, the flesh, and fiend;
Which made thee live and die well.—There's an end.

JOHN EARL OF ROCHESTER.

This nobleman, though qualified by his talents and knowledge to have been one of the most extraordinary men, not only of the nation, but of the age in which he lived, rendered himself remarkable only for his unexampled extravagance of conduct, which tarnished all his brilliant qualities, and at length, to the astonishment of the world, ended in a death-bed repentance almost as unexampled.

John Wilmot, son of Henry the first Earl of Rochester, who distinguished himself by his loyalty and attachment to Charles I. and II. was born in April, 1648, at his father's seat near Woodstock, in Oxfordshire. His education was commenced at the free school of Burford, where he made an extraordinary proficiency in his studies, and began to display those shining parts which afterwards appeared with so much lustre. He acquired the Latin language to great perfection, and, to the last day of his life, retained an uncommon relish for the beauties of that tongue, and was well skilled in the authors of the Augustan age, whom he read with peculiar delight.

In 1657, his father, who had followed the fortunes of the house of Stuart, died abroad in his attendance on Charles II. and his son of course succeeded to his titles. Two years afterwards the young Lord Rochester was admitted into Wadham College, Oxford. Here he continued to make a considerable progress in his literary pursuits, from which he was, however, unfortunately diverted by falling into company with a set of abandoned young men, who corrupted his morals. He was still very young when he set out to make the tour of Europe, accompanied by Dr. Balfour, a learned physician, who artfully enticed him to read such pieces as were most likely to amend his morals and improve his heart. The laudable artifices of this gentleman to excite in his pupil a thirst of knowledge, and a love of books, were often afterwards acknowledged with gratitude by Lord Rochester, who used to read much in the intervals between the woeful extravagancies to which he was addicted: and though the time in general was but indifferently employed, for the choice of the subjects of his studies was not always good, yet the habitual love of knowledge, together with these studious fits, had much awakened his understanding and prepared him for better things, when his mind was so far changed as to relish them.

He returned from his travels in the eighteenth year of his age, and appeared at the court of Charles II. with as great advantages as any nobleman ever did. He was well-shaped, tall, slender, and graceful; he was exactly well-bred, and his conversation was easy and obliging. He had uncommon vivacity of thought and vigour of expression, and his wit was equally subtle and sublime. His style was clear and strong; when he used metaphors, they were very lively, and yet far enough out of the common road. It could not be surprising that a nobleman who had received such accomplishments from nature and education should be very acceptable in a

court, where pleasure appeared to be the primary pursuit.

The court of England was, at that time, a court of libertinism in which Lord Rochester became an adept. The debauchery of his manners, which commenced at College, increased in France and Italy, was completed in London, and he became a perfect atheist in principle. Soon after his return from his travels, he went to sea, in the winter of 1665, as a volunteer in the armament commanded by the Earl of Sandwich, and equipped for the purpose of intercepting the Dutch East India fleet. He was in the Revenge, commanded by Sir Thomas Tiddiman, in the attack made on the port of Bergen in Norway, in which the Dutch ships had taken refuge.

"It was," says Bishop Burnet, "as desperate an attempt as ever was made; and during the whole action the Earl of Rochester showed as brave and resolute a courage as possible. A person of honour told me he heard the Lord Clifford, who was in the same ship, often magnify his courage very highly; nor did the rigour of the season, the hardness of the voyage, and the extreme danger he had been in, deter him from running the like risk the very next occasion, for the summer following he went to sea again, without communicating his design to his nearest relations. He went on board the ship commanded by Sir Edward Spragge, the day before the great sea-fight of that year, in which almost all the volunteers who went in that ship were killed. During the action, Sir Edward being dissatisfied with the behaviour of one of the captains, could not easily find a person that would undertake to venture through so much danger to carry his command to the captain, when Lord Rochester offered himself for the service, and went in a little boat through all the shot and delivered his message, and returned back to Sir Edward; which action was commended by all who saw it."

Notwithstanding these early instances of intrepidity

evinced by Lord Rochester, his courage was afterwards impeached by the timid and pusillanimous spirit which he discovered in many private broils, but particularly in an adventure with the Earl of Mulgrave. This affair of honour is related by the latter nobleman in his works; and as it is a curious anecdote, and serves to illustrate the spirit of the age, we shall give it in his lordship's own words.

"I was informed," says he, "that the Earl of Rochester had said something of me, which, according to his custom, was very malicious; I therefore sent Colonel Aston, a very mettled friend of mine, to call him to account for it. He denied the words, and indeed I was soon convinced he had never said them; but the mere report, though I found it to be false, obliged me, as I then foolishly thought, to go on with the quarrel; and the next day was appointed for us to fight on horseback, a way in England a little unusual; but it was his part to choose. Accordingly I and my second lay the night before at Knightsbridge privately, to avoid the being secured at London on any suspicion; and in the morning, at the place appointed, we met the Lord Rochester, who instead of James Porter, whom he assured Aston he would make his second, brought an arrant lifeguardman whom nobody knew. To this Mr. Aston took exception, upon the account of his being no suitable adversary; especially considering how extremely well he was mounted; whereas we had only a couple of pads: upon which we all agreed to fight on foot. But, as my Lord Rochester and I were riding into the next field in order to it, he told me that he had at first chosen to fight on horseback, because he was so weak with a certain distemper, that he found himself unfit at all any way, much less on foot. I was extremely surprised, because, at that time, no man had a better reputation for courage; and I took the liberty of representing what a ridiculous story it would make, if we returned without fighting;

and therefore advised him for both our sakes, especially for his own, to consider better of it, since I must be obliged, in my own defence, to lay the fault on him by telling the truth of the matter. His answer was that he submitted to it, and hoped that I would not desire the advantage of having to do with any man in so weak a condition. I replied that, by such an argument, he had sufficiently tied my hands, upon condition that I might call our seconds to be witnesses of the whole business; which he consented to, and so we parted. When we returned to London, we found it full of this quarrel, upon our being absent so long; and therefore Mr. Aston thought himself obliged to write down every word and circumstance of this whole matter, in order to spread every where the true reason of our returning without having fought. This being never in the least contradicted by Lord Rochester, entirely ruined his reputation as to courage (of which I was really sorry to be the occasion) though nobody had still a greater as to wit; which supported him pretty well in the world, notwithstanding some other accidents of the same kind, that never fail to succeed one another when once people know of a man's weakness."

The circumstance contributed in a great measure to recall him to order and decency, and for some time he conducted himself agreeably to the dictates of propriety, but he soon relapsed. Before his travels, he had entered into the disorderly and intemperate way of living, which the joy of the whole kingdom upon the Restoration had introduced; and afterwards, continually keeping what was called polite company, where those excesses were constantly practised, again habituated himself to them; and the natural heat of his fancy being inflamed with wine, made him so extravagantly pleasant, that many, in order to be the more diverted with his humour, strove to immerse him deeper and deeper in intemperance.

He acknowledged to Bishop Burnet, that, for five

years together, he was continually intoxicated ; not living the whole time under the visible effect of liquor, but never cool enough to be master of himself. There were, in fact, two principles in the temper of this lively and witty nobleman, which carried him into great excesses, namely, a violent pleasure and a disposition to extravagant mirth. One involved him in sensuality, and the other led him into many strange adventures and frolics. He was often known to run into the most eccentric paroxysms of dissipation. He once disguised himself in such a manner that his nearest friends could not know him ; and set up for an Italian mountebank on Tower-hill, where he practised quackery for several weeks. He often disfigured himself as a beggar or a porter, to follow some low amours, which he affected to give, as he said, a variety to his life. At other times, to indulge his humour, he would wander about in odd shapes, in which he acted his part so naturally, that even those who knew the secret, and saw him under those metamorphoses, could perceive nothing by which he might be discovered. In his sober moments he was generous and good-natured, but in his irregularities would go farther than most of his companions after any thing that might turn out a jest or matter of diversion. The celebrated Andrew Marvel, who was himself a great wit, used to say, that Rochester was the only man in England, who had the true vein of satire!

The speech which he first made upon the occasion of his first turning itinerant doctor, has often been printed. It has a true spirit of satire and a keenness of lampoon perfectly conformable to the character of Rochester, who certainly had an original turn for satirical composition. Against this talent majesty itself was not secure; he more than once lampooned the king, who, being a man of wit and pleasure as well as Rochester, took these effusions for the sallies of genius, and the ebullitions of an exuberant fancy, rather than the efforts of

malice; yet, either from a too frequent repetition, or from the too close and poignant virulence of one of his satirical compositions, Charles at length banished him the court. This piece was entitled The Restoration; or, the History of the Insipids; and contains the keenest reflections on the political conduct and private character of the prince.

About the same time, the Duke of Buckingham was in disgrace for an offence of a different nature; and being disengaged from any particular attachment in town, he and Lord Rochester resolved to set out in quest of adventures. After disguising themselves in a proper manner for supporting the characters they intended to assume, they jointly took an inn which was to be let on the Newmarket road, where each in his turn officiated as master. Here they were concerned in many ludicrous and still more scandalous transactions.

Having carefully observed the handsomest women in their vicinity, they invited such of their neighbours as had wives and daughters of that description to frequent feasts, where the men were plied hard with good liquor, and the women sufficiently warmed to make as little resistance as would be agreeable to their inclinations. By this stratagem they were frequently enabled to effect their guilty purpose, and it is difficult to say whether it be possible for two men to live to a worse end.

It is natural to imagine that this kind of life could not be of long duration. Entertainments so frequently repeated, and for which no payment was ever required or accepted, could not fail to excite a strong suspicion either that the innkeepers would not be long able to keep their house open, or that their circumstances were greatly superior to the occupation they had adopted. Of this the two profligate noblemen were fully sensible, but they were not much concerned about it, as they had no intention long to pursue the same kind of adventures, variety being the life of their enjoyments. It was

besides, near the time of his Majesty's regular visit to Newmarket, when they designed that the discovery of their real plots should clear them from the imputation of being concerned in any more pernicious to the government. Before this time should arrive, they however resolved to accomplish one favourite object.

In the neighbourhood lived an old miser who had a very pretty, young wife. He watched her with as much care as he did his money, and never trusted her out of his sight but under the protection of an old maiden sister, who had never herself experienced the joys of love, and bore no great affection to such of her sex as were young and handsome. The noble innkeepers had no doubt that he would accept a treat like many others, especially as he was fond of good living when it cost him nothing; and except on such occasions, he was the most temperate and abstemious man alive. But when they could never prevail upon him to bring his wife, notwithstanding they urged the presence of so many females of character in the neighbourhood to keep her company, their only study then was how to deceive the old sister at home; this difficulty they soon found the means of overcoming. For this purpose it was agreed that Rochester should disguise himself in woman's clothes, and that while the husband was feasting with the duke, he should make trial of his skill upon the old woman at home. He had learned that she had no aversion to the bottle, when she could come secretly and conveniently at it. Equipped like a country lass, and furnished with a bottle of liquor, he proceeded to the house of the old miser. It was with difficulty he found means to speak to the old woman, but at last obtained the favour. He began to tell the occasion of his coming, in hopes of being invited into the house, but could not gain admittance farther than the porch, with the door ajar. He was now obliged to have recourse to his last expedient, and pretending to be suddenly taken ill,

fell down upon the threshold. The noise brought out the young wife, who with some trouble persuaded her keeper to help the stranger into the house, from the regard to the decorum of her sex, and the unhappy condition she was in. The door had not been long shut before the impostor by degrees recovered, and being placed on a chair, canted a very religious thanksgiving to the old gentlewoman for her kindness, observing how deplorable it was to be subject to such fits, which often took her in the street and exposed her to many accidents; but every now and then she took a sip at the bottle, recommending it also to the old duenna, who was sure to drink a hearty dram. Rochester had in his pocket another bottle qualified with opium, which he presented to the woman, who drinking of it with greediness, soon fell fast asleep. Overjoyed by his success, and inflamed with desire, his countenance changed colour, which made the artless victim of his base passion imagine that the fit was returning. He took advantage of her apprehension to ask if she would be so charitable as to let him lie down on the bed. The good-natured creature showed him the way, and staying by him at his request, he began to make some indirect inquiries concerning her husband, whom she painted in his true colours, as a surly, jealous, old tyrant. Under the idea that she was speaking to a female, she was the less reserved in her behaviour and expressions, and his lordship found that a tale of love would not be disagreeable to her. In short he revealed his sex, and without much opposition overcame her scruples and satisfied his desire. Not content with this, he prevailed on the unfortunate dupe of his artifices to embrace this favourable opportunity of releasing herself from the tyranny of her keeper, whom she robbed of a considerable sum of money, and leaving the old woman still asleep, went off with Rochester about midnight to the inn. The old man on his return home, finding his sister asleep, his wife fled, and his money gone, was

thrown into a state of madness and hanged himself. Rochester was soon cloyed with the possession of his victim, on which he relinquished her to the duke, who being in his turn weary of her, advised her to go to London, where a life of infamy, and a miserable death, were probably the reward of the crimes which she was thus instigated to commit. This complicated villany was one of those burdens which lay so heavy on Rochester's mind when oppressed with the horrors of a death-bed repentance.

Soon after this infamous adventure, the king, coming that way, found these two profligate noblemen in their posts at the inn, restored them to favour, and permitted them to accompany him to Newmarket.

Rochester now continued the same extravagant pursuit of pleasure as before, and would even indulge in freedoms with that prince whom he had once so highly offended. He is supposed to have contrived with one of Charles's mistresses the following stratagem, to cure that monarch of the nocturnal rambles to which he was addicted. He one night proposed to accompany him to a celebrated house of intrigue, where the king had heard that the finest women in England were to be found. The king made no scruple to assume his usual disguise, and to go with him. While he was engaged with one of the ladies, she, having been previously instructed by Rochester, picked his pocket of all his money and watch, which the king did not immediately miss. Neither the people of the house, nor the girl herself, knew or had the least suspicion of the quality of their visitor. After some time he inquired for Rochester, but was told that he had quitted the house without taking leave; but what was his embarrassment when, on searching his pockets, in order to discharge the reckoning, he discovered that his money was gone. He was then reduced to ask the favour of the mistress of the house to give him credit till the next day, as the gentleman who had come in with

him and had not returned was to have paid for both; the consequence of this request was that he was much abused and laughed at; the old woman plainly told him that she had often been served such dirty tricks, and would not permit him to stir till the reckoning was paid. She then called one of her bullies to take care of him. In this ridiculous dilemma stood the British monarch, the prisoner of a bawd; and the life on which were fixed a nation's hopes was thus put in the power of a ruffian. After much altercation, the king, at length, proposed that she should accept a ring which he then took off his finger, in pledge for her money, which she likewise refused, telling him, that as she was no judge of the value of the ring, she did not choose to accept such pledges. The monarch then desired that a jeweller might be called to give his opinion of the value of it; but he was answered that the expedient was impracticable, as no jeweller could then be supposed to be out of bed. After much entreaty his majesty at last prevailed on the fellow to knock up a jeweller and show him the ring. No sooner had he inspected it, than he inquired, with eyes fixed on the man, whom he had got in his house: on which the other answered that it was a black-looking, ugly rake, who had no money in his pocket, and was obliged to pawn his ring. The jeweller found the ring so immensely rich that he exclaimed, "But one man in the nation can afford to wear it, and that one is the king." Astonished at the circumstance, he went out with the messenger, in order to be fully satisfied of so extraordinary an affair; and, as soon as he entered the room, he fell upon his knees, and with the utmost respect presented the ring to his majesty. The people of the house, finding the extraordinary quality of their guest, were confounded, and asked pardon in the most submissive manner. The king with great good humour forgave them, and, laughing, asked whether the ring would not bear another bottle. Thus ended this ad-

venture, in which Charles was taught how dangerous it was to risk his person in nocturnal frolics; and he could not but severely reprove Rochester for having acted such a part towards him.

The excesses of the earl's life were not always pleasant to him; in the midst of his indiscretions he often experienced very melancholy intervals, and a number of severe reflections occurred which gave him uneasiness; but he always endeavoured to secure and fortify his mind against the fears of a future state, his disbelief of which, he used to say, was considerably strengthened by the following circumstance:—

In the early part of his life, when he was at sea, Mr. Montague, and another young man of quality, happened to be in the same ship with him. In a very serious conversation between these dissipated characters, a few nights previous to the engagement, Mr. Montague expressed his persuasion that he should never return to England, and the other was possessed with the like opinion with respect to himself, but was not so positive as Montague, who declared he was certain he should not outlive the battle. The Earl of Rochester and the other youth then entered into a formal engagement, not without ceremonies of religion, that if either of them died, he should appear and acquaint the survivor with his situation in a future state, if there was any. Montague was requested to enter into the same agreement but refused. On the day the English attacked the Dutch fleet at Bergen, Montague, though he had a strong presentiment of his approaching death, yet nobly staid all the time upon deck in the place of the greatest danger. The other gentleman signalized his courage in a most undaunted manner till the end of the action, when he suddenly fell into such a trembling that he could scarcely stand; and Montague going to support him, as they were in each other's arms, a cannon ball killed him on the spot, and wounded Montague so ter-

ribly in the belly that he died within an hour. Rochester afterwards acknowledged that these presages made some impression upon him, that there were separated beings, and that the soul, either by a natural sagacity, or some secret notice communicated to it, had a sort of divination; but that the gentleman's not appearing to him greatly misled him with respect to his belief of a future state.

By constant indulgence in every kind of licentiousness and irregularity, Rochester wore out an excellent constitution before he had completed his thirtieth year. In October, 1679, when he was in a convalescent state, having been afflicted with some severe disorders, he became intimately acquainted with Dr. Burnet, to whom he opened all his thoughts, and gave him a full view of his past life. They canvassed at various times the principles of morality, of natural and revealed religion, and of Christianity in particular. The result was, that though the earl had lived the life of an atheist and a libertine, he became on his death-bed a good Christian and most sincere penitent.

The philosophers of the present age will naturally suppose that his contrition and conviction were purely the effects of weakness and low spirits, which scarcely suffer a man to continue in his senses, and certainly not to be master of himself; but Dr. Burnet affirms him to have been under no such decay, as either darkened or weakened his understanding, nor troubled with the spleen or vapours, or under the power of melancholy. The following letter from the earl to Dr. Burnet, dated Woodstock-park, June 25, 1680, will sufficiently prove the sincerity of his heart.

"*My most honoured Dr. Burnet,*

"My spirits and body decay so equally together, that I shall write you a letter as weak as I am in person. I begin to value church-men above all men in the world, &c. If God be yet pleased to spare me longer in this world, I hope in your conversation to be exalted to that

degree of piety; that the world may see how much I abhor what I so long loved, and how much I glory in repentance, and in God's service. Bestow your prayers upon me, that God would spare me, if it be his good will, to show a true repentance and amendment of life for the time to come: or else if the Lord pleaseth to put an end to my worldly being now, that he would mercifully accept of my death-bed repentance, and perform that promise he hath been pleased to make, that *at what time soever a sinner doth repent, he would receive him.* Put up these prayers, most dear doctor, to Almighty God, for

Your most obedient, and languishing servant,

ROCHESTER."

The above is a literal copy of the letter, with the exception of some personal compliments to the doctor, which are of course omitted.

Some time before his death, the earl declared that he had been ruined and driven to such dreadful excesses by reading the works of that old sinner Hobbes.*

He expired on the 26th of July, 1680, at the lodge at Woodstock-park, of which he was ranger, without convulsion, or even a groan; for though he had not completed his 33d year, yet nature was so entirely exhausted as to be unable to make the least effort. Thus died a man who was truly, as the Rev. Mr. Simpson says, "a great man every way; a great wit, a great scholar, a great poet, a great sinner, and a great penitent."

His poems have been often printed, but it is not easy

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* Mr. Hobbes was a celebrated infidel in the last age, who, in bravado, would sometimes speak very unbecoming things of GOD and his word. Yet, when alone, he was haunted with the tormenting reflections, and would awake in great terror, if his candle happened only to go out in the night. He could never bear any discourse of death, and seemed to cast off all thought of it. He lived to be upwards of ninety. His last sensible words were, when he found he could live no longer, "I shall be glad then to find a hole to creep out of the world at." And, notwithstanding all his high pretensions to learning and philosophy, his uneasiness constrained him to confess, when he drew near to the grave, that "he was about to take a leap in the dark." *Simpson's Plea for Religion.*

to say what are his; for after he had once obtained the character of a lewd and obscene writer, every thing in that strain was fathered upon him, and many things not his crept into various editions of his works. His character has been thus given by that great biographer and critic, Dr. Johnson. "Lord Rochester was eminent for many wild pranks and sallies of extravagance. The glare of his general character diffused itself upon his writings. The compositions of a man, whose name had been heard so often, were certain of attention, and from many readers certain of applause. This blaze of reputation is not yet extinguished; and his poetry still retains some splendour beyond that which genius has bestowed."

The author of the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors calls him, "a man whom the Muses were fond to inspire, and ashamed to avow; and who practised without the least reserve that secret, which can make verses more read for their defects, than for their merits. The art, continues he, is neither commendable nor difficult. Moralists proclaim loudly, that there is no wit in indecency: it is very true: indecency is far from conferring wit; but it does not destroy it neither. Lord Rochester's poems have much more wit than poetry, more poetry than politeness."

Mrs. Wharton, in an Elegy on the Earl of Rochester, has thus immortalized his memory:—

He civiliz'd the rude, and taught the young,
Made fools grow wise, such artful magic hung,
Upon his useful, kind, instructing tongue.
His lively wit was of himself a part,
Not, as in other men, the work of art;
For though his learning like his wit was great,
Yet sure his learning came below his wit,
As God's immediate gifts are better far
Than those we borrow from our likeness here;
He was —— but I want words, and ne'er can tell;
Yet this I know, he did mankind excel.

NATHANIEL BENTLEY.

A GERMAN traveller, in describing the national character of the inhabitants of our island, observes—"What particularly astonishes a stranger at the first sight of an English town, and commands his admiration, is the pleasing appearance which is so universally exhibited in the exterior as well as the interior of their habitations, as to convey a high idea of the prosperity of this country, and the happiness of its inhabitants. No where do you observe any thing that bespeaks poverty, any thing dirty, neglected or decayed; wealth and good management are evinced in the high degree of order, cleanliness, neatness, excellence, and preservation of every object. The inside as well as the outside of the houses in England betray, in these respects, the prevailing disposition of this people. This peculiarity in the national character of the English commands our highest esteem, and deserves to be held up as a pattern for the imitation of all other nations." He then proceeds to remark on the dress of the people who crowd the streets of London, and says: "In all other places of the kind that ever I saw, the great majority of the pedestrians consisted of people, who, if not dirtily, were, however, shabbily dressed; here on the contrary, persons in squalid and shabby apparel belong to the exceptions."—Of these exceptions, a most conspicuous one is the subject of the following pages.

Nathaniel Bentley, late the proprietor of a hardware shop in Leadenhall-street, known by the characteristic appellation of the *Dirty Warehouse*, and himself distinguished by that of *Dirty Dick*, was the son of a gentleman of the same name, who carried on the same business in those premises. The elder Bentley here lived in considerable style, keeping his carriage, and also a country-house. He gave his son a good education, but

Engraved by R. Page.

NATHANIEL BENTLEY,

The well known Dirty Dick.

being of a tyrannical disposition, treated him, as well as his servants, in the most unreasonable manner, in consequence of which young Bentley ran away from his father, and was absent several years; during which time it is supposed that he contracted that peculiar turn of mind which afterwards manifested itself in such an eccentric manner.

His frugality seems to have been an hereditary endowment, for his father, who possessed considerable property in houses at Islington, married a lady for the sake of her fortune, which enabled him to save his own money; and laid down his own coach, making use of her's. Though a dissenter, he gave a bell to the church of St. Catherine Cree, in which parish he resided, on condition that a peal should be rung on his birth-day, as long as he lived.

Bentley's father died about the year 1760, leaving all his property to his son, who, perhaps, desirous at that time to relinquish business, at first intended to dispose of the stock, trade and lease of the premises, for which he was in treaty with a Mr. Bliss, of Pall-mall. The latter proposed to pay half the purchase money and to give undeniable security for the remainder, but these terms were rejected by Bentley. At that time the premises formed two distinct shops; these he now threw into one, and in 1764 set out for Paris. During his absence he left a person to attend to his business, who being a cleanly and industrious man, placed every article in proper order, little thinking it would be the last time that some of them would ever be cleaned and dusted.

Previous to the death of his father, and for some years after that event, young Bentley was called the beau of Leadenhall-street, and was seen at all public places dressed as a man of fashion. At this period his favourite suit was blue and silver, with his hair dressed in the highest style of fashionable extravagance. He paid several visits to Paris, and was present at the coronation

of Louis XVI. to whom he was personally introduced, and was considered one of the most accomplished English gentlemen then at the French court. He spoke several languages, particularly French and Italian, with great fluency, and associated with characters of the highest respectability. The last time he went to Paris, he committed the care of his shop to two persons whom he thought he could trust, and on his return paid their demands, without requiring any vouchers, observing he was most likely to obtain correct accounts by having none.

At what time he began to assume that appearance from which he derived the familiar appellation of *Dirty Dick*, is uncertain. Though he occasionally appeared at masquerades, assemblies, and other public places, in the most elegant attire, yet his appearance at home was such as fully to justify the above epithet. He generally attended in his shop without a coat, while the remainder of his dress and his whole person exactly corresponded with the appearance of his warehouse. A gentleman once venturing to give him some advice respecting the propriety of a little more attention to personal cleanliness, he replied, "It is of no use, sir; if I wash my hands to-day they will be dirty again to-morrow." On returning from any place of public entertainment, his elegant attire was immediately thrown aside for his shop clothing, which he mended himself; and it was also said that he made no secret of washing and mending his own linen, and of purchasing his shoes at Rag-fair. Before the hair-powder tax was introduced Bentley, frequently paid a shilling for dressing that head which he afterwards seemed to think unworthy even of a comb. On one occasion he sent for a puff, but would not have it when told that the price was sixpence. "Why!" cried he, "they used to be two shillings a dozen, and that's only two-pence a piece," and rather than give the sum demanded he made shift with the foot of an old stocking.

Formerly he did not go out more than once or twice in a year, on account of his being so tormented by the gaping multitude, who were all in uproar after him, that he has frequently been obliged to have the assistance of the beadle, or a constable to disperse them. He once played these idle folks a curious trick, by placing a lighted candle in one of his windows, and slipping out unperceived, while the expecting throng remained several hours opposite the house in hopes of seeing him, but were obliged at last to disperse without satisfying their curiosity. He, however, latterly appeared very often in the street, and frequently went to market for himself, carrying the provision home in his pocket, which he always cooked himself.

He once bought a live goose for the sake of the wings to clean his goods, on which occasion he employed a woman to go to market for him, with a particular charge to buy a young one, and gave her three-pence for her trouble. The goose, however, proved to be old, which he did not discover while eating the flesh, but by endeavouring to crack the breast-bone, on which he sought the woman, in order to recover the three-pence he had paid her. He often sent in the name of *Dirty Dick* for very small quantities of vegetables, and was seldom known to have any fresh meat, though he would occasionally indulge himself with small pieces, called cuttings. His chief diet was *lean* bacon, as he remarked that fat was wasteful; and allowed himself half a gallon of table beer every three days. In his living, it is reported that he never exceeded eighteen-pence a day, for he observed that if he had followed the examples of many other people, or even his own former custom of living, he should inevitably have involved himself in a state of bankruptcy or have spent the remainder of his days in prison. When told that other people could not live as he did, he would reply: "Every one can that pleases"—insisting that it was no hardship to him, though, in his

early days, he had seven dishes on his table at a time, and three servants to attend him.

Being applied to for his vote during the contest of Sir Francis Burdett and Mainwaring, for Middlesex, he refused it for either, as he had never taken an oath in his life, and declined even the affirmation of a Quaker, alleging the hurry of business as his excuse.

It seems that Mr. Bentley was the only one in his family that was governed by these strange propensities; he had a sister, a very accomplished lady, who for elegance and neatness was quite the contrast of himself; she was the wife of a Mr. Lindegreen, a considerable merchant of Mincing-lane, after whose decease she took up her residence at Durham-place, Chelsea, near the Hospital. She once paid her brother a visit, and bespoke some articles, which she requested him to send her. Bentley desired a person in his neighbourhood to take them home, observing, that if he went himself, he should not get payment on delivery of the goods. The messenger was surprised at the respectable appearance and polite behaviour of his sister, who desired him to give her love to her brother, that she would call to see him, and then settle with him; on this message being communicated to Bentley, he exclaimed—"Aye, aye—I was afraid how it would be." She often visited her brother in her chariot, but never alighted, in consequence of the extreme filthiness of the shop.

Having once invited some persons of high respectability to supper, after transacting business with them to a considerable amount, they came to appointment, and found him in his shop. He received them with great politeness, requesting them to excuse him a few minutes, and went out. He soon returned with a pound of cheese, a loaf, and two pots of porter, which he placed on his dirty counters, saying: "There, gentlemen, is your supper, and it is the best which the business we have been transacting will afford." He thought they would

have partaken of it just as it was; but with equal politeness they declined his offer.

At one time he had the misfortune to hurt his leg, while rummaging about his mass of goods in his shop in search of an article; having undertaken his cure he engaged with an old woman, at fourpence a day, to supply him with poultices, &c. but his leg getting worse, a surgeon was called in, who declared a mortification must ensue, if proper remedies were not applied; to which he, after great hesitation, consented, and his removal to the doctor's house in Houndsditch being deemed expedient, the shop was shut up, and a poor woman commissioned to watch it by day, and a man by night.

Bentley's house, which was of a large size, had originally a front of white plaster, which time had converted into a dingy black. Its outside perfectly corresponded with the interior, and both with the figure of its extraordinary inhabitant. The windows were literally as black, and covered as thickly with dirt and smoke, as the back of a chimney which has not been swept for many years. Of the windows scarcely a pane was left whole, to remedy which several of the window shutters long remained unopened, and the other vacancies were repaired with japanned waiters, and tea-trays, which were always chained to the window frames. Though this method of proceeding may appear to have arisen from parsimony, yet notoriety, rather than avarice, seemed to be his ruling principle. By the adoption of this dirty system he found, by experience, that he excited much curiosity, and attracted considerable notice. He has been heard himself to relate, that a lady came purposely from Yorkshire to see him as the most remarkable character she had ever heard of, and it is certain that other ladies have been equally curious. Several of his neighbours, especially those on the opposite side of the street, frequently offered to defray the expense of painting and repairing the front of his house, but this

he constantly refused, alleging that his shop was so well known abroad, as well as at home, by the denomination of the *Dirty Warehouse* of Leadenhall-street, that to alter its appearance would ruin his trade with the Levant and other foreign parts.

The appearance of this extraordinary place, and its no less extraordinary inhabitant, is described with much spirit in the following lines, which appeared in the European Magazine for January, 1801.

" Who but has seen (if he can see at all)
'Twixt Aldgate's well-known pump and Leadenhall,
A curious hard-ware shop, in general full
Of wares from Birmingham and Pontipool!
Begrim'd with dirt, behold its ample front,
With thirty years' collected filth upon't;
See festoon'd cobwebs pendant o'er the door,
While boxes, bales, and trunks, are strew'd around the floor.

" Behold how whistling winds and driving rain,
Gain free admission to each broken pane,
Save where the dingy tenant keeps them out
With urn or tray, knife-case, or dirty clout!
Here snuffers, waiters, patent screws for corks;
There castors, card-racks, cheese-trays, knives and forks!
Here empty cases pil'd in heaps on high;
There packthread, papers, rope, in wild disorder lie.

" O say, thou enemy to soap and towels!
Hast no compassion lurking in thy bowels?
Think what the neighbours suffer by thy whim
Of keeping self and house in such a trim!
The officers of health should view the scene,
And put thy shop and thee in quarantine.
Consider thou, in summer's ardent heat,
When various means are tried to cool the street,
What must each decent neighbour suffer then
From noxious vapours issuing from thy den?

" When fell disease with all her horrid train
Spreads her dark pinions o'er ill-fated Spain,
That Britain may not witness such a scene
Behoves us doubly now to keep our dwelling clean.

"Say, if within the street where thou dost dwell,
Each house were kept exactly like thy cell;
O say, thou enemy to brooms and mops!
How long thy neighbours could keep open shops,
If, following thee in taste, each wretched elf,
Unshav'd, unwash'd, and squalid like thyself,
Resolv'd to live?—The answer's very plain,
One year would be the utmost of their reign:
Victims to filth, each vot'ry soon would fall,
And one grand gaol-distemper kill them all.

"Persons there are, who say thou hast been seen
Some years ago, with hands and face wash'd clean;
And would'st thou quit this most unseemly plan,
Thou art, 'tis said, a very comely man:
Of polish'd language, partial to the fair,
Then why not wash thy face, and comb thy matted hair;
Clear from thy house accumulated dirt,
New paint the front, and wear a cleaner shirt!"

The confusion which prevailed in the interior of this place was not less remarkable than its ruinous appearance without. Gold ear-rings, trinkets, and other valuable articles, lay buried among his goods in various parts of the house. Nothing perhaps can convey a better idea of the disorder of Bentley's shop and business than the following anecdote. The traveller of a mercantile house at Birmingham called upon him, and obtained an order to a considerable amount which was duly executed. About two years afterwards he waited upon him for payment for the goods, when Bentley, not recollecting his person, was astonished at the demand, and declared his total ignorance of the transaction. The traveller after repeated applications, attributing the cause to the apparent confusion of the place, requested permission to search for the goods, which he thought he should know. After spending much time and trouble, he at length discovered the bale of goods, unpacked, exactly as it was sent from Birmingham, and Bentley, being convinced, immediately settled the account.

The ignorant circulated a report that he had in his house a blue room, for the same purpose as that mentioned in the popular story of Blue-beard; but this is thought to have been set on foot by himself for the purpose of checking impertinent curiosity. It is, however, a fact, that he had a room which had remained locked up without being ever opened for a great number of years. Of this singular fancy the following circumstance is said to have been the cause. Bentley was engaged to be married to a young lady, and previous to the performance of the ceremony, he invited her and several of her relatives to partake of a sumptuous entertainment. Having prepared every thing for their reception, he anxiously awaited in this apartment the arrival of his intended bride, when a messenger entered, bringing the melancholy intelligence of her sudden death. This unexpected event had such an effect upon him, that he closed up the room, with the resolution that it should never again be opened.

In this capacious habitation Bentley lived alone, without servant or domestic of any kind. For more than twenty years before he quitted business, he had not kept a servant of either sex, and if asked the reason he would reply that he was once robbed by a servant, and was therefore determined never to keep one again. To a person who inquired whether he kept a dog or cat to destroy any vermin he might have in the house, he answered with a smile: "No sir, they only make more dirt and spoil more goods than their services are worth. And as to rats and mice" added he, "how can they live in my house when I take care to leave them nothing to eat?"

Though he kept no servant in his house, he employed a poor man by the hour to watch his door, to prevent the intrusion of impertinent people, carry out his goods occasionally, buy provisions, and hand the shutters, which he himself put up and took down every night and morning. This man had directions when Bentley was

above, shaving or otherwise employed, to call him on the entrance of any customer, when he would come down just as he was, half shaved, or perhaps half naked. Notwithstanding his oddities he was remarkably polite to his customers, and the ladies in particular were loud in their praises of the elegance of his manners.

Amid the mass of filth which a long series of years had accumulated in his habitation, Bentley led the kind of life we have already described, till his lease of the premises expired, and in February, 1804, he quitted them with great reluctance, being under articles to his successor, Mr. Gosling, to relinquish business in his favour. For thirty years he had invariably refused admittance to every one, the ground landlord not excepted, declaring that he would not suffer a saint from heaven to go over his house. His lease terminated at Christmas, 1802, and during the next year he was the tenant of Mr. Gosling, and to him also he denied access till he could no longer withhold it.

Mr. Gosling, on obtaining possession of the premises, indulged the curious with a view of the apartments. This permission attracted a great number of visitors, by one of whom the following description of the interior of this extraordinary mansion is given.

The first objects that attracted attention were the ponderous folding-doors of the shop, and the rusty bolts, bars and chains for securing them. The ceiling in the hall exhibited traces of former elegance, and the staircase displayed much workmanship. On the first flight of stairs hung the remains of a long extinguished lamp. The first room on the first floor had been a kitchen, where was seen a jack, spit, &c. the rusty condition of which demonstrated that it had not moved for many years. It had long been deprived of its chain, with which Bentley secured the tea-trays placed against the broken panes of his shop-windows. Here also was a clock, which was once handsome, and no doubt regu-

lated the movements of his father's family, but now so disguised with dirt, as to be much better calculated to inform the spectator how many years' filth it had accumulated, than to point out the fleeting hours and minutes. The kitchen range, once equally good and useful, had only been used to support a frying-pan without a handle, curiously mended with pegs, in which Bentley used to burn a mixture of small-coal and charcoal for cooking his provisions. The furniture of this place consisted of a dirty round table, and a bottomless chair made useful by the cover of a packing-box. Except a few articles of broken earthenware, the shelves and dressers exhibited nothing but old shoes, a masquerade wig, cocked hat and sword. Beside the tin flour-vessel, the cleanest article in the house, stood a chemist's pipkin supplied with soap for shaving, a brush of his own manufacture, and a piece of broken looking-glass curiously inlaid in wood. This was evidently the only dressing and sitting room, and here also its extraordinary inhabitant reposed, wrapping himself up in an old coat, and lying upon the floor, which from the accumulated dirt and rubbish must have been softer than the bare boards.

Next to the kitchen was a small study apparently long inhabited by spiders. The closet was full of dirty bottles, from which it was conjectured that Bentley had formerly been engaged in chemical pursuits. The ceiling of this room had been elegant, and the ground being blue, he gave it the name of the blue room, by which it has already been mentioned in this narrative. The secretary and book-case contained some valuable works; the counter-part was his jewelry casket, from which he used to indulge his female customers with little ornaments as presents, which never failed to be very productive in his way of business.

The dining room contained a large round mahogany table, at which, as Bentley related, the company were entertained at his christening. Here the looking glasses

and pictures could not be distinguished from the sable walls. The antiquated grate, once of highly polished steel, but for many years a prey to consuming rust, contained nothing combustible, but seemed to groan under an immense burden of mortar and rubbish blown down the chimney. The marble sideboard, relics of chairs, the chimney-piece elegantly carved, and the shades of lustres hung round the ceiling, indicated the former respectability of the place. The carpet in this room was a curiosity, for except the corner was turned up, the visitor imagined that he was treading on dirty boards. One of the closets was full of pipkins and phials, of which Bentley charged his successor to be particularly careful as they contained poison enough to destroy half London.

The second floor was truly a repository of rubbish and filth. In one of the rooms was a heap of feathers, which had been the contents of a bed that had fallen to pieces on being moved, and adjoining to this was a small apartment, once his mother's favourite dressing-room, but long converted into a workshop, and which contained the remains of a forge, work-bench, tools for jewellery, smith's work, japanning and other operations. In the passage lay all the accompt books of his father, who no doubt would have been equally mortified and irritated could he have returned to witness his son's proceedings. In one of the garrets were found fragments of a four-post bedstead, relics of blankets, pillows, and bedding, but no description can convey any idea of their rotten and filthy condition. This had evidently once been Bentley's chamber. It also contained a heap of old shoes and several baskets of foul cast-off linen. In another of the garrets was a table covered with globes and astronomical instruments, telescopes, compasses, and books, and here Bentley is said to have spent much time in the study of the heavens.

Such was the appearance of the interior of this build-

ing, which remained for twenty years the wonder of every spectator. Bentley, before he quitted the premises, was at length obliged to submit to the disagreeable necessity of putting them in repair. To avoid any legal discussion on the subject of dilapidations, he paid down without hesitation the sum at which the surveyor estimated the expense of the repairs; but in this business he manifested his accustomed singularity, not suffering the labourers to enter the ground-floor but compelling them to descend into the cellar through its window, and to go up to the top and other parts by a ladder raised against the front, so as not to interrupt the business of his shop.

In February, 1804, as we have already mentioned, Bentley finally quitted that house, in which for forty years he had conducted business in a manner so truly extraordinary. He then took a house in Jewry-street, Aldgate, where he lived for three years, but the landlord, not willing that it should fall a sacrifice to his filth, declined the renewal of the lease, and Bentley was again compelled to find another abode.

From Jewry-street he removed to Leonard-street, Shoreditch, taking with him a stock of spoiled goods to the amount of 10,000*l.* which he soon afterwards sold in the lot for only 1000*l.* With this added to 400*l.* which he then had in the Bank, he might have secured an income fully adequate to his wants for the remainder of his life, but of this prospect he was soon deprived, being robbed of a considerable sum by a woman of loose character, with whom he was imprudent enough to form a connexion in his old age, after having, for upwards of forty years, not even allowed himself a female servant. Here he lived for about twelve months, when, probably to divert his mind from the contemplation of his misfortune, he quitted it, and commenced a perambulation from one country place to another, more in the habit of a beggar than a traveller for pleasure. In

this pedestrian excursion he journeyed as far as Musselburgh in Scotland, and put up at a small inn, where he was seized with a fever. After some time, finding his disorder relax, he proceeded to Haddington, a distance of ten miles from Musselburgh, through the exertion of which a relapse ensued. Quite pennyless, and suffering severely from his indisposition, he took his abode at the Crown Inn, where he wrote a letter to a friend at Sheffield, requesting a remittance of 5*l.* which he soon after received.

Although getting worse and worse he refused any medical aid, till the landlord, fearing his disorder might prove fatal, called in assistance; but it was too late, for after lingering some time he expired, about the close of the year 1809, and was buried at Haddington church, under the superintendence of the magistrates, by part of whom, together with the landlord of the Crown, and several of the inhabitants, his remains were attended to the grave.

The whole of the expenses, including lodging, medical attendance, and burial, did not amount to 10*l.* His 400*l.* was administered to soon after his death.

The following lines of sympathy and advice were addressed to Bentley by Mr. John Dobinson:—

Bentley, oft times I've wondered at thy plan,
That in the unsocial being hides the man;
To unfold the mystic cause, perplex'd my brain,
But still I find the arduous task is vain;—
In learning's mazy path, 'tis said, thou'st trod,
And wandered through fair science thorny road;
That thou hast travers'd fam'd Italia's plains,
Great school of arts, where Raphael, Titian reigns;
The social throng thou'st led to festive glee;
Who more refined more eloquent than thee?
Ev'n wealth had wished thy pleasures then to share,
For pleasure then was all thy thought and care.
Then why this sad reverse? For ah! thy mind,
Is grown disgusted weary of mankind.
Strange and mysterious is the hidden cause,
That make's thee turn from nature's social laws;

For from the world retired almost alone,
Thy life is useless and thy worth unknown.
Say, art thou sickened at the world's deceit,
The courtier's smile, and subtle statesman's cheat?
Or has declining merit droop'd her head,
And Vice exulting reign'd in Virtue's stead?
Perhaps imperious love usurped thy soul,
Rag'd at thy heart and o'er thy bosom stole;
To some false fair perhaps thou'st bent the knee,
Who scorn'd, alike, thy tender suit and thee,
And to some worthless fool her honour gave
The son of fashion, or base lucre's slave:
If so, I know thy pangs, for I have lov'd,
And through the Elysian paths of beauty rov'd.
Kind was Maria—gentle—lovely—fair—
And I was bless'd—for all my heaven was there:
But ah! the Eternal pow'r that rules the earth,
That guides, directs, and gave creation birth,
Snatch'd from these longing arms their only love,
And bore her to the realms of bliss above.
The woes I felt what language can impart?
Cold was the blood that trickled from my heart—
Distraction, wild on every thought was borne,
My hopes were blasted and my bosom torn.
Sudden I sought dark melancholy shade
To mourn in secret o'er the ravish'd maid,
Thus sympathy has taught me now to frame
A cause for that which other's harshly blame.
But ah! unknown to thee the bard who sings,
Who tunes to gentle strains his humble strings;
Though void of fortune and obscure his name,
He scorns the venal path that leads to fame;
Impell'd by other's good, he grieves to find
Those virtues hid which might improve mankind:
And, Bentley, think on life's uncertain span,
Few are, at most, the days allow'd to man:
Some thankless heir shall riot in thy gains—
The fruits of labour, solitary pains;
Who, while he quaffs the purple liquor down,
Perhaps thy mem'ry in the juice shall drown.
Then be advised—rejoin the festive throng,
Let mirth and joy the fleeting hours prolong;
Let pleasure round thy brows her wreath entwine,
And rosy love, and careless mirth be thine.

JOSEPH CAPPER.

No place can afford a fairer field for the exertion of talents, or honest industry, than the capital of the British empire. How many instances might be adduced of persons there raising themselves by those recommendations, from the most abject indigence to prosperity and wealth! Of many of these, however, it is to be regretted that so little is known. "It would be amusing," says the Rev. Mr. Granger, "to trace the progress of a lord mayor from the loom, or the fishmonger's stall, to the chair of the chief magistrate; to be informed with what difficulty he got the first hundred pounds, with how much less he made it a thousand, and with what care he rounded his plumb." Though the subject of this memoir did not attain to such honours or such opulence, it affords, however, an example of the truth of these observations.

Joseph Capper was born in Cheshire, of humble parents; his family being numerous, he came to London at an early age, to shift for himself, as he used to say, and was bound apprentice to a grocer. He soon manifested great quickness and industry, and proved a most valuable servant to his master. It was one of the chief boasts of his life, that he had gained the confidence of his employer, and never betrayed it.

Being of an enterprising spirit, he commenced business as soon as he was out of his apprenticeship, in the neighbourhood of Rosemary-lane. His old master was his only friend, and recommended him so strongly to the dealers in his line, that credit to a very large amount was given him. In proportion as he became successful, he embarked in various speculations, but in none was so fortunate as in the funds. He at length amassed a sum sufficient to decline all business whatever.

Capper therefore resolved to retire from the bustle of

life. This best suited his disposition; for although he possessed many amiable qualities, yet he was the most tyrannical and overbearing man living, and never seemed so happy as when placed by the side of a churlish companion. For several days he walked about the vicinity of London, searching for lodgings, without being able to please himself. Being one day much fatigued, he called at the Horns at Kennington, took a chop and spent the day, and asked for a bed in his usual blunt manner, when he was answered in the same churlish style by the landlord, that he could not have one. Capper was resolved to stop, if he could, all his life, to plague the *growling fellow*, and refused to retire. After some altercation, however, he was accommodated with a bed, and never slept out of it for twenty-five years. During that time he made no agreement for lodging or eating, but wished to be considered a customer only for the day. For many years he talked about quitting this residence the next day.

His manner of living was so methodical that he would not drink his tea out of any other than a favourite cup. He was equally particular with respect to his knives and forks, plates, &c. In winter and summer he rose at the same hour, and when the mornings were dark, he was so accustomed to the house, that he walked about the apartments without the assistance of any light. At breakfast he arranged, in a peculiar way, the paraphernalia of the tea-table, but first of all he would read the news-papers. At dinner he also observed a general rule, and invariably drank his pint of wine. His supper was uniformly a gill of rum, with sugar, lemon-peel, and porter, mixed together; the latter he saved from the pint he had at dinner. From this economical plan he never deviated.

He called himself the champion of government, and his greatest glory was certainly his country and king. He joined in all subscriptions which tended to the aid of

government. He was exceedingly choleric, and nothing raised his anger so soon as declaiming against the British constitution. In the parlour he kept his favourite chair, and there he would often amuse himself with satirizing the customers, or the landlord, if he could make his jokes tell better. It was his maxim never to join in general conversation, but to interrupt it whenever he could say any thing ill-natured. His conduct to his relations was exceedingly capricious; he never would see any of them. As they were chiefly in indigent circumstances, he had frequently applications from them to borrow money. "Are they industrious?" he would inquire; when being answered in the affirmative, he would add, "Tell them I have been deceived already, and never will advance a sixpence by way of loan, but I will give them the sum they want; and if ever I hear they make known the circumstance, I will cut them off with a shilling."

Soon after Mr. Townsend became landlord of the Horns, he had an opportunity of making a few good ready money purchases, and applied to the old man for a temporary loan:—"I wish," said he, "to serve you, Townsend; you seem an industrious fellow, but how is it to be done. I have sworn never to lend, I must therefore give it thee;" which he accordingly did the following day. Mr. Townsend proved grateful for this mark of liberality, and never ceased to administer to him every comfort the house would afford; and what was, perhaps, more gratifying to the old man, he indulged him in his eccentricities.

Being elected steward of the parlour fire, if any person were daring enough to put a poker in it without his permission, they stood a fair chance of feeling the weight of his cane. In summer time, a favourite diversion of his was killing flies in the parlour with his cane: but as he was sensible of the ill opinion this would produce among the company present, he would, with great inge-

nuity, introduce a story about the rascality of all Frenchmen, "whom," says he, "I hate and detest, and would knock down just the same as these flies." This was the signal for attack, and presently the killed and wounded were scattered about in all quarters of the room. From this fly-killing propensity he acquired the name of *Domitian*,* among the customers who frequented the house.

This truly eccentric character lived to the age of seventy-seven, in excellent health, and it was not until the Tuesday morning before his decease that a visible alteration was perceived in him. Having risen at an earlier period than usual he was observed to walk about the house, exceedingly agitated and convulsed, Mr. Townsend pressed him to suffer medical assistance to be sent for, to which Capper, then, and at all times, had a great aversion. He asked for a pen and ink, evinced great anxiety to write, but could not. Mr. Townsend, apprehending his dissolution nigh, endeavoured, but in vain, to get permission to send for his relations, and tried to obtain their address for that purpose. He refused, saying, that he should be better. On the second day, seeing no hopes of recovery, Mr. Townsend called in four respectable gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and had seals put upon all his property. One of the four gentlemen recollected the address of his two nephews, of the name of Dutton, who were immediately sent for. They resided in the neighbourhood of Rosemary-lane.

On searching the apartment after his death, his relations found a will curiously worded, and made on the

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* Domitianus, the Emperor, the son of Vespatianus and Domicilla, while he held the empire, was so given up to sloth and idleness, that he spent most part of his time in pricking flies to death with the point of a needle or bodkin: so that when it was demanded of one who was come out from him, "Who was with the Emperor?" his answer was, *Ne musca quidem*; "Not so much as a fly."—*Wanley's Wonders of the little World*, vol. ii. book iv. chap. 24.

back of a sheet of bankers' checks. It was dated five years back, and the bulk of his property, which was then upwards of 30,000*l.* he left equally among his poor relations. The two nephews were nominated executors, and were bequeathed between them 8000*l.* in the 3 per cents. He died on Thursday the 6th of September, 1804, and on the 13th his remains were interred, by the side of his sister, in a vault in the church of St. Botolph Aldgate.

MADAME LA MAUPIN.

This female who acquired extraordinary celebrity, as a singer in France, in the 17th century, was one of the numerous instances in which a stage heroine, fortified by public favour, and presuming on the magic of a melodious voice, defied the laws and institutions of a country by which she was supported; and committed, with impunity, crimes which would have doomed a common unaccomplished desperado to ignominious death.

This romantic and indecorous adventurer, who dressed, fought, made love, and conquered, like a man, having been married at an early age, fortunately for her husband Mons. Maupin, quitted him a few months after their nuptials, for the superior attractions of a fencing master, who taught her the use of the small-sword, a weapon which she afterwards handled with destructive dexterity against many antagonists. In an excursion from Paris to Marseilles, her performance in the character of a man in a favourite piece was received with admiration, and the most extravagant applause; and, she won the affections of a beautiful young lady, the only child of a wealthy merchant in the latter city, prevailed on the infatuated girl to elope with her in the night from her father's house, and being pursued, took

refuge in a convent. The discipline and correct intercourse of such a society, did not suit the views and temper of La Maupin; she was also alarmed by certain religious doubts and scruples, suggested by the fair fugitive, who began to repent of her rash and unwarrantable conduct, in quitting her father's house, with all that was decent and respectable in society, for a female bravo, whom she dreaded and submitted to, rather than loved. Interrupted in her designs, and irritated by the opposition, this theatrical miscreant set fire at midnight to the building which had so hospitably sheltered her, and, in the general confusion, secured by force her unhappy victim, and fled to a sequestered village, where they were concealed for several weeks; but the country being alarmed by such flagrant enormity, a diligent search took place, the offender was traced to her retreat, and seized after an obstinate resistance, in which she killed one of the officers of justice, and dangerously wounded two others. The fair but frail young lady was restored to her afflicted parents, and La Maupin, this notorious murderer, this seducer of innocence and incendiary, was condemned to be burnt alive; but the syren, whose tones enchanted every hearer, while the poison of asps was within her lips, had secured such powerful intercessors, that the execution of her sentence was delayed, and this abominable and profligate woman escaped the punishment she deserved.

From infamy and fetters she hurried to Paris, was received with raptures at the opera, but could not shake off the characteristic audacity of her former deportment. In a crowded theatre, conceiving herself affronted by Dumenil, a favourite actor, remarkable for mild temper and inoffensive manners, she rushed on the stage, poured forth a torrent of abuse on the poor man, interrupted the entertainment, and actually caned him before all the audience! This indignity was submitted to without a murmur; and basking in the warm sunshine of public

patronage, she exercised, for several years, a capricious and insulting tyranny over princes, magistrates, managers and people. At a ball given by a prince of the blood, in the reign of Louis XIV. La Maupin insolently paraded the rooms in men's clothes, and treating a lady of distinction with indecency, was called out at different times by three gentlemen, each of whom she ran through the body; yet, such was the public infatuation, or so polluted at that period the fountain of justice in France, that this infamous woman was again pardoned!

Under the impulse of prevalent fashion, peculiar taste, vicious caprice, or a combination of appetite and curiosity, the Elector of Bavaria made her proposals which she accepted, and for a short time insulted the inhabitants of Brussels as an appendage to the loose pleasures of the sovereign; but her reign, which could only have been prolonged by discreet management, and gentle conduct, was by her eccentricities rapidly shortened. The satiated elector, with a mixture of cruelty and kindness, sent this virago a purse of forty thousand livres, by the husband of a new mistress, who informed her that a carriage was at the door, in which she must immediately quit Brussels. The enraged courtezan threw the purse at the messengers head, abused him as a cuckold and a scoundrel, told him his insignificance protected him, that she would not disgrace her sword with the blood of such a contemptible rascal, and kicked him down stairs!

The applause of a Parisian circle again soothed her chagrin; as old age and infirmity came on she quitted the stage, and associated with her forsaken husband, who in her accumulation of wealth, overlooked his domestic disgrace. After a life of impudence and vice, this extraordinary character was comforted in her last moments by an indulgent priest, who, from gratitude or conviction, thus replied to certain doubts and questions, naturally arising in the breast of so great a sinner:

" Your peace is made with heaven—and although you have been a late labourer in the vineyard, you shall sleep in Abraham's bosom."

MAHOMET.

MAHOMET, or more properly Mohammed, a celebrated impostor, and founder of a religion, was born in the year 571, at Mecca, a city of Arabia, of the tribe of the Korashites, which was reckoned the noblest in all that country; and was descended in a direct line from Pher Koraish, the founder of it. In the beginning of his life, notwithstanding he was in a very poor and despicable condition; for his father dying before he was two years old, and while his grandfather was still living, all the power and wealth of his family devolved to his uncles, especially to Abu Taleb. Abu Taleb, after the death of his father, bore the chief sway in Mecca, as long as he lived, which was to a very great age; and it was under his protection chiefly, that Mahomet, when he first broached his imposture, was sufficiently supported against all opposers, so as to be able, after his death, to carry it on, and establish it, as he did, through all Arabia, by his own power.

After his father's death, he continued under the tuition of his mother, till the eighth year of his age; when she also dying, he was taken home to his grandfather, who at his death, which happened the year after, committed him to the care of his uncle Abu Taleb, to be educated by him out of charity. Abu Taleb, being a merchant, took him into business, and as soon as he was old enough, sent him with his camels into Syria; in which employment he continued under his uncle, till the twenty-fifth year of his age: then one of the chief men of the city dying, and his widow, whose name was Cadigha, want-

ing a factor to manage her stock, she invited Mahomet into her service. He accepted her terms, traded three years for her at Damascus and other places, and acquitted himself in this charge so much to her satisfaction, that about the twenty-eighth year of his age, she gave herself to him in marriage, although she was twelve years older. From being her servant, he was now advanced to be master of both her person and fortune; and finding himself equal in wealth to the best men of the city, he began to entertain ambitious thoughts of possessing himself of the sovereignty over it.

Among the various means to effect this, none pleased him so much, as the framing of that imposture, which he afterwards published with so much success, and so much mischief to the world. For the course of trade, which he drove into Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, having made him well acquainted with both Christians and Jews, and having given him an opportunity of observing with what eagerness as well they, as the several sects into which the Christians of the east were then miserably divided, engaged against each other, he concluded, that nothing would be more likely to gain a party firm to him for the attaining the ends he aimed at, than the making of a new religion. In this, however, he proceeded leisurely; for it was not till the thirty-eighth year of his age, that he began to put his project in execution. Then he withdrew himself from his former way of living, which, it is said, was very licentious and wicked; and affecting an hermetical life, used every morning to retire into a solitary cave near Mecca, called the Cave of Hira, and there continue all day, exercising himself, as he pretended, in prayers, fastings, and holy meditations. Thus he went on for two years, during which time he gained over his wife Cadigha, who was his first proselyte, by pretences of visions which he had seen, and voices which he had heard, in his retirement.

It is to be observed, says Dr. Prideaux, that Mahomet

began this imposture about the same time that the Bishop of Rome, by virtue of a grant from the wicked tyrant Phocas, first assumed the title of universal pastor. Phocas made this grant in the year 606, and Mahomet in the very same year retired to his cave to forge that imposture there, which he began in 608 to propagate at Mecca. And from this time, both having conspired to found to themselves an empire in imposture, their followers have been ever since endeavouring, by the same methods, that is, by those of fire and sword, to propagate it among mankind; so that anti-christ seems at this time to have fixed both his feet upon christendom together, the one in the east, and the other in the west; and how much each hath trampled upon the church of Christ, the ages ever since succeeding have experienced abundantly.

In the fortieth year of his age, Mahomet began to take upon him the style of the apostle of God, and under that character to propagate the imposture, which he had now concerted: but for four years he did it only in private, and among such, as he either had most confidence in, or thought most likely to gain. After he had gotten a few disciples, some of which however were the principal men of the city, he began to publish it to the people at Mecca, in the forty-fourth year of his age; and openly to declare himself a prophet sent by God, to reduce them from the error of paganism, and to teach them the true religion. On his first appearance, he was treated with derision and contempt; and called by the people, a sorcerer, magician, liar, impostor, and teller of fables, of which he frequently complains in his Alcoran; so that for the first year he made little or no progress. But persevering in his design, which he managed with great address, he afterwards gained many new proselytes, among which were, as we have observed, some of the most considerable men of the city; so that, in the fifth year of his pretended mission, he had

increased his party to the number of nine and thirty, himself making the fortieth. People now began to be alarmed at the progress he made. Those who were addicted to the idolatry of their forefathers, stood up to oppose him as an enemy of their gods, and a dangerous innovator in their religion. Others, who saw farther into his designs, thought it time to put a stop thereto, for the sake of preserving the government, which would manifestly be undermined by him; and therefore they combined together against him, and intended to have cut him off with the sword. But Abu Taleb, his uncle, being informed thereof, defeated the design; and by his power, as being chief of the tribe, preserved him from many other attempts of the same nature, which were contrived against him. For though Abu Taleb himself persisted in the paganism of his ancestors, yet he had that affection for the impostor, as being his kinsman, and one that was bred up in his house, and under his care, that he firmly stood by him against all his enemies, and would suffer no one to do him hurt, as long as he lived.

The main arguments which Mahomet used to delude men into a belief of this imposture, were his promises and his threats, as being those which he knew would work the easiest on the affections of the vulgar. His promises were chiefly of Paradise, which with great art he framed agreeably to the gust of the Arabians: for they, lying within the torrid zone, were, through the nature of their climate, as well as the then excessive corruption of their manners, exceedingly given to the love of women; and the scorching heat and dryness of the country making rivers of water, cooling drinks, shaded gardens, and pleasant fruits, most refreshing and delightful unto them, they were from hence apt to place their highest enjoyment in things of this nature. And therefore to answer the height of their carnal desires, he made the joys of heaven to consist totally in these

particulars; which he promises them abundantly in many places in his Alcoran. On the contrary, he described the punishments of hell, which he threatened to all who would not believe in him, to consist of such torments, as would appear to them the most afflicting and grievous to be borne; as, "that they should drink nothing but boiling and stinking water, nor breathe any thing else but exceeding hot winds, things most terrible in Arabia; that they should dwell for ever in continual fire, excessively burning, and be surrounded with a black hot salt smoke, as with a coverlid, &c." And that he might omit nothing which could work on their fears, he terrified them with the threats of grievous punishments in this life. To which purpose he set forth upon all occasions, what terrible calamities had fallen upon the heads of such as would not be instructed by the prophets that were sent before him, viz. how the old world was destroyed by water, for not being reformed at the preaching of Noah; how Sodom was consumed by fire from heaven, for not hearkening to Lot when sent unto them; and how the Egyptians were plagued for despising Moses: for he allowed the divinity of both the Old and New Testament, and that Moses and Jesus Christ were prophets sent from God; but that the Jews and Christians had corrupted those sacred books, and that he was sent to purge them from those corruptions, and to restore the law of God to that original purity, in which it was first delivered. And this is the reason that most of the passages, which he takes out of the Old and New Testaments, appear different in the Alcoran, from what we find them in those sacred books.

He pretended to receive all his revelations from the angel Gabriel, who, he said, was sent from God, on purpose to deliver them unto him. He was, it seems, subject to the falling-sickness; so that whenever the fit was upon him, he pretended it to be a trance, and that then the angel Gabriel was come from God, with some

new revelations unto him. His pretended revelations he put into several chapters, the collection of which makes up his Alcoran, which is the bible of the Mahometans. The original of this book was laid up, as he taught his followers, in the archives of Heaven, and the angel Gabriel brought him the copy of it, chapter by chapter, according as occasion required that they should be published to the people: that is, as often as any new thing was to be set on foot, any objection against him or his religion to be answered, any difficulty to be solved, any discontent among his people to be quieted, any offence to be removed, or any thing else done for the furtherance of his grand scheme, his constant recourse was to the angel Gabriel for a new revelation; and out came some addition to the Alcoran, to serve his turn therein. But what gravelled him most was, that his opposers demanded to see a miracle from him; for, said they, "Moses and Jesus and the rest of the prophets, according to thy own doctrine, worked miracles to prove their mission from God; and therefore, if thou be a prophet, and greater than any that were sent before thee, as thou boasted thyself to be, do thou work the like miracles to manifest it unto us." This objection he endeavoured to evade by several answers; all of which amount only to this, that God had sent Moses and Jesus with miracles, and yet men would not be obedient to their word; and therefore he had now sent him in the last place without miracles, to force them by the power of the sword to do his will. And from hence it hath become the universal doctrine of the Mahometans, that their religion is to be propagated by the sword, and that all true mussulmen are bound to fight for it. For which reason it hath been a custom among them for their preachers, while they deliver their sermons, to have a drawn sword placed by them, to denote thereby, that the doctrines they teach are to be defended and propagated by the sword. Many miracles in the mean time are reckoned up, which Ma-

homet is said to have wrought; as, "That he clave the moon in two; that trees went forth to meet him, &c. &c.:" but those who relate them are only such as are ranked among their fabulous and legendary writers: their learned doctors renounce them all; and when they are questioned, how without miracles they can prove his mission, their common answer is, that instead of all miracles is the Alcoran; for that Mahomet, who was an illiterate person, that could neither write nor read, or that any man else, by human wisdom alone, should be able to compose such a book, is, they think, impossible. And on this Mahomet himself often insists, challenging in several places of the Alcoran both men and devils, by their united skill, to compose any thing equal to it, or to any part of it. From all which they conclude, and as they think infallibly, that this book could come from none other but God himself; and that Mahomet, from whom they received it, was his messenger to bring it unto them.

That the Alcoran, as to style and language, is the standard of elegancy in the Arabian tongue, and that Mahomet was in truth, what they affirm him to have been, a rude and illiterate barbarian, who could neither write nor read, are points agreed on all sides. A question therefore will arise among those who are not so sure that this book was brought by the angel Gabriel from Heaven, by whose help it was compiled, and the imposture framed? And there will be the more reason to ask this, because the book itself contains so many particulars of the Jewish and Christian religions, as necessarily suppose the authors of it to have been well skilled in both; which Mahomet, who was bred an idolater, and lived so for the first forty years of his life, among a people totally illiterate, for such his tribe was by principle and profession, cannot be supposed to have been: but this is a question not so easily to be answered, because the nature of the thing required it to have been

transacted very secretly. And besides, the scene of this imposture being at least six hundred miles within the country of Arabia, amid those barbarous nations, who all immediately embraced it, and would not permit any of another religion, so much as to live among them; it could not at that distance be so well searched into by those, who were most concerned to discover the fraud. That Mahomet composed the Alcoran by the help of others, was a thing well known at Mecca, when he first broached his imposture there: and it was often flung in his teeth by his opposers, as he himself more than once complaineth. In the twenty-fifth chapter of the Alcoran, his words are: "They say, that the Alcoran is nothing but a lie of thy own invention, and others have been assisting to thee herein." And what he says in the sixteenth chapter, particularly points at one of those, who was then looked upon to have had a principal hand in this matter: "I know they will say, that a man hath taught him the Alcoran; but whom they presume to have taught him is a Persian by nation, and speaketh the Persian language. But the Alcoran is in the Arabic tongue, full of instruction and eloquence." The person here pointed at, was one Abdia Ben Salon, a Persian Jew, whose name he afterwards changed into Abdollah Ebn Salem, to make it correspond with the Arabic dialect; and almost all, who have written of this imposture, have mentioned him as the chief architect, used by Mahomet in the framing of it: for he was a very cunning fellow, thoroughly skilled in all the learning of the Jews; and therefore Mahomet seems to have received from him, whatsoever of the rites and customs of the Jews he hath ingrafted into his religion. Besides this Jew, the impostor had also a Christian monk for his assistant: and the many particulars in his Alcoran, relating to the Christian religion, plainly prove him to have had such an helper. He was a monk of Syria, of the sect of the Nestorians. His name Sergius; that, I

mean, which he had in his monastery, and which he has since retained among the western writers; though Bahira was that which he afterwards assumed in Arabia, and by which he hath ever since been mentioned in those eastern parts, by all that there write or speak of him. Mahomet, as it is related, became acquainted with this Bahira, in one of his journeys into Syria, either at Bostra as some say, or at Jerusalem as others; and receiving great satisfaction from him in many of those points, which he desired to be informed in, did thereupon contract a particular friendship with him; so that this monk not long after, being for some great crime excommunicated, and expelled his monastery, fled to Mecca to him, was entertained in his house by him, and became his assistant in the framing of that imposture, and continued with him ever after; till Mahomet having, as it is reported, no further occasion for him, to secure the secret put him to death.

Many other particulars are recorded in ancient writers; both as to the coining of this forgery, and also as to the manner of its first propagation; as, that the impostor taught a bull to bring him the Alcoran on his horns in a public assembly, as if it had been this way sent to him from God; that he bred up pigeons to come to his ears, to make it appear, as if the Holy Ghost conversed with him; and many other stories, which have no foundation at all in truth, although they have been credited by great and learned men. Grotius in particular, in that part of his excellent book of the truth of the Christian religion, which contains a refutation of Mahometism, relates the story of the pigeon: upon which our famous orientalist Pocock, who undertook an Arabic version of that performance, asked Grotius, "Where he had picked up this story, whether among the Arabians, or the Christians: to which Grotius replied, "that he had not indeed met with it in any Arabian author, but depended entirely upon the authority of the Christian

writers for the truth of it." Pocock thought fit therefore to omit it in his version, for fear we should expose ourselves to the contempt and scorn of the Arabians, by not being able to distinguish the religion of Mahomet from the tales and fictions which its enemies have fastened on it; and by pretending to confute and overthrow the Alcoran, without knowing the grounds and foundation on which its authority stands.*

But to go on with Mahomet. In the eighth year of his pretended mission, his party growing formidable at Mecca, the city passed a decree, by which they forbad any more to join themselves with him. This however did not affect him much, while his uncle Abu Taleb lived to protect him: but he dying two years after, and the government of the city then falling into the hands of his most violent enemies, a fresh opposition was renewed against him, and a stop soon put to the further progress of his imposture at Mecca. Mahomet, therefore, seeing all his hopes in a manner crushed here, began to think of settling elsewhere; and as his uncle Abbas lived for the most part at Tayif, a town sixty miles distant from Mecca towards the east, and had a

* Besides the Koran (or Alcoran) which is the written law to the Mahometans, alike as to the belief and practice of religion, and the administration of public justice, there is the Sunnah, or Oral Law, which was selected two hundred years after the death of Mahomet, from a vast number of precepts and injunctions which had been handed down from age to age, as bearing the stamp of his authority. In this work the rite of circumcision is enjoined, concerning which the Koran was silent, nor was it necessary to be there commanded, as the Arabians adhered to it before this establishment. By the express command of their founder, the Mahometans set apart Friday in each week for the especial worship of God. They are ever assiduous to make converts of their faith, nor can they reject the most abject or profligate wretch, who declares his desire of becoming a true believer, even although they know him to be ignorant alike of their language and the principles of their religion. *Encyclopædia Londinensis*, vol. ii. p. 24.

great interest there; he took a journey thither under his protection, in order to propagate his imposture there. But after a month's stay, finding himself unable to gain even one proselyte, he returned to Mecca, with a resolution to wait for such further advantages, as time and opportunity might offer. And now his wife Cadigha being dead, after she had lived two and twenty years with him, he took two other wives in her stead, Ayesha the daughter of Abubeker, and Lewda the daughter of Zama; adding awhile after to them a third, named Haphsa, the daughter of Omar: and by thus making himself son-in-law to three of the principal men of his party, he did by that alliance strengthen his interest considerably. Ayesha was then but six years old; and therefore he did not bed her till two years after, when she was full eight years old: for it is usual in those hot countries, as it is all India over, which is in the same clime with Arabia, for women to be ripe for marriage at that age, and also to bear children the year following.

In the twelfth year of his pretended mission, is placed the mesra, that is, his famous night journey from Mecca to Jerusalem, and from thence to Heaven; of which he tells us, in the 17th chapter of his Alcoran. For the people calling on him for miracles to prove his mission, and finding himself unable to feign any, to solve the matter, he invents this story of his journey to Heaven; which must be acknowledged to have miracle enough in it, by all those who have faith to believe it. The story, as it is related in the Alcoran, and believed by the Mahometans, is this. At night as he lay in his bed with his best beloved wife Ayesha, he heard a knocking at his door; upon which arising, he found there the angel Gabriel, with seventy pair of wings expanded from his sides, whiter than snow, and clearer than crystal, and the beast Alborak standing by him; which, they say, is the beast on which the prophets used to ride, when they were carried from one place to another, upon the exe-

cution of any divine command. Mahomet describes it to be a beast as white as milk, and of a mixed nature, between an ass and a mule, and also of a size between both; but of such extraordinary swiftness, as to equal even lightning itself.

As soon as Mahomet appeared at the door, the angel Gabriel kindly embraced him, saluted him in the name of God, and told him, that he was sent to bring him unto God into Heaven; where he should see strange mysteries, which were not lawful to be seen by any other man. He prayed him then to get upon Alborak; but the beast, it seems, having lain idle and unemployed from the time of Christ to Mahomet, was grown so mettlesome and skittish, that he would not stand still for Mahomet to mount him, till at length he was forced to bribe him to it, by promising him a place in Paradise. When he was firmly seated upon him, the angel Gabriel led the way with the bridle of the beast in his hand, and carried the prophet from Mecca to Jerusalem in the twinkling of an eye. On his coming thither, all the departed prophets and saints appeared at the gate of the temple to salute him; and from thence attending him into the chief oratory, desired him to pray for them, and then withdrew. After this, Mahomet went out of the temple with the angel Gabriel, and found a ladder of light ready fixed for them, which they immediately ascended, leaving Alborak tied to a rock till their return.

On their arrival at the first Heaven, the angel knocked at the gate; and informing the porter who he was, and that he had brought Mahomet the friend of God, he was immediately admitted. This first Heaven, he tells us, was all of pure silver; from whence he saw the stars hanging from it by chains of gold, each as big as mount Noho near Mecca, in Arabia. On his entrance, he met a decrepit old man, who it seems was our first father Adam; and as he advanced, he saw a multitude

of angels of all manner of shapes; in the shape of birds, beasts, and men. We must not forget to observe, that Adam had the piety immediately to embrace the prophet, giving God thanks for so great a son; and then recommended himself to his prayers. From this first Heaven, the impostor tells us, he ascended into the second, which was at the distance of 500 years journey above it; and this he makes to be the distance of every one of the seven Heavens, each above the other. Here the gates being opened to him as before, at his entrance he met Noah, who, rejoicing much at the sight of him, recommended himself to his prayers. This Heaven was all of pure gold, and there were twice as many angels in it as in the former; for it seems the number of angels increased in every Heaven as he advanced. From this second Heaven he ascended into the third, which was made of precious stones, where he met Abraham, who also recommended himself to his prayers; Joseph the son of Jacob did the same in the fourth Heaven, which was all of emerald; Moses in the fifth, which was all of adamant; and John the baptist in the sixth, which was all of carbuncle: from whence he ascended into the seventh, which was all of Divine light, and here he found Jesus Christ. However, it is observable, that he alters his style here; for he does not say, that Jesus Christ recommended himself to his prayers, but that he recommended himself to the prayers of Jesus Christ.

The angel Gabriel having brought him thus far, told him, that he was not permitted to attend him any further; and therefore directed him to ascend the rest of the way to the throne of God by himself. This he performed with great difficulty, passing through rough and dangerous places, till he came where he heard a voice, saying unto him, "O Mahomet, salute thy Creator;" from whence ascending higher, he came into a place, where he saw a vast expansion of light, so exceedingly bright, that his eyes could not bear it. This, it seems,

was the habitation of the Almighty, where his throne was placed: on the right side of which, he says, God's name and his own were written in these Arabic words, "La ellah ellallah Mohammed resul ollah;" that is, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet," which is at this day the creed of the Mahometans. Being approached to the Divine presence, he tells us, that God entered into a familiar converse with him, revealed to him many hidden mysteries, made him understand the whole of his law, gave him many things in charge concerning his instructing men in the knowledge of it; and, in conclusion, bestowed on him several privileges above the rest of mankind. He then returned and found the angel Gabriel waiting for him in the place where he left him. The angel led him back along the seven Heavens, through which he had brought him; and set him again upon the beast Alborak, which stood tied at the rock near Jerusalem. Then he conducted him back to Mecca in the same manner as he brought him from thence; and all this within the space of the tenth part of one night.

On his relating this extravagant fiction to the people, the next morning after he pretended the thing to have happened, it was received by them as it deserved, with a general hoot; and the imposture was never in greater danger of being totally blasted, than by this ridiculous fable. But how ridiculous soever the story may appear, Mahomet had a farther design in it than barely telling such a miraculous adventure of himself to the people. Hitherto he had only given them the Alcoran, which was his written law; and had pretended to be nothing more than barely the messenger of God in publishing it, as it was delivered to him by the angel Gabriel. But now learning from his friend Abdallah, that the Jews, besides the written law dictated by God himself, had also another law, called the oral law, given with it, as they pretend, to Moses himself while in the mount; and un-

derstanding that this law, which had its whole foundation in the sayings and dictates of Moses, was in as great veneration with them as the other, he had a mind for the future to advance his authority to the same pitch, and make all his sayings and dictates go for oracles among his mussulmen, as those, which were pretended to be from Moses, did among the Jews. And for this end chiefly it was that he invented this story of his journey to Heaven.

The story however, whatever advantages he might gain by it when his imposture became more firmly established, and then actually did gain all he aimed at, was deemed at present so grossly ridiculous, that it occasioned the revolt of many of his disciples, and made his stay at Mecca no longer practicable. But what he lost at Mecca, he gained at Medina, then called Yathreb, a city lying 270 miles distant from Mecca; which was inhabited, the one part by Jews, the other by heretical Christians. These two parties, it seems, did not agree at all; and feuds and factions rose at length so high among them, that one party, out of spite, went over to Mahomet. Thus we are told, that on the thirteenth year of his pretended mission, there came to him from thence seventy-three men and two women. Twelve of these he retained a while with him at Mecca, to instruct them in his new religion; then sent them back to Yathreb, as his twelve apostles, there to propagate it in that town. In this they laboured abundantly, and with such success, that, in a very short time, they drew over the greatest part of the inhabitants; of which Mahomet, receiving an account, resolved to go thither immediately, finding it unsafe to continue any longer in Mecca.

On the 12th day of the month which the Arabs call the Former Rabia, that is, on the 24th of our September, he came to Yathreb, and was received with great acclamations by the party which called him thither.

This party are supposed to have been the Christians; and this supposition is confirmed by what he says of each of them in the fifth chapter of the Alcoran, which is one of the first he published after his coming to Yathreb. His words are these: "Thou shalt find the Jews to be very great enemies to the true believers, and the Christians to have great inclination and amity towards them." By which we may see, what a deplorable decay the many divisions and distractions which then reigned in the eastern church had there brought the Christian religion into, when its professors could so easily desert it for that gross imposture, which an illiterate barbarian proposed unto them. On Mahomet's first coming to Yathreb, he lodged in the house of Chalid Abu Job, one of the chief men of the party that called him thither, till he had built himself a house of his own. This he immediately set about, and erected a mosque at the same time, for the exercise of his new invented religion: and having thus settled himself in this town, he continued there ever after, to the time of his death.

From this flight of Mahomet, the Hegira, which is the æra of the Mahometans, begins its computation. Hegira in the Arabic language signifies flight. It was first appointed by Omar, the third emperor of the Saracens, and takes its beginning from the 16th of July, in the year 622. Indeed, the day that Mahomet left Mecca, was on the first of the former Rabia, and he came to Medina on the 12th of the same month, that is, on the 24th of our September. But the Hegira begins two months before, from the first of Moharram: for that being the first month of the Arabian year, Omar would make no alteration as to that, but anticipated the computation fifty-nine days, that he might begin his æra from the beginning of that year, in which the flight of the impostor happened, from which it took its name.

The first thing that Mahomet did after he had settled himself at Medina, was to marry his daughter Fatima to

his cousin Ali. She was the only child then living of six, which were born to him of Cadigha, his first wife; and indeed the only one which he had, notwithstanding the multitude of his wives, which survived him. And now the impostor having obtained the end he had long been driving at, that is, a town at his command, he enters upon a scheme entirely new. Hitherto he had been preaching up his religion for thirteen years together; for the remaining ten years of his life, he takes the sword and fights for it. He had long been teazed and perplexed at Mecca with questions, and objections, and disputes, about what he had preached, by which he was often gravelled, and put to silence; henceforth he forbids all manner of disputing, telling his disciples, that his religion was to be propagated not by disputing, but by fighting. He commanded them therefore to arm themselves, and slay with the sword all that would not embrace it, unless they submitted to pay a yearly tribute, for the redemption of their lives: and accordingly to this injunction, even unto this day, all who live under any Mahometan government, and are not of their religion, pay an annual tax for a mulct of their infidelity; and are sure to be punished with death, if they contradict or oppose any doctrine that is received among them to have been taught by Mahomet. After the impostor had sufficiently infused this doctrine into his disciples, he next proceeded to put it in practice; and, having erected his standard, called them all to come armed thereto. His first expeditions were against the trading caravans, in their journeys between Mecca and Syria, which he attacked with various success; and, if we except the establishing and adjusting a few particulars relating to his grand scheme, as occasion required, his time, for the two first years after his flight, was wholly spent in predatory excursions upon his neighbours, in robbing, plundering, and destroying all those that lived near Medina, who would not come in and embrace his religion.

In the third year of the Hegira, A. D. 624, he made war upon those tribes of the Arabs which were of the Jewish religion near him; and having taken their castles, and reduced them under his power, he sold them all for slaves, and divided their goods among his followers. But the battle of Ohud, which happened towards the end of this year, had like to have proved fatal to the impostor: for his uncle Hamza, who bore his standard, was slain, himself grievously wounded, nay, and had been slain, if one of his companions had not come to his assistance. This defeat gave rise to many objections against him: some asked, how a prophet of God could be overthrown in a battle by the infidels? Others murmured as much for the loss of their friends and relations who were slain. To satisfy the former, he laid the cause of the overthrow on the sins of some that followed him; and said, that for this reason God suffered them to be overthrown, that so the good might be distinguished from the bad, and that those, who were true believers, might on this occasion be discerned from those who were not. And to still the complaints of the latter, he invented his doctrine of fate and destiny; telling them, that those who were slain in the battle, though they had tarried at home in their houses, must nevertheless have died at that moment, the time of every man's life being predetermined by God; but in that they died fighting for the faith, they gained the advantage of the crown of martyrdom, and the rewards which were due to it in Paradise: both which doctrines served his turn so well, that he propagated them on all occasions after. And they have been the favourite notions of the Mahometans ever since, and enforced especially in their wars; where, it must be owned, nothing can be more conducive to make them fight valiantly, than a settled opinion, that, whatever dangers they expose themselves to, they cannot die either sooner or later than is predestinated by God; and

that in case this predestinated time be come, they shall, by dying martyrs for their religion, immediately enter into Paradise as the reward of it.

In the fourth year of the Hegira, A. D. 625, he waged war with the Nadirites, a tribe of the Jewish Arabs in the neighbourhood; and the same year fought the battle of Beder, and had many other skirmishes with those who refused to submit to it; in all which he had sometimes prosperous and sometimes dubious success. But while his army was abroad on these expeditions, some of his principal men engaging at play and drinking, in the heat of their cups fell a quarrelling, which raised such a disturbance among the rest, that they had like to have endangered his whole scheme: and therefore, to prevent any mischief of this kind for the future, he forbad the use of wine, and all games of chance. In the fifth and sixth years, he was engaged in several wars, and subdued several tribes of the Arabs. And now the impostor, after so many advantages obtained, being much increased in strength, marched his army against Mecca, and fought a battle near it; the consequence of which was, that, neither side gaining any victory, they agreed on a truce for ten years. The conditions of it were, that all within Mecca, who were for Mahomet, might have liberty to join themselves to him; and, on the other side, those with Mahomet, who had a mind to leave him, might also have the liberty to return to Mecca. By this truce Mahomet being very much confirmed in his power, took on him thenceforth the authority of a king, and was inaugurated as such by the chief men of his army.

On Mahomet's having thus made a truce with the men of Mecca, and thereby obtained free access for any of his party to come into that city, he henceforth ordained them to make pilgrimages thither, which have ever since with so much religion been observed by all his followers once every year. And now being thus established in the sovereignty, which he had so long been aiming at, he

assumed all the insignia belonging thereto, still retaining the sacred character of chief pontiff of his religion, as well as the royal, with which he was invested. He transmitted them both together to all his successors, who, by the title of caliphs, reigned after him: so that like the Jewish princes of the race of the Maccabees, they were kings and chief-priests of their people at the same time. Their pontifical authority consisted chiefly in giving the interpretation of the Mahometan law, in ordering all matters of religion, and in praying and preaching in their public mosques. And this pontifical, at length, was all the authority the caliphs had left; being totally stripped of the rest, first by the governors of the provinces, who, about the 325th year of the Hegira, assumed the regal authority to themselves, and afterwards by others, who gradually usurped upon them; till at length, after a succession of ages, the Tartars came in, and, in that deluge of destruction with which they overran all the east, put a total end not only to their authority, but to their very name and being. Ever since that time, most Mahometan princes have a particular officer appointed in their respective dominions, who sustains this sacred authority, formerly invested in their caliphs; who in Turkey is called the mufti, and in Persia the sadre. But they, being under the power of the princes that appoint them, are in reality nothing but tools of state, who make the law of Mahomet speak just such language as is necessary to support the measures of the government, how wicked and unjust soever those measures may happen to be.

In the seventh year of the Hegira, A. D. 628, the impostor led forth his army against Caibar, a city inhabited by Arabs of the Jewish religion; and, after routing them in battle, he besieged their city, and took it by storm. Having entered the town, he took up his quarters in the house of Hareth, one of the principal inhabitants of the place; whose daughter Zainoh, preparing

a shoulder of mutton for his supper, poisoned it. And here those, who would ascribe miracles to Mahomet, tell us, that the shoulder of mutton spake to him, and discovered that it was poisoned; but if it did so, it was, it seems, too late to do him any good: for Basher, one of his companions, falling on too greedily to eat it, fell down dead on the place. And although Mahomet had not immediately the same fate, because, not liking the taste, he spit out again what he had taken into his mouth, yet he let down enough to do his business; for he was never well after this supper, and at three years end died of it. The maid being asked why she did this, answered, "that she had a mind to make trial, whether he were a prophet or no: for were he a prophet," said she, "he would certainly know that the meat was poisoned, and therefore would receive no harm from it; but if he were not a prophet, she thought she should do the world good service in ridding it of so wicked a tyrant."

After this, he reduced under his subjection Beder, Watiha, and Selalima, which were also towns belonging to the Jewish Arabs; then, having increased his strength by these acquisitions to an army of 10,000 men, he resolved to make himself master of Mecca. For this purpose, pretending that they had broken the truce, he marched suddenly upon them, before they were aware of his design: upon which, being utterly incapable of putting themselves into any posture of defence against him, they found themselves necessitated to surrender immediately. As soon as it was heard among the neighbouring Arabs, that Mahomet had made himself master of Mecca, several other tribes made head against him, and, in the first encounter, routed his army, though greatly superior to theirs in number: but the impostor having gathered up his scattered forces, and rallied them again into a body, acted more cautiously in the second conflict, and gave his enemies such a total defeat, that he took from them all their baggage, with

their wives and children, and all their substance. And now the power of the impostor being much increased, the fame of it so terrified the rest of the Arabs, which had not yet felt his arms, that they all came in, and submitted to him. So that this year, which is the 10th of the Hegira, and the 631st of our Lord, his empire and his religion became established together through all Arabia.

He spent the remainder of the year in sending lieutenants into all his provinces, to govern in his name, to destroy the idol temples, and all the other remains of the Arabian idolatry, and to set up his religion in its stead. Towards the end of it, he took a journey in pilgrimage to Mecca, where a great concourse of people resorted to him from all parts of Arabia, whom he instructed in his law, and then returned to Medina. This pilgrimage is called by his followers, the pilgrimage of valediction, because it was the last which he made: for, after his return to Medina, he began daily to decline, through the force of that poison which he had taken three years before at Caibar. It had been working in him all the while, and had at length brought him so low, that he was forced on the 28th day of Saphar, the second month of their year, to take to his bed; and on the 12th day of the following month, it put an end to his life, after a sickness of thirteen days. During his sickness, he much complained of the bit which he had taken at Caibar; telling those that came to visit him, that he had felt the torments of it in his body ever since: so that it seems, notwithstanding the intimacy he pretended with the angel Gabriel, and the continual revelations he received from him, he could not be preserved from thus perishing by the snares of a silly girl.

The death of Mahomet occasioned such a consternation in Mecca, that the governor hid himself, fearing to be called in question for his former conduct; and the inhabitants considered themselves destitute of all pro-

tection. They now began to meditate a revolt; but were prevented by Sohail Ebn Amru, a principal man of the Koreish. The tumults of Medina, however, were not so easily appeased: the news of this event was no sooner published there, than a number of people assembled before the prophet's door, crying out, "How can our apostle be dead? Our intercessor, our mediator, has not entirely left us! He is taken up into Heaven, as was Isa (Jesus); therefore he shall not be buried." This was confirmed by Omar; who drew his sword, and swore, that, if any person affirmed Mahomet to be dead, he would cut off his hands and feet. "The apostle of God," said he, "is not dead; he is only gone for a season, as Moses the son of Amran was gone from the people of Israel for forty days, and then returned to them again." The populace therefore kept the body above ground, even after the belly had began to swell. Upon hearing of these transactions, Abu Beer immediately posted from Al Souah, and expostulated with him in the following manner: "Do you worship Mahomet, or the God of Mahomet? If the latter, he is immortal, and liveth for ever; but, if the former, you are in a manifest error, for he is certainly dead!" The truth of this question he immediately evinced from several passages of the Koran, in so clear and conclusive a manner, that he not only satisfied Omar, but calmed the minds of the people.

He was buried in the place where he died, which was in the chamber of his best-beloved wife, at Medina; and there he lies to this day. For as to what numbers of persons have said and believed, that Mahomet's tomb being of iron, is suspended in the air, under a vault of loadstones, it is all a fable; and the Mahometans laugh when they know that the Christians relate it, as they do other stories of him, for a certain matter of fact. Indeed a king of Egypt formerly attempted to do this, when he had a mind to procure the same advantage to a statue of

his wife: thus "Dinocrates the architect," says Pliny, "had begun to roof the temple of Arsinoe, at Alexandria, with load-stone, that her image, made of iron, might seem to hang there in the air." But there was no such attempts ever made in regard to Mahomet; who still lies where he was buried. A stately mosque has been erected, which is supported by 400 pillars, and furnished with 300 silver lamps, which are continually burning. It is called the *Most Holy*, from its containing the coffin of Mahomet, which is covered with cloth of gold, under a canopy of silver tissue, which the bashaw of Egypt, by order of the grand signior, renews every year. The camel which carries it derives a sort of sanctity from this office, and is never used in any drudgery afterwards. Over the foot of the coffin is a rich golden crescent, so curiously wrought and adorned with precious stones, that it is esteemed a master-piece of great value. Thither a great number of pilgrims constantly resort.

At Mecca, the birth-place of Mahomet, is another truly magnificent mosque; its lofty roof being raised in fashion of a dome, and covered with gold, with two beautiful towers at the end, of extraordinary height and architecture; they make a delightful appearance, and are conspicuous at a great distance. The mosque hath a hundred gates, and a window over each, and the whole building within is decorated with the finest gildings and tapestry. The number of pilgrims who yearly visit this place is almost incredible, every mussulman being obliged by his religion to come hither once in his life, or send a deputy.

And thus ended the life of this famous impostor, who was full sixty-three years old on the day in which he died; that is, according to the Arabian account, which makes only sixty-one of our years. For twenty-three years he had taken upon him to be a prophet, of which he lived thirteen at Mecca, and ten at Medina. During which time, by his great address and manage-

ment, he rose from the meanest beginnings to that height of power, as to be able to make one of the greatest revolutions that ever happened in the world: and this revolution immediately gave birth to an empire, which, in eighty years time, extended its dominions over more kingdoms and countries than ever the Romans could in eight hundred. And although it continued in its flourishing condition not much above three hundred years, yet out of its ashes have sprung up many other kingdoms and empires, of which there are three at this day, the largest and most potent upon the face of the earth, viz. the empire of Turkey, the empire of Persia, and the empire of the mogul in India. Mahomet was a man of proper stature and a comely aspect, and affected much to be thought like Abraham. He had a piercing and sagacious wit, and was extremely well versed in all those arts which are necessary to lead mankind. In the first part of his life he was wicked and licentious, much delighting in rapine, plunder, and bloodshed, according to the usage of the Arabs, who generally followed this kind of life, and were almost continually in arms one tribe against another, to plunder and take from each all they could. The Mahometans, however, would persuade us that he was a saint from the fourth year of his age: for then, they say, the angel Gabriel separated him from his fellows, while he was at play with them; and carrying him aside, cut open his breast, took out his heart, and wrung out of it that black drop of blood, in which they imagine was contained the *fomes peccati*; so that he had none of it ever after. His two predominant passions were ambition and lust. The course which he took to gain empire, abundantly shows the former; and the multitude of women which he had to do with proves the latter. While Cadigha lived, which was till the fiftieth year of his age, it does not appear that he had any other wife: for she being the origin and foundation of all his fortunes and grandeur, it is probable he

durst not displease her, by bringing in another wife upon her. But she was no sooner dead, than he multiplied them to a great number, besides several concubines which he had. They that reckon the fewest, allow him to have married fifteen; but others reckon them to have been one and twenty: of which, five died before him, six he divorced, and ten were alive at his death.

But of all his wives, Ayesha, the daughter of Abubeker, who succeeded him, was by far his best beloved. He married her, as we have said before, very young, and took care to have her bred up in all the learning of Arabia, especially in the elegancy of their language, and the knowledge of their antiquities; so that she became at length, one of the most accomplished ladies of her time. She was a bitter enemy to Ali, he being the person who discovered her incontinency to Mahomet, and therefore employed all her interest, upon every vacancy, to hinder him from being chosen caliph, although, as son-in-law to the impostor, he had the fairest pretence to it; and when at last, after having been thrice put by, he attained that dignity, she appeared in arms against him; and, if she did not prevail, yet she caused such a defection from him as ended in his ruin. She lived forty-eight years after the death of Mahomet, and was in great reputation with her sect, being called by them the prophetess, and the mother of the faithful. One of the main arguments which the followers of Mahomet use to salve his having had so many wives, is, that he might beget young prophets: however, he left neither prophet nor prophetess long behind him of all his wives. The six children which he had by Cadigha, his first wife, all died before him, except Fatima, the wife of Ali, who only survived him sixty days; and he had no child by any of the rest.

As the gratifying of his ambition and his lust was the main end of his imposture, so they both continually appear through the whole contexture of it. At first his

ambition had the predominancy; but, when that began to be somewhat satisfied by the power he had attained to, his lust grew upon him with his age: so that at length he seemed to be totally dissolved in it. In the mean time, notwithstanding his constant attachment to the female sex, and immoderate love of women, nothing can be severer than his laws against them. He allowed men not only to have many wives, but also to whip them, when they were not obedient, and to divorce them upon any dislike. He denied women the liberty of having more husbands than one; neither would he allow them to quit him, though never so troublesome to them, without his consent. He ordained, that a woman divorced should marry again but twice; and that, if she was divorced from the third husband, and the first would not take her again, she should never marry afterwards. He was so far from permitting them to show their breasts, or even their necks, that he would not suffer their feet to be seen, but only by their husband. He set no bounds to the number of concubines; so that the Turks may have as many as they are capable of maintaining.

We must therefore confess, that Mahomet did not use the sex well: for he did not only make women miserable in this world, but deprived them also of the joys of Paradise. He did farther, not only exclude from that place, but made it an occasion of sorrow to them: for it is pretended he taught, that the pleasures of marriage, which men shall enjoy after this life, shall be furnished them by virgins of a ravishing beauty, which God has created in Heaven, and which are destined for them from eternity: and as to women, that they shall not enter into Paradise, nor approach nearer to it than is necessary to discover, through the palisadoes, what shall be done there. What can be more grievous? The sight of a happiness of which they are deprived, must needs afflict them; and so much the more, as well because it will discover the pleasures which another enjoys,

as because they will see that happiness which they themselves want: for the torment of jealousy proceeds not so much from the want of a thing, as from knowing that others enjoy it.

Mahomet allowed the Divinity of the Old and New Testament, and the texts which are used to defend his cause are Deuteronomy, chap. xxxiii. ver. 2. Psalms, chap. i. ver. 2. Isaiah, chap. xxi. ver. 7. and St. John, cap. xvi. ver. 7.

After the death of this impostor, his religion spread over a far greater extent of territory than even Christianity itself. At present this religion prevails throughout the Turkish dominions in Europe, Asia, and Africa: the eastern coast of Africa, and the island of Madagascar; in Arabia, the Persian states; the Russian states of Little Tartary, Astracan, Razan, Kirghis, Razaks, &c. amongst the independent Tartars; in a great part of Hindoostan; many of the eastern islands, as Malaga, Sumatra, Java, &c. &c. There are also many Mahometans in China and other countries.*

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* The following statement, supposing the world to contain 800,000,000 inhabitants, will show to what length the delusion of Mahometanism has extended.

I. CHRISTIANS.

Roman Catholics	100,000,000
Greek and Eastern Churches	36,000,000
Protestant, Lutheran and Calvinistic Churches	50,000,000

II. JEWS.

Basnage states the Jews at about	3,000,000

III. MAHOMETANS.

Of the various tribes of persons following the doctrines of Islamism, there is about	143,000,000

IV. HINDOOS.

Hindoos and other Pagans	468,000,000
	800,000,000

Nightingale's All Religions and Ceremonies, p. 5.

JEFFREY DUNSTAN.

JEFFREY DUNSTAN, or as he was significantly called since his appointment to the mayoralty of Garratt, Sir Jeffrey Dunstan, was found in the year 1759, wrapped up in a cloth, at the door of a church-warden of the Parish of St. Dunstan in the East; and from the superiority of the mantle he had on, it is likely he was the child of some respectable person who did not choose to own him, which is most probably the case; but certain it is, no one did ever father him. When *honour* and *fortune* smiled on Sir Jeffrey, he never troubled himself, to search into the secrets of the Herald's Office, for family arms; but in opposition to them, formed his own armorial bearings; which were four wigs, and his crest, a quart pot, emblematic of his pursuits of life; for he could not resist, at times, the temptations of London; and he seemed to agree with a late learned senator, that the publicans in London, seemed to show their pots in the streets, as much as to say "come and steal me!" Whether our hero ever heard that sound vibrate in his ears, we are not informed; but sure it is, he unwarrantedly made rather too free with them; and for which offence he was kept in durance vile: hence the meaning of his crest; old wigs being his favourite cry through the streets, it was his wish that they should fill each quarter of his arms.

Sir Jeffrey was reared in the work-house of the above parish till of the age of 12 years, when he was apprenticed for the term of nine years to a green grocer; which time he did not serve out; but ran away to Birmingham, where he worked in several factories; and the hard labour there, contributed to add to his peculiar deformity.

Our hero again appeared in London, in the year 1776;

Engraved by R. Page.

JEFFERY DUNSTAN,

Mayor of Garratt.

and we believe soon after entered the holy bands of matrimony, with a fair nymph of the purlieus of St. Giles's, by whom he had two daughters, who were really fine women; Sir Jeffrey was fond of his progeny, whom he called Miss Polly and Miss Nancy; and they always returned the compliment, by calling him Papa. He was remarkably dirty in his person, and always had his shirt thrown open, which exposed his breast to public view; and often accompanied by his daughters. He had a filthy habit, when he saw a number of girls around him, to spit in their faces, saying, "there, go about your business."

The Court Kalendar does not inform us when Mr. Dunstan received the honour of knighthood; but we believe it was on the death of Sir John Harper; which was about the time of the celebrated contest for Westminster in 1784, between Hood, Fox, and Wray; for in the spring following he was unanimously elected Mayor of Garrat;* which seat he kept till his death;

* The origin of the mayor and members of Garrat was thus:—About 1750, several persons who lived near that part of Wandsworth which adjoins to Garrat Lane, had formed a kind of club, not merely to eat and drink, but to concert measures for removing the encroachments made on that part of the common, and to prevent any others being made for the future. As the members were most of them persons in low circumstances, they agreed, at every meeting, to contribute a trifle in order to make up a purse for the defence of their collective rights. When a sufficient sum of money was subscribed, they applied to a worthy attorney in that neighbourhood, who brought an action against the encroachers, in the name of the president, (or as they called him, the Mayor,) of the club. They gained their suit with costs; the encroachments were destroyed; and ever after, the president, who lived many years, was called "The Mayor of Garrat." This event happening at the time of a general election, the ceremony, upon every new parliament, of choosing out-door members for the borough of Garrat, has been constantly kept up, and is still continued to the great emolument of all the publicans at Wandsworth, who annually subscribe to all the incidental expenses attending this mock election.—*Dr. Hughson's London and its Environs*, vol. v. p. 396.

he neither bought the votes of his constituents, nor sold them; he was *pure* in *politics—virtuous* in his *official* capacity!

The cavalcade on his first election was grand in the extreme, he was drawn in a phæton, decorated in all the gaudy splendour of magnificence: in which order they arrived at Garrat Lane, an insignificant dirty village in the parish of Wandsworth; a place that has had the honour of giving the title of mayor to the most deformed and stupid of John Bull's children: the place well accords with the title.

The money spent during these elections is very great; according to Grose, the qualification of voting, is in being able to swear on a brick-bat, that he has had an amour in the open air in the fields round Garrat Lane.

It is usually expected that the candidates should *speechify* a little; in order, therefore, to qualify them, they are taught an oration, which is always full of popular sentiments and promises. The following is the speech of Sir Jeffrey Dunstan:

THE WORTHY ELECTORS OF THE ANCIENT BOROUGH OF GARRAT.

My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen,

A landed property being the only unexceptionable qualification that entitles me to a seat in the august parliament of Great Britain, I presume my estate in the isle of Mud will, in point of propriety, secure to me your votes and interests, to represent you in the ensuing parliament. Now ladies and gem'men, I propose, for the good of mankind, to anticipate a few promises like other great men, but which I will strictly adhere to, that is, as long as I find it my interest so to do. First, in regard to his Majesty's want of money, I am determined to make him easy on that point, (God bless him) by abolishing the use of it entirely, and reducing the price of gold, it being the worst canker to the soul of man, and the only expedient I can think of to prevent bribery and corruption, an evil which all the great *big wigs* of Westminster cannot prevent, notwithstanding all their gravity and knowledge, as the late proceedings against governor Green Peas can fully testify. Now, as my worthy constituents may be assured, I shall use all my honest endeavours to get a majority in the house, I shall always

take the popular side of the question, and yet to do all I can to oblige that jewel of a man, Sugar Plumb Billy, particularly to assist him in paying off the national debt, without wetting a sponge. My scheme for this, ladies and gem'men, is to unmarry all those who choose it, on such terms as the minister shall think fit. This being a glorious opportunity for women of spirit to exert themselves, and regain their long lost empire over their husbands, whom they could only cuckold now and then; I hope they will use all their coaxing arts to get me elected in their husband's place; and this will greatly increase the influence of the crown, and vastly lower India bonds.

As I detest the idea of a placeman, I pledge myself not to accept of any thing less than the government of Duck Island, or the bishopric of Durham, for I am very fond of a clean shirt, and lawn sleeves I think look well; besides, the *sine qua non* is the thing I aim at, like other great men. The India Company too I will convey from Leadenhall-street to Westminster, and according to my own wig principles, I will create all the directors and nabob's titles, and, besides, show them the way to get what they have been long aiming at—the way to Botany Bay. And then I shall prove the Excise Office to be the greatest smuggle in the nation, for they smuggled the ground from the public on which their office stands, and for which I shall conjure up Old Gresham's ghost, to read them a lecture upon thieving.

Like other great men, I pledge my honour, life, and fortune, that I will remove all heavy taxes by substitution, placing them upon the ladies of the town, whom I will incorporate into one body, under the name of the SISTERS, and every time they retire into their private apartments they shall pay six-pence to an officer placed at the door for that purpose, and this, I think, will create a greater revenue than was ever yet brought into the Exchequer.

By another glorious scheme, contrived by me and my friend Lord George Gordon, I shall, by a philosophical, aristocratical thermometer, or such like hydraulics, discover the longitude; yes, it will at last be discovered among the Jews of Duke's Place: and the secret of Masonry by the ladies of King's Place.

City honours I never coveted, nor would I give an OLD WIG to be drawn in idle state through Cheapside's foggy air on a 9th of November.—No, I would rather sit by the side of my great friend Mr. Fox in the Duke of Devonshire's coach, and make another coalition, or go with him to India, and be a governor's great man; for,

Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Was always Jeffrey Dunstan's fate.

Though my Lord George has turned Jew, and wears a broom about

his chin,* I never intend to do so until his informer is dead, or the time elapsed of his imprisonment in the county castle, and then we shall both go into Duke's Place, and be sworn true friends, as David and Jonathan were; then woe be to the informing busy bookseller of Spitalfields, who was lately turned out of the Snogo for keeping a blowing, and eating pork with the rind on. Depend upon it his windows will then chatter more Hebrew then he ever understood. And all this shall be done by me, in spite of him. Yes, by me, your humble servant.

SIR JEFFREY DUNSTAN, M. P.

Sir Jeffrey in his perambulations had always a sack thrown across his shoulders, his cry being "Old Wigs;" hence he was more known in London by the appellation of "Old Wigs," than that of the Mayor of Garrat.

He used to sell his portrait with his speech, about the streets, of which he was very proud. Another print of him was published in the character of Dr. Last, which character he performed at the Haymarket Theatre.

Sir Jeffrey formed many a good subject for the print shops; as a ridicule on the politicians and orators of his day. He was represented standing on a stool, asking this question, "How far was it from the first of August to Westminster Bridge?"

His death was sudden; for in the year 1797, being at a jovial meeting near Saltpetre Bank, and drinking rather more than his usual quantity of juniper, his companions placed him in a wheel-barrow, and conveyed him to his lady, in Plough-street, and in a few hours after, he died, smothered with liquor.

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* The Hon. George Gordon, commonly called Lord George Gordon, who rendered himself so conspicuous during the riots in 1780, adopted in his latter days the habit and manners of a Jew. He died November 1, 1793, in Newgate, where he had been confined two years, for a libel on the moral and political conduct of the Queen of France; three years more for a libel on the Empress of Russia; and ten months longer for not procuring the necessary security for enlargement. His last moments are said to have been embittered by the knowledge that he could not be buried among the Jews; to whose religion he was warmly attached.

Engraved by H. Cooper.

HENRY DIMSDALE,

Mayor of Garratt.

HENRY DIMSDALE.

THIS poor idiot was born in Shug-lane, Hay-market, in the year 1758. Of his early pursuits little is known; but we find him, in 1788, receiving parochial relief from St. Martin's parish: his trade at that time was "vending bobbins, thread, and stay-laces for the ladies:" he next commenced muffin dealer; by which, he rendered himself very conspicuous about the streets of London. His harmless behaviour gained him many customers, and life rolled on gaily and smoothly, till "ambition fired his soul;" and he aspired to the honour of representing the borough of Garrat, on the death of the celebrated Sir Jeffrey Dunstan; and in which he was successful. Sir Harry was elected to fill the *important* station of Mayor of Garrat, during four parliaments; though not without experiencing violent opposition in the persons of Squire Jobson the bill-sticker, Lord Goring the ministerial barber, and others. The following is a copy of his address to his constituents, at the general election 1807:

To the Worthy, Free, and Indepen dent Electors of the Ancient Borough of Garrat.

GENTLEMEN,

Once more you are called on to exercise your invaluable rights, the Elective Franchise, for your ancient and honourable borough, and once more your faithful representative, for the three last parliaments, offers himself a candidate.

Gentlemen—*As all the Talents* were lately dismissed, disgracefully, it is requisite I should declare to you, I held no place under them. I am, Gentlemen, no milk and water patriot—I am no summer insect—I have always been a champion for the rights and privileges of my constituents—and as we have now an entire change of men, I hope, as they are called by many *all the blocks*, they will see the necessity of calling to their aid and assistance, men who have long been hid in obscurity—men, whose virtue and integrity may shine at this awful crisis—And, Gentlemen, should they at length see their interest so clear, as to call into action my abilities, I declare I am ready to accept

any place under them, but I am determined to act on independent principles, as my worthy colleague, Lord Cochrane, so loudly and so often swore on the hustings, at Covent Garden.

Gentlemen—I congratulate you on the defeat of Sixpenny Jack,* he was obliged to hop off and leave the laurel of victory to Sir Francis Burdett and my worthy colleague, Lord Cochrane, and should any Quixotic candidate be hardy enough to contest with me, the high honour of representing your ancient borough, I have no doubt, by your manly exertions, you will completely triumph over my opponent. In times past, you have had confidence in my wisdom and integrity—you have looked up to me as your guardian angel—and I hope you have not been deceived, for, believe me, when I repeat what I so often have done, I am ready to sacrifice life, health, and fortune, in defence of the invaluable rights, privileges, and immunities of your ancient and honourable borough.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your most obedient, humble Servant,
SIR HENRY DIMSDALE.

From my Attic Chamber,
The dirty end of Monmouth-street,
June 10, 1807.

In this contest, Sir Harry was again successful, and his procession to Garrat Lane, exceeded *any thing of the kind* ever seen in London. He was placed (or rather, tied) on an eminence in a carriage somewhat resembling a triumphal car, drawn by four horses, which were profusely decorated with dyed wood shavings—a substitute for ribands. The dress of Sir Harry was perfectly *en suite*; and the *tout ensemble* a rare display of eccentric magnificence. Solomon, in all his glory, was not more sumptuously arrayed than the Mayor of Garrat on this memorable day. His hat alone cost his committee the *enormous* sum of *3l. 10s.*

And now, for a short time, all was sun-shine with Sir Harry; yet, he found something was wanting to complete his happiness, and he resolved on taking to his bosom a wife; a suitable object presenting herself in the

* Alluding to John Elliot, Esq. brewer, who was a candidate with Sir F. Burdett and Lord Cochrane for the city of Westminster—at which time porter was sixpence a pot.

person of an inmate of St. Ann's workhouse. In a few weeks after the consummation of their nuptials, his *rib*, with the utmost *good-nature*, presented him with a son and heir, of which he was very proud.

In Garrat Lane is a small house, which it is said should be occupied by the elected member for the time being; but this is ordered otherwise. Sir Harry, however, used to say, that the matter ought to be inquired into, but he died before he was able to bring it forward in parliament.

In addition to his office of mayor, he was nominated as a proper person to be opposed to the then all-powerful Buonaparte, whereupon he was elected Emperor. His garb now assumed all the show of royalty; but unlike most monarchs, he carried his crown in his hand; it not being correct, he said, for him to wear it till he had ousted his more powerful rival. In this character, Sir Harry levied pretty handsome contributions on the good people of London; but the novelty of his person at length lost most of its attractions; he became neglected; illness seized him; and he died in the year 1811, in the 53d year of his age.

By his death, the boys were deprived of an object of ridicule, and the compassionate man spared the painful task of witnessing so harmless a being tormented and ill-used by the unfeeling and the heedless.

On the demise of Sir Harry, the mayoralty of Garrat was invested on Sir John Coke, a well known and eccentric costar-monger, of Tothill-fields, Westminster.

The greatest acquirement, necessary to qualify a candidate for the representation of this *most noble and ancient borough*, appears to be some great deformity, idiotism, or a professed bacchanalian, for at a late election we observed in a hand-bill of one of the candidates, that his principal recommendation was his being "*The tried friend of Hodges' Best!!!*"—and in another "*The tried friend of Barclay and Coombe's!!!*"

GEORGE MORLAND.

In a work, the professed object of which is to delineate the lives and actions of eccentric and remarkable characters, few persons can more justly claim a place than the celebrated artist, George Morland. Though blest with talents, which, if prudently applied, might have raised him to affluence and distinction, such was the unfortunate bent of his disposition, that he associated only with the meanest of mankind, and a life of alternate extravagance and distress was terminated by his death in a spunging-house.

George Morland was born in the year 1763. His father was a portrait painter in crayons; and his talents, though respectable, were not of the first order. In early life he had made a considerable figure, but having lost much property by engaging in schemes not conducted with prudence, he retired from the world in disgust, and educated his family in that obscurity to which the narrowness of his circumstances confined him.

George in his infancy is said to have manifested a predilection for the art; and it is certain, that in the exhibitions of the society of artists, to which his father belonged, were shown drawings by his son, when only four, five, and six years old, which would have done credit to youths who were learning the art as a profession. From this time his father obliged him to study, without intermission, the practice of every department of the art.

He was at this period confined to an upper room, copying drawings or pictures, and drawing from plaister casts. Being almost entirely restricted from society, all the opportunities he had for amusement were obtained by stealth, and his associates were a few boys in the neighbourhood. The means of enjoyment were obtained

Engraved by R. Page

GEORGE MORLAND,

The celebrated Painter.

Published by J. Robins & Co. Albion Press, London, Oct. 1. 1812.

by such close application to his business as to produce a few drawings or pictures more than his father imagined he could complete in a given time. These he lowered by a string from the window of his apartment to his youthful companions, by whom they were converted into money, which they spent in common when opportunities offered. In this manner passed the first seventeen years of the life of George Morland, and to this unremitted diligence and application he was indebted for the extraordinary power he possessed over the implements of his art. Avarice was the ruling passion of his father; and this passion was so insatiable, that he kept his son incessantly at work, and gave him little, if any, other education. To this cause must doubtless be attributed all the irregularities of his subsequent life.

Morland's first original compositions were dictated by his father. They were small pictures of two or three figures taken from the ballads of the day. These his father put into frames, and sold at different prices, from one guinea to three, according to the pockets of his customers. These, though infinitely inferior to his later productions, were much admired; many fell into the hands of engravers, and the engravings made from them first brought Morland into notice.

Some gentlemen, to whom the elder Morland was known, wished to patronize the youthful artist: from one he borrowed two capital pieces by Vernet, which George copied in an admirable style. Mr. Angerstein permitted him to take a copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds's celebrated picture of Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy, and on this occasion the unfortunate peculiarity of his disposition was strikingly displayed. The original was at Blackheath, whither the two Morlands went to copy it. Mr. Angerstein wished to notice the youth, and to observe the progress of the work; but he refused to begin his picture till he had obtained a solemn promise that he should be overlooked by no person

whatever. The promise was given; he painted the picture; associated with the servants while he remained in the house, and no encouragement or entreaties could bring him into the company of the generous and public-spirited proprietor.

A friend, who was going to pass the summer at Margate, advised old Morland to send his son to that place to paint portraits. The plan appeared a good one, and was adopted. George, with his picture of Garrick and some others, took lodgings for the season; customers flocked to him, his portraits pleased, and he began a great number. Unfortunately, the society of accomplished women or rational men made him feel his own ignorance and insignificance; hence every one who sat to him was an object of disgust. The pig-races, and other elegant amusements projected for the lower order of visitors at Margate, engaged the whole of his attention, and the portraits were thrown aside to be completed in town. Instead of returning home with his pockets full of money, he only brought a large cargo of unfinished canvasses; and as the engagements of the watering place are forgotten in the capital, very few of them were afterwards completed.

Though, in this expedition, he obtained very little pecuniary advantage, he gained several points that were of considerable consequence. He acquired the reputation of being an artist who possessed considerable talents; he emancipated himself from paternal authority; and instead of handing a sketch slily out of the window to raise a few shillings, he did what he pleased, and fixed what price he thought proper on his labours. By means of the money thus obtained, he was enabled to make many acquaintances, who unfortunately contributed to fix his character for life. The lowest among the professors of his art now became the companions of Morland. To these he was equal in intellect, and superior in talent; he was likewise superior to them in a

circumstance which will always obtain from such persons what ignorant men covet, the adulation of their associates. A ride into the country to a smock-race or a grinning-match, a jolly dinner, and a drinking-bout after it, a mad scamper home with a flounce into the mud, and two or three other et ceteras, formed the sum of their enjoyments. Of these Morland had as much as he desired, and as he was the richest of the sect, by the community of property among such jolly dogs, he commonly paid for them more than his share.

About this time Morland married, and became acquainted with J. R. Smith the engraver, who then dealt largely in prints, for whom he painted many pictures of subjects from the familiar scenes of life. Every one was acquainted with the subjects, and felt the sentiments they conveyed, so that the prints which Mr. Smith made from those paintings had an unprecedented sale, and extended Morland's fame, not only throughout this kingdom, but even over the continent. The subjects were probably suggested by Smith, as they displayed more sentiment than Morland ever seemed to possess. His peculiar talent, as it now burst forth with full splendour, was landscape, such as it is found in sequestered situations, and with appropriate animals and figures. He was extremely fond of visiting the Isle of Wight, and there is scarcely an object to be met with along the shore, at the back of the island, that his pencil has not delineated. His best pictures are replete with scenes drawn from that spot. A fine rocky shore, with fishermen mending their nets, careening their boats, or sending their fish to the neighbouring market-towns, were scenes he most delighted in, when he attempted sea-shore pieces; and the Isle of Wight afforded him abundant opportunities to gratify his taste and fancy. In this, his constant summer excursion, he was once recognised at a place called Fresh-water Gate, in a low public house, known by the name of the Cabin. A num-

ber of fishermen, a few sailors, and three or four rustics formed the homely group: he was in the midst of them, contributing his joke, and partaking of their noisy merriment, when his friend called him aside, and entreated his company for an hour. Morland, with some reluctance withdrew from the Cabin; and the next day, when his friend began to remonstrate on his keeping such company, he took from his pocket a sketch-book, and asked him where he was to find a true picture of humble life, unless in such a place as that from which his friend had taken him. The sketch was a correct delineation of every thing in the Cabin tap-room, even to a countenance, a stool, a settee, or the position of a figure. This representation his memory had supplied after leaving the house, and one of his best pictures is the very scene he then sketched; a proof that his mind was still intent on its favourite pursuit, the delineation of nature in her homeliest attire, though his manners at the moment betrayed nothing farther than an eagerness to partake of the vulgar sensualities of his surrounding companions.

During one of these excursions, a friend at whose house he resided, having gone to London, left an order at his departure with an acquaintance at Cowes, to give Morland his own price for such drawings or pictures as he should think proper to send. The gentleman intrusted with this commission, though highly respectable both in his moral and professional character, had, nevertheless, a very incompetent knowledge of, and as little true relish for the fine arts. Morland's pictures were always sent in with an accompanying solicitation for cash according to the nature of the subject. These demands were regularly complied with, until at length a small but highly finished drawing was transmitted with a demand, as usual, for a sum proportionate to its merit. Struck with the apparent disparity between the size of the drawing and the sum required, which seemed out of all proportion, the conscientious agent positively re-

fused to advance a shilling until he had transmitted the drawing to his friend, who was then in London. This was accordingly done, and instructions were immediately sent back to take the drawing and as many others as the artist might offer at the same price. On the receipt of this liberal and explicit order, the agent at Cowes hastened to find out Morland and instantly paid the money, but not without observing that he thought his friend deranged in his intellects.

During Morland's stay at Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight, he and his fellow travellers were apprehended as spies, when the former in his vindication produced several drawings which he had just finished at Cowes, but these the officers ingeniously construed into confirmations of their guilt. They were accordingly escorted by a numerous body of soldiers and constables to Newport, where, after being separately examined before the bench of justices, they were at length discharged with a strict injunction to paint and draw no more during their stay in the island.

The manner in which he painted rural subjects obtained so much notice, that his fortune might now have been made; purchasers appeared who would have taken any number of pictures he could have painted, and paid any price for them he could have demanded, but here the low-bred dealers in pictures stepped in, and completed that ruin the low-bred artists had begun. His unfortunate peculiarity assisted them much in this plan; the dislike he had for the society of gentlemen made him averse to speak to one who only wished to purchase his pictures. This peculiarity, his friends, the dealers, took care to encourage to such a degree, that men of rank and fortune were often denied admittance to him when he was surrounded by a gang of harpies who pushed the glass and the joke apparently at the *quiz* who was refused admittance, but in reality at the fool who was the dupe of their artifices. They, in the character

of friends, purchased of him all his pictures, which they afterwards sold at very advanced prices. This was carried to such an extent, that gentlemen who wished to obtain Morland's pictures ceased to apply to him for them, but applied to such of his *friends* as had any to sell; so that he was entirely cut off from all connexion with the real admirers of his works, and a competition took place among those by whom he was surrounded, each striving to obtain possession, and to exclude all the rest from a share in the prey.

For this reason all were anxious to join in his country excursions and his drinking-parties, and to haunt his painting-room in the morning, glass in hand, to obtain his friendship. Thus his original failing was increased, his health and his talents were injured, and by the united efforts of the crew, his gross debauchery produced idleness and a consequent embarrassment of his circumstances, when he was sure to become a prey to some of this honest set. It frequently happened, that when a picture had been bespoken by one of his friends who advanced some money to induce him to work, if the purchaser did not stand by to see it finished, and carry it away with him, some other person, who was lurking about for the purpose, and knew the state of Morland's pocket, by the temptation of a few guineas, obtained the picture, and carried it off, leaving the intended purchaser to lament his loss, and to seek his remedy by prevailing on Morland to paint him another picture; that is, when he was in the humour to work for money he had already spent; in making which satisfaction he certainly was not very alert. Thus all were served in their turn, and though each exulted in the success of the trick, when he was so lucky as to obtain a picture in this way, yet they all joined in exclaiming against Morland's want of honesty in not keeping his promises.

Mr. Hassell, himself an artist and the biographer of Morland, had once sold one of his pictures to a gentle-

man, who it was stipulated should have the companion within a given time. Notwithstanding half the price of the latter was paid in advance, and the subject had been dead-coloured, yet convinced that all remonstrances on the necessity of honour and punctuality in his engagements would have been ineffectual, the following stratagem was employed. Morland was an early riser, and in summer would frequently be at his easel by six in the morning and sometimes even sooner. Aware of this, Mr. Hassell procured two of his acquaintances to personate sheriff's officers, whom he stationed at the White Lion, opposite to Morland's house at Paddington, with instructions that they should take their breakfast in a room of the inn directly facing his painting-room, and occasionally walk to and fro before the door. This plan being arranged, he obtained admission into the artist's study, where he found him as he expected, already at work, and requested he would then finish what he had so repeatedly promised; but so far from producing any effect by his entreaties, the more he urged them, the more jocular Morland became on the occasion. After waiting some time Hassell carelessly opened a part of the shutter, as if to see the state of the weather, and pretended to express some surprise at two men who appeared to be watching the door of Morland's house. The artist, who was easily alarmed, and perhaps, at that moment, had sufficient cause for apprehension, now went to the window himself to reconnoitre, and instantly affirmed that they were waiting for him. He was deeply impressed with this idea, which his companion endeavoured to confirm; and accordingly recommended that the door should be kept closely shut, till it was ascertained whether these persons were actually waiting for him, or there was some probability of their going away. He then renewed his solicitations that Morland would finish the picture, which he enforced by showing him the other moiety of the price in

hard cash, care having been previously taken to secure the entrance of the house, and orders given that all comers should be answered by the servant out of a two pair of stairs window, that Morland had not been at home all night. This had the desired effect. No interruption occurred, and all supplies for that day being apparently cut off, the artist made a virtue of necessity, and finished a landscape and figures, one of the best pictures he ever painted, in less than six hours after he had dead-coloured it. Having now succeeded, Hassell, in order to remove his friend's apprehensions, pretended to recollect the countenance of one of the persons in waiting, and in a few minutes demonstrated to Morland the truth of his observations, by taking the picture, wet as it was, and transferring it to one of them to carry home.

About the year 1790, Morland lived in the neighbourhood of Paddington. At this period he had reached the very summit of his merit and also of his extravagance. He kept at one time no less than eight saddle horses at livery, at the sign of the White Lion opposite to his house, and was absurd enough to wish to be considered as a horse-dealer. Frequently horses for which one day he would give thirty or forty guineas, he would sell the next for less than half that sum; but as the honest fraternity of horse-dealers knew their man, and would take his note at two months, he could the more easily indulge this propensity, and appear for a short time in cash, until the day of payment came, when a picture was produced as a douceur for the renewal of the notes.

This was one source of calamity which neither his industry, for which he was remarkable, nor his talents were by any means adequate to counterpoise. His wine merchant, who was also a gentleman in the discounting line, would sometimes obtain a picture worth fifty pounds for the renewal of a bill. By this conduct he heaped folly upon folly to such a degree, that a fortune

of ten thousand a year would have proved insufficient for the support of his waste and prodigality.

No man was more accessible to flattery than Morland, and the more gross was the mode in which it was served up, the more highly was it relished. If an ostler or post-boy applauded his observations he was sure to be touched in the palm with half-a-crown, or perhaps to receive a pair of leather breeches little the worse for wear. His acquaintances of this cast were so numerous, that there was scarcely a driver on the north road, within fifty miles of London, that was not known to him; nor was there a blood-horse of any note whose pedigree and performances he could not relate with astonishing facility.

An inn at Highgate, where the sovereign judges of the whip generally stopped on their return to the country, to refresh themselves and their horses, was a favourite resort of Morland's. There he used to take his stand, and there indeed he was completely at home; receiving the compliments of every one that offered them, in return for which he always considered it his duty to pay the reckoning. With a pipe in his mouth he would frequently parade before the door of this house, and hail the carriages as they passed in succession before him; and from being so well known he was generally greeted in return with a familiar salute from the postillion. The consequence he attached to this species of homage, as an illustration of his great merit, was such as almost to exceed belief.

Among other instances of his eccentricity the following is given by Mr. Hassell.—"A lady, whose sister the writer afterwards married, went with her husband, in consequence of ill health, to reside at Paddington, and had been promised a sucking pig by Morland, who was intimate with the family. As the writer was walking towards Paddington, one summer's morning, to inquire concerning the health of his relative, he observed a man

posting before him with a pig, which he held in his arms as if it had been a child. The piteous squeaks of the little animal, unaccustomed to such a mode of conveyance, attracted the notice of numerous spectators, both from the doors and windows as he passed along. Struck with the laughable conduct of the bearer of the pig, the writer determined to follow him, as the adventure promised some humour, and the more so as the pig-bearer would set the pig down to every dog that barked, and there were not a few, and pitt him against the dog. From this a chace would sometimes ensue, and the pig-hunter having overtaken the animal, would hastily snatch it up and jog on as before. In this manner he pursued his course through several of the streets of Mary-le-bone till he reached the house of the writer's friend, where to his no small surprise, the man with the pig knocked and readily obtained admittance. Conceiving him to be some person connected with the people of the house, the writer thought of nothing but creating a laugh by reciting the singularity of the adventure; but how great was his astonishment upon entering the dining-room to find this original character, with the pig yet under his arm, introduced to him as Mr. Morland the painter."

It was about the year 1790 that our artist, who was lineally descended from Sir Samuel Morland, an eminent mathematician of the seventeenth century, was assured by his solicitor that he was the undoubted heir to the dormant baronetage, and was advised to assert his claim. He, however, sagaciously remarked, that plain George Morland would always sell his pictures as well, and obtain him as much respect, as if *Sir* was prefixed to it; for there was more honour in being a fine painter than in being a fine gentleman. George's aversion to fashionable life was probably a strong motive for his renouncing this honour.

Mr. Hassell, in his memoirs of the life of this emi-

nent artist, relates two circumstances in which his love of low company subjected Morland's pride to sensible mortification.

One day Mr. J. R. Smith, by whom Morland was then employed, called in company with Mr. J. Bannister to see what progress he had made in a picture which was upon the easel. Satisfied with what he saw, Mr. Smith was about to take his leave, when Morland proposed to accompany him in his morning's ride, which Mr. Smith declined, saying, in an abrupt and emphatical tone, "I have an appointment with a *gentleman* who is waiting for me." Morland immediately felt the keenness of the shaft levelled at him, and understood the insinuation that he was not a fit companion for Mr. Smith or Mr. Bannister, and gave vent to his splenetic humour in the most vulgar and indecent language.

The other was a more humorous occurrence, and originated in an invitation which Morland had received from a gentleman who resided at Hadley, and who agreed to meet him at Highgate. There were some other gentlemen in company, and among the rest Mr. Hassell, who relates the anecdote. On their way to Barnet they had reached the turnpike-gate at Whetstone, when a kind of lumber or jocky cart intercepted their progress, and two persons seated in the vehicle were seen disputing with the gate-keeper about the toll. In consequence of this interruption there was only room for one horse to pass at a time. Morland was endeavouring to make good his way, when one of the *gentlemen* in the cart, looking up, vociferated: "*Vat Mr. Morland vont you speak to a body?*" It was particularly observed that the artist endeavoured to shun this greeting, and wished to pass on in silence; but his old friend was not to be put off so easily, and still continued bawling out to him until at length he was obliged to recognise his companion and crony Mr. Hooper, the tinman

and celebrated pugilist, who by this time had extended his hand to give Morland a hearty fraternal shake. He had no sooner done this, than turning to his comrade, the charioteer, he introduced a chimney-sweeper to Morland's notice, calling out, "*Vy, Dick, don't you know this here gemman? Tis my friend Mr. Morland.*" The sooty knight instantly put out his hand and forced the officious welcome upon Morland, notwithstanding the latter made many awkward attempts to avoid the squeeze. The chagrin he manifested upon this occasion clearly evinced that his pride was very sensibly hurt; if, indeed, he ever possessed what may be termed virtuous and commendable pride; for he always endeavoured to clear himself from the imputation of this rencontre with his brother of the brush, by declaring that the tinman had forced his company upon him, and that the chimney-sweeper was a perfect stranger to him; which, however, considering Morland's habits, was not a very probable case, nor was it easily accredited.

Morland's dress and equipage at this period were completely changed from the affectation of excessive foppery to the appearance of extreme neatness. Scarcely a week elapsed but he sported a pair of new gloves and leather breeches; so that on the last-mentioned occasion, it was ludicrous to observe him with a clean glove on one hand and the marks of the sooty squeeze on the other. This was a joke which he never liked to hear repeated, though, for a considerable time afterwards, *sweeps, your honour*, was a standing jest among his friends and never failed to make the laugh go round.

In one of Morland's excursions from London, he was surprised by a friend seated in the midst of the smuggling crew of the celebrated Johnson. In the centre of this motley group was placed a half anker of gin, into which each of the company, dipping a glass tumbler, drank off his quota and then passed it to his neighbour. Morland also, when it came to his turn, quaffed his por-

tion with as much pleasure as any of the rest, nor was it till the keg was drained that he left his associates. It was a sort of hobby-horse that led him into this low company. He was extremely vain when he could be thought a person of consequence among such rabble; but in the end he smarted for his weakness. He endeavoured to assume the same character as his associates, and the liberty and coarse freedom with which he was in consequence greeted, frequently made him ridiculous.

In the course of the years 1790, 1791, and 1792, when Morland's best pictures were produced, a host of admiring dealers were complaisant enough to offer him any pecuniary assistance he might deem it expedient to accept. Morland, who had a wonderful alacrity at borrowing without scruple or hesitation, embraced their offers indiscriminately; for there was scarcely one of these liberal friends whose purse he did not make free with, and that too, almost at the time, and on the same occasion.

Having received an invitation from Claude Lorrain Smith, Esq. to visit him at his seat at Enderby, in Leicestershire, the purse he had thus collected very opportunely served his purpose. Accompanied by one of his trusty friends, commonly known by the appellation of Dirty Brookes, a notorious debauchee, who fell a sacrifice to his excess, away he set out upon this rural excursion. This journey was kept a profound secret from his accommodating friends the picture dealers; and his absence consequently excited a considerable deal of alarm, which was not a little augmented by a report industriously circulated, as a good joke, by one of his waggish companions, that he was gone to France. The sudden shock which this intelligence occasioned, proceeded less from the apprehension of losing the sums they had lent him, than from the disappointment of their speculative schemes. It would require the spirit of Hogarth's pencil, correctly to depict the lengthened

countenances of these outwitted speculators when they first compared notes together. It was however unanimously agreed to make all possible inquiries about the artist, who meanwhile was priding himself on having thus taken in the knowing ones.

No sooner had he returned from this excursion, than he found his picture and horse-dealing friends very solicitous to renew their visits. This, however, he would not encourage, but from this moment studiously avoided all society, and with only a single crony to hawk his pictures about the town, was invisible for months together.

So strongly was the mind of this ill-fated artist impressed with the idea that he should become an inhabitant of a gaol, that he actually visited the King's Bench prison *incog.* to ascertain how he should like confinement; yet, so great was his dread of the apprehended evil, that he declared nothing but absolute necessity should ever compel him to a surrender of his liberty.

It was now that he began to feel the ill effects of having involved himself in debt. If he walked the streets, he was sure to be dogged, or to imagine himself dogged by some lurking creditor, before he could reach his habitation, where, notwithstanding all his precautions, he was frequently discovered. Whenever he surmised this to be the case, he would suddenly decamp, and in a few days his trusty dependants would be dispatched to fetch away his implements.

The consequences attendant on the imprudence of Morland's conduct were frequent distress, the spunging house and the gaol, except he had the good fortune to escape into a retirement unknown to all but some trusty dealer, who, for the time, took all his works, and paid him a stipulated sum for his support. On one occasion, to avoid his creditors, he retired from public observation, and lived in great obscurity near Hackney. Some of the neighbours, from his extreme privacy and other

circumstances, entertained a notion that he was either a coiner or a fabricator of forged bank notes; which suspicion being communicated to the Bank, the directors sent some police-officers to search the house, and if any indications of guilt should appear, to take the offender into custody. As they approached they were observed by Morland, who, naturally concluding them to be a bailiff and followers in quest of himself, immediately retreated into the garden, went out at a back door, and ran over the brick fields towards Hoxton, and then to London. Mrs. Morland, trembling, opened the front door, when the police officers entered, and began to search the house. An explanation took place; she assured them, with unaffected simplicity, evidently the result of truth, that they were mistaken, and informed them of the cause of his flight. As they discovered in the house little more than some excellent unfinished pictures, which excited in them some respect and admiration, they said they were convinced of the mistake, and retired. On communicating the result of their search to the directors, and informing them that they had made no discovery of bank notes, but that it was the retreat of Morland the painter, and giving them an account of his flight to avoid them as baliffs, the directors commiserating the pecuniary embarrassment of this unfortunate genius, and to compensate the trouble they had unintentionally given, generously presented him with forty pounds.

It has been related that at another time he was found in a lodging in Somers-town, in the following extraordinary circumstances. His infant child, that had been dead nearly three weeks, lay in its coffin in one corner of the room; an ass and her foal stood munching barley-straw out of the cradle; a sow and pigs were solacing themselves in the recess of an old cupboard, and he himself was whistling over a beautiful picture that he was finishing at his easel, with a bottle of gin

hung up on one side, and a live mouse sitting, or rather kicking, for his portrait on the other. This story has, however, been positively contradicted by his biographer, who says: "As for that part of it which relates to the child, we can positively assert that he never had one; the rest of the story may in some parts be true; for when he lived in the Lambeth road, he had an inmate of the long-eared tribe, and a few other singular lodgers: but that any person who ever knew Morland could have supposed him bold enough to stay in a room with a corpse by himself is perfectly ridiculous. He was remarkably timid, and so nervous that he never attempted to exercise his professions till he had drank sufficient to subdue the irritability resulting from his over-night's excess.

The department of his art in which Morland shone forth in all his glory, was picturesque landscape. For about seven years that he painted such subjects he was in his prime, and though the figures he introduced were of the lower order, yet they were consistent with the scenes, and had nothing that created disgust; but when his increasing irregularities led him from the woodside to the ale-house, his subjects assumed a meaner cast, as they partook of the meanness of his society, for he still painted what he saw. Stage-coachmen, postillions, and drovers drinking, were honoured by his pencil; his sheep were changed for pigs; and at last, with the true feeling of a disciple of Circe, he forsook the picturesque cottage, and the woodland scenery, and never seemed happy but in a pig-stye. At this time one of his most favourite resorts was the top of Gray's-Inn-Lane, where it opens into the fields; there he might be seen for hours together, amidst the accumulations of ashes and filth, quaffing copious draughts of his ordinary beverage, and sketching the picturesque forms of night-men, dustmen and cinder-wenches, pigs, half-starved asses, and hacks in training for the slaughter-house.

Morland's embarrassments were far from producing any change of his conduct, and at length conducted him, through the hands of a bailiff, into that confinement of which he had entertained such well-grounded apprehensions. This, however, did not render him unhappy, but rather afforded him an opportunity of indulging, without control, all his favourite propensities. There he could mingle with such companions as were best adapted to his taste, there, in his own way, he could reign and revel surrounded by the very lowest of the low. His constant companion in this theatre of indolence and dissipation was a person who went under the familiar appellation of *My Dicky*. This *Dicky*, a waterman by occupation, was his confidant and picture salesman. If accident detained the purchaser of a bespoke picture beyond the time he had stipulated to send for it, *My Dicky* was always at hand to carry it forthwith to the pawnbroker's. To one of these places Morland once dispatched this man with the picture of a farm-yard, on which he demanded three guineas, and as the picture was wet from the easel, he requested that particular care should be taken not to injure it. Too much care sometimes defeats its intention; this might possibly have been the case in the present instance, for while the pawnbroker was going up stairs to convey the picture to a place of security, his foot unfortunately slipped, and his clothes coming in contact with the canvas, totally obliterated the head and fore-part of a hog. The dealer in money, unable to remedy this accident, returned the painting with a polite note, apologizing for the accident, and requesting the artist to restore the head of the animal and retouch the damaged parts. This, to use Morland's language upon the occasion, was a *good one*. No sooner was the picture again in his possession, than he made a peremptory demand of five guineas for complying with the request of the pawnbroker, accompanying this demand with an intimation

that if the picture was not returned in as perfect a state as when it was sent, he should commence an action against the pawnbroker for the recovery of thirty pounds, the value at which he estimated it. In this dilemma, the latter thought it most prudent to comply with the demand, and in less than an hour the whole business was adjusted to their mutual satisfaction.

Morland, when distressed, was never barren in expedients, as the following whimsical circumstance will serve to demonstrate. He had been making sketches of the coast near Deal, and was returning to town on foot, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr. Ward, the engraver. The extravagant humours of the preceding evening had drained their exchequer of every shilling. Morland began to feel the calls of nature for refreshment, but the difficulty was how to procure it. Observing a low-built house by the road side, over which was placed an animal intended for a bull, our artist, who was seldom at a loss for a pretext to enter a public-house, went in, and under the plea of inquiring the way, expressed his surprise to the landlord that he did not renew his sign, which time had nearly defaced. Boniface alleged his inability to get it repaired on account of the charge, observing that it was good enough for his humble dwelling; but Morland offering to paint him a new one for five shillings, he immediately acquiesced, and commissioned him to make a trial of his skill. A new difficulty now occurred. Morland was without implements, which could not be procured at a smaller distance than Canterbury, to which place the landlord was, with some difficulty, prevailed upon to send. In the mean time the travellers had bespoken a dinner, exhausted several pitchers of good ale, and taken at least a quantum sufficit of spirits, all which could not be paid for but by painting the sign. Instead of five shillings, the sum contracted for, the reckoning amounted, before the bull was finished, to ten, and the

chagrined landlord reluctantly suffered the travellers to depart on Morland's explaining who he was, and promising to call and pay on a future day. Their host had, however, no reason to repent of his bargain; for Morland, on his arrival in London, having related this adventure at one of his usual places of resort, the singularity of the story induced a gentleman, who entertained the highest opinion of his performances, to set off privately in quest of the Bull, which he purchased of the landlord for ten guineas.

About three years before his death Morland received a severe stroke from the palsy, which gave so rude a shock to his whole frame, intellectual and corporeal, that, sometimes while in the act of painting he would fall back senseless in his chair, or sleep for hours together.

When in confinement, and even sometimes when he was at liberty, it was common for him to have four guineas a day and his drink, an object of no small consequence, as he began to drink before he began to paint, and continued to do both alternately till he had painted as much as he pleased, or till the liquor had completely overcome him, when he claimed his money, and business was at an end for that day. This laid his employer under the necessity of passing his whole time with him, to keep him in a state fit for work, and to carry off the day's work when it was done; otherwise some eaves-dropper snapped up his picture, and he was left to obtain what redress he could.

By this conduct, steadily pursued for many years, he ruined his constitution, diminished his powers, and sunk himself into general contempt. He had no society, nor did he wish for any, but that of the lowest of those beings whose only enjoyment is gin and ribaldry, and from which he was taken by a Marshalsea writ for a trifling sum. When removed to a place of confinement, he called for a large quantity of spirits,

which he hastily swallowed, and soon became delirious, in which state he lay some days, raving violently, and the subject of his exclamation was his deep regret for his domestic misconduct. In this dreadful state, indeed, few knew of his situation, and he expired in agony on the 29th October, 1804, in the fortieth year of his age. His remains were removed to the house of Mr. W. Ward, who, with Mr. J. Ward, at the request of his relations, accompanied them to the grave, all of whom had often witnessed his declaring for "a short life and a merry one." A short life he had, but merriment was by far its smallest portion; his death was such as such a life commonly ensures.

The death of the amiable and unfortunate Mrs. Morland was not less afflictive. She had been used to say, "I know my friends wish George dead, and think that I shall be happy, but they do not know what they wish for: whenever that happens I shall not live three days after." A prediction which was but too completely realized.

Thus perished George Morland, whose best works will command esteem so long as any taste for the art remains; whose ordinary productions will please so long as any love for a just representation of what is natural can be found; and whose talents might have ensured him happiness and merited distinction, if his entrance into life had been guided by those who were able and willing to caution him against the snares which are continually preparing by interested knavery for the inexperience of youth.

POPE JOAN.

Pope Joan, according to numerous orthodox writers, was of English extraction, and born at Mentz, where she went by the name of English John, but whose real name was Gilberta. As she showed from her infancy a

strong inclination to learning, her father, who was a man of considerable erudition, encouraged her in pursuing the bent of her mind, and under his instructions she made an astonishing progress in the different branches of literature. While she was very young, a monk of the monastery of Fulda conceived a violent passion for her, and succeeded in inspiring her with similar sentiments. For the purpose of enjoying an unrestrained intercourse with each other, it was agreed between them, that she should privately withdraw from her father's house, assume the male attire, and in that disguise apply to the abbot for admission into the monastery of Fulda. This stratagem she put in practice, and was received by the abbot; in consequence of which, the two lovers had the opportunity of indulging their mutual passion, undisturbed and unsuspected. Not long afterwards, for reasons which are not mentioned, they eloped together from the monastery, and came over to England, of which country the monk was a native. Here they pursued their studies together, with uncommon application. From England they went to France, from France to Italy, and from Italy to Greece; availing themselves of the instructions of the ablest masters and professors in the different countries through which they passed. In Greece they took up their abode at Athens, for the sake of perfecting themselves in the knowledge of the Greek tongue. They had not been long in that place before the monk died; when Joan resolved, under the same disguise, to repair to Rome. In that metropolis, her extraordinary endowments soon raised her into notice, and her modesty, address, and engaging behaviour, gained her general esteem and affection. To display her talents, she commenced public professor, and discovered so much knowledge and learning in her lectures and disputations, that persons of the first rank and distinction, and the most learned men at that time in Rome, enlisted in the number of her disciples. She thus con-

tinued daily to gain fresh reputation and credit, not by her knowledge and learning alone, but by her exemplariness of conduct, and all the outward appearances of extraordinary sanctity. Upon the death of Pope Leo IV. in 855, so universal was the opinion entertained of her pre-eminent merit, that she was unanimously raised by the people and clergy to the pontifical throne. So ably and prudently did she for some time discharge the functions of her high station, that the Romans had every reason to congratulate themselves on her election; till, possessing no longer any resolution to withstand that inclination to unchastity which she had formerly indulged, she disclosed her sex to one of her domestics in whom she could confide, and took him to supply the place of her former lover. The consequence was, that she proved with child; and when advanced in her pregnancy, not thinking herself so near her time as she really was, she ventured to assist in the fatiguing ceremonies attending the annual procession of the rogation-week. Having set out on foot from the Vatican towards the Lateran, according to custom, attended by the body of the clergy, the senate, and immense crowds of people, she proceeded without difficulty till she came into the street between the Colosseum, and the church of St. Clement. Being there suddenly seized with the pains of labour, she fell on the ground overcome by their violence, and, while her attendants were endeavouring to raise her up, was delivered of a child in the presence of the surrounding multitude, and died upon the spot. The writers, who concur in relating the circumstances above mentioned, state that Joan held the pontifical dignity two years and more than five months. Some of them add, that, to perpetuate the memory of such an extraordinary adventure, a statue was erected on the place where it happened; and that, in abhorrence of her crime, the pope and clergy, in their subsequent annual processions from the Vatican to the Lateran, have

turned off from that street. Others tell us, that, to prevent the possibility of a similar imposition, an indelicate custom was then introduced of placing the newly-elected pope, before his consecration, in a perforated chair, where he was obliged to submit to an examination, in order to ascertain whether the person chosen was a man or woman.

Such as we have related are the principal circumstances of a story, which was published to the world by the priests and monks of the Catholic church, and for some centuries generally believed by its members. We do not find that the truth of it was doubted by any Catholics till after the commencement of the reformation undertaken by Luther, when the Protestants reproached them with it, as reflecting great dishonour on the see of St. Peter. Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope under the name of Pius II. was the first who questioned the truth of it, about the middle of the fifteenth century; but he "passed it over very slightly, and as it were with fear," says Bayle, only observing, "that the story was not certain." In the early part of the sixteenth century Aventine, who was a Lutheran in his heart, resolutely denied it; and he was soon followed, on the same side of the question, by Onufrius Panvinius, and other Catholic writers. But the story was more particularly canvassed in the seventeenth century, when the elevation, and indeed the existence, of this female pontiff, became the subject of a keen and learned controversy. Moreri, however, says that more than seventy orthodox writers, among whom are several monks, and even canonical saints, have given to the story of Pope Joan a place in the history of those who have held the pontifical dignity, and we cannot conceive why that, which for six hundred years was never a subject of suspicion, should now be doubted, for no other reason than that a few modern writers have thought it discreditable to the pontifical chair.

SAMUEL FOOTE.

THIS gentleman has numerous claims upon our notice; for, whether we consider him as a dramatic writer, a wit, an eccentric character, or a lively companion, we cannot withhold this testimony—that he was a most extraordinary man.

Samuel Foote was born about the year 1727, at Truro in Cornwall, of which county his father was a useful magistrate, a commissioner in the Prize-office, and sometime member of parliament for Tiverton, in Devonshire. His mother, by an unhappy quarrel between her two brothers, Sir John Dinely Goodere, Bart. and Sir Samuel Goodere, captain of the Ruby man of war, in which they both fell, became heiress of the Goodere family. Foote's early talent for wit and humour manifested itself before he quitted the paternal roof, and he has been heard to say that he was the father of many that were then called good things, when he was but a mere child.

He commenced his education at one of the three principal grammar schools at Worcester, under the care of Dr. Miles, a particular friend of his father's. Many stories are related of the freaks of young Foote while he resided at this school, such as his being the leader and contriver of a celebrated barring out, blacking his master's face while asleep, forming artificial earthquakes under his chair, and others of the like kind.

Though these frolics marked the general eccentricity of his mind, the following circumstance first unfolded those peculiar talents for mimicry by which he was afterwards so much distinguished. Being at his father's house during the Christmas recess, a man in the parish had been charged with a bastard child. The family were conversing about this affair after dinner, the day before it was to be heard by the justices, and making

various observations. Samuel, then a boy between eleven and twelve years of age, was silent for some time; at last he drily observed: "Well, I forsee how this business will end as well as what the justices will say upon it." "Aye," said his father, somewhat surprised at the boy's observation, "well Sam, let us hear it." On this the young mimic, dressing up his face in a strong caricature likeness of Justice D——, thus proceeded:—

"Hem! hem! here's a fine job of work broke out indeed! *A feller* begetting bastards under our very noses, (and let me tell you, good people, a common labouring rascal too,) when our taxes are so great and our poor rates so high—why, 'tis an abomination. We shall not have an honest servant maid in the whole neighbourhood, and the whole parish will swarm with bastards; therefore I say let him be fined for his pranks very severely. And if the rascal has not money (as indeed how should he have it?) or can't find security, (as indeed how should such a *feller* find security?) let him be clapped up in prison till he pays it."

"Justice A—— will be milder, and say: Well, well, brother, this is not a new case, bastards have been begotten before now, and bastards will be begotten to the end of the chapter; therefore though the man has committed a crime—and indeed I must say, a crime that holds out a very bad example to a neighbourhood like this—yet let us not ruin the poor fellow for this one fault. He may do better another time and amend his life. Therefore, as the man is poor, let him be obliged to provide for the child according to the best of his abilities, giving two honest neighbours as security for the payment."

The youngster mimicked these two justices with so much humour and discrimination, as to set the table in a roar, and among the rest his father, who asked why he was left out, as he was also one of the quorum.

Samuel for some time hesitated, but his father and the rest of the company earnestly requesting it, he again began :—

"Why, upon my word, in respect to this here business, to be sure it is rather an awkward affair, and to be sure it ought not to be; that is to say, the justices of the peace should not suffer such things to be done with impunity. However, on the whole, I am rather of my brother A——'s opinion, which is, that the man should pay according to his circumstances and be admonished—I say admonished not to commit so flagrant an offence for the future."

So correct was the picture which he drew of the justice, that it obtained the warmest approbation of the whole company, and even of his father, who, so far from being offended, rewarded him for his good humour and pleasantry.

After passing through his school with the character of an arch, clever lad, Foote went out in the course of election for Worcester college, Oxford, where he was put under the care of the provost, Dr. Gower. The doctor was a man of considerable learning, but rather of a grave, pedantic turn of mind, and pedantry was to Foote an irresistible object of satire. He studied the ridiculous in every character, and having once entertained it, he filled the canvass by means of his own luxuriant imagination.

It cannot appear surprising that Foote's conduct should subject him to frequent lectures, which the doctor delivered in a sour, dogmatical, and pedantic manner, accompanied with a number of hard words and quaint phrases. The pupil being prepared for these, would interrupt him, and after begging pardon with great formality, would take from under his arm a large folio dictionary, with which he was always provided on these occasions, and pretending to find the meaning of a word, would say, "Very well, sir, now please to go on."

Notwithstanding his fondness for fun and pleasure, Foote was not idle in respect to study; ambition frequently induced him to turn his attention to his books, and thus, besides rendering himself a very competent Greek and Latin scholar, he pursued a course of *belles lettres*, reading very rare in young men of his description.

On quitting college, Foote entered himself of the Temple, with a view, as his friends hoped, of becoming a member of that society, but the study of the law was little suited to the eccentricities of such a character. During his continuance in the Temple he was one of the greatest beaux, even in those days of general dress, as well as one of the most distinguished wits that frequented the Grecian and Bedford Coffee-houses.

Foote continued in the Temple but a very few years, and yet this period was long enough to exhaust a considerable fortune, which, with economy, might have enabled him to live independent of any profession. But he was incapable of the ordinary restraints of life; he dashed into all the prevailing dissipations of the time, and what the extravagance of dress and living had not done, the gaming-table finally accomplished. For some time he struggled with embarrassments and at length directed his attention to the stage.

His first theatrical attempts were inauspicious. They taught him that tragedy was not his forte, and he afterwards appeared in various comic characters with success. Still he was not satisfied with himself; he thought he could employ his powers to greater advantage, and, after long meditation, he at length struck out a new and untrodden path, by appearing in the double character of author and performer. Accordingly in these capacities he opened the Haymarket theatre, in the spring of 1747, with a dramatic piece of his own composition, entitled "The Diversions of a Morning."

This piece consisted of nothing more than the introduction of several well known characters in real life,

whose manner of expression and conversation the author had very happily hit off in the diction of his drama, and still more happily represented on the stage, by an exact imitation, not only of the manner and tone of voice, but even of the very persons of those whom he intended to delineate. Among these characters there was a certain physician, who was much better known by the singularity of his manners, appearance, and conversation, than by his eminence in his profession. A celebrated oculist, then in the meridian of his popularity, was another subject of his satire; and in the later part of the piece, under the character of a theatrical director, he took off, with great humour and accuracy, the several styles of acting of the performers of both theatres.

In this career Foote was checked by the interference of the magistrates of Westminster, instigated by Mr. Lacey, the patentee of Drury-lane Theatre. Foote, however, had discovered that his plan was too good to be abandoned; he was sensible that he had nothing to do but to evade the act of parliament limiting the number of play-houses, and then every thing was likely to flow in the same prosperous channel as before. Instead, therefore, of advertising his exhibition by its former title, he now only issued the following card:—

"Mr. Foote's compliments to his friends and the public, and hopes for the honour of their drinking tea with him, at the little theatre, in the Haymarket, every morning at play-house prices."

The whim and novelty of this card drew crowds of people of all descriptions, some in expectation of a real dish of tea, and all, except a few who were in the secret, ignorant of the real species of entertainment. While the audience were on the tiptoe of expectation, the manager came forward and acquainted them, that as he was training some young performers for the stage, he would, with their permission, while tea was getting ready proceed with his instructions before them.

The joke was successful, and he not only proceeded without molestation that morning, but through a course of forty others, that season, in thus giving tea to crowded and splendid audiences.

In the ensuing spring he produced another piece of the same kind, which he called "An Auction of Pictures," in which he introduced several popular characters, particularly Sir Thomas de Veil, then the acting justice of peace for Westminster; Cock, the celebrated auctioneer, and the equally famous orator Henley. This, as well as a subsequent production, entitled "The Knights," had a considerable run. What, perhaps, gave the highest zest to the latter was the conclusion, which consisted of a feigned concert of vocal music between two cats, in burlesque of the Italian opera. The principal performer in this novel species of entertainment was a man well known at that time by the appellation of *Cat Harris*, of whom the following curious anecdote is related.

Harris, being engaged by Foote for this purpose, had attended several rehearsals, at which his mewing gave infinite satisfaction to the manager and the performers. At the last rehearsal, however, Harris was missing; and as nobody knew where he lived, Shuter was prevailed upon to find him out if possible. He inquired in vain for some time, and was at length informed that he lived in a certain court in the Minories. This information was sufficient for a man of congenial talents like Shuter; for, the moment he entered the court, he set up a cat solo, which instantly roused his brother musician in his garret, who answered him in the same tune. "Ho! ho! are you there my friend?" cried Shuter: "come away; the stage waits for us, and we cannot begin the opera without you."

About the close of the season of 1748, Foote had a considerable fortune left him by a relation of his mother, which enabled him once more to move in all that splendour of dissipation which was so congenial to his temper.

This being the third fortune left him, he set up a dashing carriage, and chose the following motto, as emblematical of the event: *Iterum, iterum, iterumque.* He remained some time in London, in order to accustom his friends to this great change of fortune, and then repaired to the continent to add one more English dupe to the intrigues and fripperies of the French nation.

As he kept up no correspondence with any of his friends, during his continuance abroad, the public knew nothing about him; their invention, however, was not idle. Some said that he had been killed in a duel; others that he died of a fever in consequence of his intemperance, and not a few positively reported that he was hanged. He contradicted all these reports by his appearance in London in 1752. From this period till 1761, he continued to perform at one of the theatres as fancy or interest directed his choice, generally for a stated number of nights, and in these engagements he usually brought out a new piece.

In 1760 he again opened the Haymarket theatre, with such a company as he could hastily collect. The success of this attempt suggested to him the idea of occupying that theatre when the others were shut up, and from 1762 till the season before his death he regularly performed there and acquired a very considerable income.

At that place, in the summer of the last-mentioned year, he brought forward a new piece, in three acts, called "The Orators," the design of which was to expose the prevailing passion for oratory, the affair of the supposed Cock-lane ghost, and the debating society held at the Robin Hood. In working up these materials, some real characters were as usual to be sacrificed, and as Dr. Johnson was said to be a believer in the Cock-lane ghost, he was looked upon as a proper object for the purpose. This secret was not so well kept as to prevent it from coming to the ears of Johnson, who came to an immediate determination. He em-

ployed a friend to buy for him one of the stoutest oak cudgels that could be procured in town, and at the same time caused it to be made known, both to the author and the public, that he intended to plant himself in the first row of the stage-box on the first night of representation, and if any buffoon attempted to take him off, or treat him with any degree of personal ridicule, to spring forward on the stage, knock him down in the face of the audience, and then appeal to their common feelings and protection.

This rough declaration, and the well known character of Johnson for keeping his word, softened the rigour of Foote. He now thought it safer to relinquish the tiger for the lamb, and therefore took up in exchange the late George Faulkner, printer of the Dublin Journal, a man who had nothing to recommend him to the finger of scorn, but a long life of industry, integrity, and hospitality, unoffending manners, and the misfortune of having lost a leg. It is true he had about him some trifling peculiarities of manner, but as these were attended with no vices, they ought to have been considered as pardonable weaknesses, demanding indulgence rather than reprobation. Such, however, is the propensity of human nature for personal scandal, that the comedy was principally supported by this character; and crowded audiences were found repeatedly roaring at a few common place stories, told in a ridiculous manner by a man hopping on one leg.

Faulkner soon found ample revenge in the dispensation of Providence, for in a very short time Foote was himself reduced to the condition of the person whom he held up to ridicule for this accidental misfortune. Early in the year 1766, he was on a visit at Lord Mexborough's, accompanied by the late Duke of York, Lord Delaval, Sir Francis Blake Delaval, and other gentlemen, when some of the party, wishing to have some fun with this prince of all fun and humour, purposely drew him into

a conversation on horsemanship. Foote, who had on most occasions a strong spice of vanity about him, roundly asserted, that though he generally preferred the luxury of a post-chaise, he could ride as well as most men he ever knew. They urged him to a trial next morning at the chace, and mounting a high-spirted horse of the duke's, he had scarcely set spurs to the sides of the animal, when he was thrown with such violence as to fracture one of his legs in two places. He was obliged to submit to amputation, which was performed so skilfully, that, except the necessity of using a cork leg, he felt ever afterwards as little inconvenience as could possibly result from such an accident. He was the first to advise amputation, and both before and after it was performed, turned his jokes upon his own situation, as he observed, "he was then prevented from jesting with other people."

The Duke of York, to alleviate this accident by every instance of kindness in his power, obtained for Foote a royal patent to erect a theatre in the city of Westminster, with a privilege of exhibiting dramatic pieces there, from the 14th of May to the 14th of September, during his natural life.

Here money flowed plentifully into Foote's pocket, and was lavished, as usual, with no less extravagance. In 1768, he produced his well known comedy of "The Devil upon Two Sticks," the receipts from which exceeded his most sanguine expectations. There was little or no demand for any variation in the theatrical bill of fare during the whole season; so that it alone was said to have produced him between three and four thousand pounds. Twelve hundred pounds of this sum he lodged at his banker's, as a deposit for future contingencies; besides five hundred in cash, which he intended to take over with him to Ireland, where he was engaged for the ensuing winter.

His usual demon of extravagance, however, still

haunted him; for, taking Bath in his way to Holyhead, he fell in with a nest of gamblers, the usual attendants on this fashionable place of resort, who, finding him with full pockets and high spirits, availed themselves of their superior dexterity with considerable success. Several of the frequenters of the rooms saw this, but it was too common a case for private interference; besides, friendship is not the usual commerce of watering places. At last his friend Rigby, then paymaster of the forces, who happened just then to be at Bath, took an opportunity to tell him how grossly he was plundered; and farther remarked, "that from his careless manner of playing and betting, and his habit of telling stories when he should be minding his game, he must, in the long run, be ruined, let him play with whom he would."

Foote, who perhaps by this time had partly seen his error, but was too proud to take a lesson in the character of *a dupe*, very ridiculously and ungratefully resented this advice. He told his friend, with an unbecoming sharpness, "that although he was no politician by profession, he could see as well as another into any sinister design laid against him: that he was too old to be schooled: and that as to any distinction of rank between them to warrant this liberty, he saw none: they were both the king's servants, with this difference in *his* favour,—that he could always draw upon his talents for independence, when, perhaps, a courtier could not find the king's treasury always open to him for support."

On receiving this return, Rigby, as may be well imagined, made his bow, and walked off; while the dupe went on, and not only lost the five hundred pounds which he had about him, but the twelve hundred at his banker's, and thus, stripped of his last guinea, was obliged to borrow a hundred pounds to carry him to Ireland.

Foote continued actively engaged in writing and acting till his propensity to personalities, unfortunately for himself, involved him in the altercation with the Duchess of Kingston, concerning a production of his pen, entitled "The Trip to Calais," an account of which will be found in the life of that lady, in this volume, it will, therefore, be unnecessary to give a detail of the circumstances in this place.

From the first report of Foote's *Trip to Calais* being in contemplation, obscure hints and inuendoes appeared occasionally in the newspapers, relative to his private character; which, from various circumstances, as from their particularly appearing in the newspaper, of which Jackson, the adviser of the Duchess of Kingston, was editor, the public unanimously attributed to this man. Soon afterwards this plan of calumny began to assume a more settled form; and a report was industriously circulated about the town, that a charge would soon be brought forward in a judicial form against the manager of the Haymarket theatre, for an attempt to commit a very odious assault.

Scarcely had the dispute subsided, when those foul imputations were renewed in a legal charge against Foote, brought forward by a drunken coachman whom he had dismissed, but the accusation clearly appearing to originate in malice, he was honourably acquitted.

Though he had many respectable persons much interested in his behalf, none seemed more anxious than his old friend, and fellow labourer in the dramatic vineyard, the late Mr. Murphy; who, as soon as the trial was over, took a coach, and drove to Foote's house in Suffolk-street, Charing-cross, to be the first messenger of the good tidings. Foote had been looking out of the window, in anxious expectation of such a message. Murphy, as soon as he perceived him, waved his hat in token of victory; and jumping out of the coach ran up stairs to pay his personal congratulations: but alas!

instead of meeting his old friend in all the exultation of high spirits on this occasion, he saw him extended on the floor, in strong hysterics; in which state he continued near an hour before he could be recovered to any kind of recollection of himself, or the object of his friend's visit. On the return of his senses, finding himself honourably acquitted, he received the congratulations of his friends and numerous acquaintances, and seemed to be relieved from those pangs of uncertainty and suspense which must have weighed down the firmest spirits on so trying an occasion. But the stigma of the charge still lingered in his mind; and one or two illiberal allusions to it, which were made by some unfeeling people, preyed upon his mind. The man who for so many years had basked in public favour, who was to live in a round of wit and gaiety, "or not to live at all," was ill calculated to be at the mercy of every coarse fool, or inhuman enemy.

This scandalous prosecution gave such a shock to Foote's spirits as he never recovered. He was the first to perceive the change in his constitution, which long anxiety had produced, and resolved to secure an annuity for his life independent of his professional labours. This design he accomplished by disposing of his property in the Haymarket theatre, to Mr. Colman, in January 1777. A few months afterwards he was seized with a paralytic stroke while on the stage, but recovered sufficiently to spend the summer at Brighthelmstone.

Having regained some portion of his health and spirits, he was advised by his physicians to try the south of France during the winter. He accordingly proceeded to Dover, where he arrived on the 20th of October, on his way to Calais. The wind proving unfavourable that day, and his spirits recovering a little of their usual tone, he played off a number of whimsical sallies of humour, of which the following may serve as an instance.

Going into the kitchen of the inn to order a particular dish for dinner, the cook, understanding that he was about to embark for France, and perhaps willing to have a satirical stroke at the fashionable mania of visiting that kingdom, boasted that, for her part, she had never once been out of her own country. Foote, who had humour of every kind ready for all occasions, instantly replied, "Why cookey, that's very extraordinary, as they tell me, above stairs, that you have been several times all over *grease*," (Greece)—"They may say what they please, above stairs," replied the cook, "but I was never ten miles from Dover in all my life." "Nay, now, that must be a fib," answered Foote, "for I have myself seen you at *Spit-head*." The servants, by this time, caught the joke, and a roar of laughter ran round the kitchen. In this Foote joined as heartily as any of them, and concluded with giving them a crown to drink his health and a good voyage.

This flash of merriment was, however, but the last blaze in the socket. The very next morning, while at breakfast, he was seized with a shivering fit, which obliged him to return to his bed. Another fit succeeded, and lasted three hours. He then seemed composed and inclined to sleep, but soon began to breathe low, till at length, with a deep sigh, he expired, on the 21st of October, 1777, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. His remains were removed to his house in Suffolk-street, and were interred in Westminster Abbey.

Foote married in early life, but had no children by this union. Soon after this marriage, the following remarkable circumstance occurred. He and his wife were invited to spend a month in Cornwall; when, to their great surprise, on the first night, as they were retiring to bed, they were entertained with a concert of music, seemingly under their window, and executed in a capital style. It lasted about twenty minutes. On relating the circumstance next morning to his father, and com-

plimenting him on his gallantry, he absolutely denied any knowledge of the affair, and doubted the possibility of its occurring. The young couple, however, were positive as to what they had heard, and Foote was so impressed by it, that he made a memorandum of the time, which turned out to be the very night on which his maternal uncle, Sir John Dinely Goodere, was murdered by his unnatural brother Captain Goodere.

Mrs. Foote was kept so much in the back ground by the gay, licentious, eccentric life of her husband, that little is known of her history, except that she was the very reverse of him. Implicated, however, as she was in the fate of her husband, she furnishes the following anecdotes, in which his singularity is not the least remarkable feature.

Dr. Nash, of Worcester, being in town one spring, not long after Foote's marriage, intended to pay a visit to his old fellow-collegian, but was much surprised on hearing that he was in the Fleet prison. Thither he hastened, and found him in a dirty two pair of stairs back room with furniture every way suitable to such an apartment. The doctor, shocked at this circumstance, began to condole with him; when Foote cut him short by turning the whole into raillery, "Why, is not this better," said he, "than the gout, the fever, the small-pox, and the thousand various ills that flesh is heir to? This is a mere temporary confinement, without pain, and not very uncongenial, let me tell you, to this sharp biting weather; whereas the above disorders would not only give pain and confinement for a time, but perhaps ultimately prevent a man from ever going into the world again." He continued laughing in this manner, till the doctor heard something stir behind him in the bed, on which he rose, and said he would call another time. "No, no," said the other, "sit down; 'tis nothing but *my Foot*." "Your foot!" replied the doctor; "well, I want no apologies; I shall call another time." "I tell

you again," said his friend, "'tis nothing but *my Foot*; and to convince you of its being no more, it shall speak to you directly." On this his poor wife put her head from under the bed-clothes; and, with much confusion and embarrassment, apologized for her distressed situation.

A connexion, formed on such discordant principles as Foote's, could not be supposed to be either very endearing or very permanent. Accordingly, at one time, in order, as he said, to make Mrs. Foote's life more comfortable, he took it into his head to part from her. After an absence of some months, his friends remonstrating on this injustice to a woman who had never offended him, an accommodation was brought about, and Costello, a friend of Foote's, was commissioned to escort the lady to Blackheath, where her husband then resided. They were to travel from town in a one horse-chaise, and Costello, who always piqued himself on his driving, ran so close to a broad-wheeled waggon, as to throw them both into the middle of a ditch; where they were not only beplastered with dirt, but the lady had her face much bruised and disfigured. Murphy, who was to be one of the party at this dinner of reconciliation, soon afterwards came in. Meeting Foote in the back parlour, he inquired if the lady had yet arrived. "O yes," said Foote; "you will find her above in the drawing-room: and there you may learn geography from her face, as it is a complete map of the world. On one side you may see the Blue Mountains, on the other the Black Forests; here the Red Sea, and here (pointing to his forehead) you may evidently behold the rocks of Silly."

A man of Foote's volatile disposition was ill calculated for the sober pleasures of matrimony. His wife died in good time for both parties, before age came on to excite still more distaste in her husband; and before, as might probably have been the case, he had disgraced himself by adding ill treatment to neglect.

Foote's mother, who brought a large fortune to her husband as heiress of the Goodere estates, was, toward the end of her life, from a carelessness and dissipation so peculiar to this family, in a great measure a dependant on the bounty of her son; who allowed her a pension of one hundred pounds a year. Under one of her temporary embarrassments she wrote the following laconic epistle to Foote:

"DEAR SAM,

"I am in prison for debt; come and assist your loving mother,

E. FOOTE."

His answer, scarcely less laconic, was as follows:

"DEAR MOTHER,

"So am I; which prevents his duty being paid to his loving mother by her affectionate son,

SAM. FOOTE."

"P. S. I have sent my attorney to assist you; in the mean time let us hope for better days."

Foote's more familiar days were passed with a few friends, and one or two needy actors or authors who constantly hung upon him, and to whom he was kind in his purse, his table, and advice. Yet, as no man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*, so these intimates were witnesses occasionally to great dejection of spirits. Foote would suddenly fall from the height of mirth to the lowest note of "moping, musing melancholy," then burst into a flood of tears, exclaiming that his follies had made him many enemies, and his extravagance would bring him to a workhouse. These, however, seemed to be but momentary fits of despondence, occasioned by a previous waste of animal spirits; for he instantly seized the first object of ridicule that presented itself, and with a spring of fancy, that seemed to rebound in proportion as it had been compressed, he again blazed out in all his meridian brightness.

A striking illustration of this versatility of disposition is afforded by the following anecdote :—Foote, at a very early period of his life, formed an acquaintance with Sir Francis Blake Delaval, which continued with uninterrupted friendship till the sudden death of the latter. The sorrow of Foote, on receiving intelligence of this event, was pungent and sincere. He burst into a flood of tears, retired to his room, and saw no company for three days. On the fourth, Jewel, his treasurer, calling on him for the arrangement of some urgent business, he, with swoln eyes and a faultering voice, inquired when Sir Francis was to be buried. "Not till the latter end of next week, sir," replied Jewel: "as I hear the surgeons intend first to dissect his head." This last expression, as in instances of madness, striking the chord of his ruling passion, he suddenly exclaimed: "And what will they get there? I'm sure I have known poor Frank these five and twenty years, and I never could find any thing in it!"

A similar instance of the predominance of Foote's favourite passion was afforded by the death of Holland, of Drury-Lane theatre, who was the son of a baker at Chiswick. Foote had a long intimacy with Holland and a sincere regard for him. He died of the small-pox, about the year 1768, leaving Foote a legacy, and appointing him one of the bearers at his funeral, which office he performed with sincere sorrow. Looking in at the Bedford Coffee-house the same evening, he was asked, whether he had attended the remains of his old friend to Chiswick. "O yes, poor fellow," replied he, the tears scarcely dry upon his cheeks; "I have just seen him shoved into the family oven."

Of Foote's readiness at *bon-mots* and repartee, we shall now present the reader with a few examples from among the numbers that might be adduced.—Baron Newman, the celebrated gambler, being detected in the rooms at Bath, in the act of secreting a card, the com-

pany, in the warmth of their resentment, threw him out of the window of a one pair of stairs room where they were playing. The baron meeting Foote some time afterwards, loudly complained of the usage, and asked him what he should do to repair his injured honour. "Do," said the wit, "why, tis a plain case, never play so *high* again as long as you live."

Mrs. Reddish, playing the queen in Richard III. one evening at Drury-lane, and being of a very coarse masculine make, a gentleman asked Foote who she was. Being told that her name was Reddish, he exclaimed, "Reddish! Reddish! pray what Reddish?"—"Why zounds, sir," said Foote, "don't you see? Horse-Reddish, to be sure."

Foote, who lived in habits of intimacy with Lord Kellie, took as many liberties with his face, which somewhat resembled in appearance a meridian sun, as ever Falstaff did with his friend Bardolph's. His lordship having cracked some jokes upon one of his friends rather too coarsely, an Irish gentleman, who heard of it, said, if he had treated him so, he would have pulled him by the nose. "Pull him by the nose!" returned Foote, "you might as well thrust your hand into a furnace."

The same nobleman coming into the club one hot summer night, dressed in a somewhat tarnished suit of laced clothes, the waiter announced "Lord Kellie."—"Lord Kellie!" repeated Foote, looking him full in the face at the same time, "I thought it was all Monmouth-street in flames."

When a celebrated empiric first set up his chariot, he consulted Foote about the choice of a motto. "What is your crest?" asked the wit. "Three mallards," answered the doctor. "Why then the motto I would recommend to you is, *Quack, quack, quack.*"

Being at dinner, in a mixed company, soon after the bankruptcy of one friend, and the death of another, the

conversation naturally turned on the mutability of the world. "Can you account for this?" said a master builder, who happened to sit next to Foote. "Why, not very clearly," rejoined the latter, "except we could suppose the world was built by contract."

Rich, the patentee of Covent-garden theatre, had many eccentricities of character; and one of the number was his constant forgetfulness of the names of his performers, as well as those of his most intimate friends. In a conversation one day with Foote, he called him *Muster Footy*. The other looking grave upon this, Rich made an apology, and said, "he was so unfortunately absent in that respect, that it was no unusual thing for him to forget his own name."—"Why that is singular enough," said Foote; "for though I knew you could never *write* it, I did not think you could forget it."

A person talking of an acquaintance of his who was so avaricious as to lament the prospect of his funeral expenses, though a short time before he had been censuring one of his relatives for a parsimonious temper, observed, "Now is it not strange that this man would not take the beam out of his own eye, before he attempted the mote in other people's?"—"Why, so I dare say he would," cried Foote, "if he was sure of selling the timber."

A gentleman in the country, having just buried a rich relative, who was an attorney, was complaining to Foote, who happened to be on a visit with him, of the very great expenses of a country funeral, in respect to carriages, hatbands, and other incidents. "Why, do you bury your attornies here?" asked Foote gravely. "Yes to be sure we do: how else?"—"Oh! we never do that in London."—"No!" said the other, much surprised: how do you manage?"—"Why, when the patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room over night by himself, lock the door, throw open the sash, and in the

morning he is entirely off."—"Indeed!" said the other, in amazement; "what becomes of him?" "Why, that we cannot exactly tell, not being acquainted with supernatural causes. All that we know of the matter, is, that there's a strong smell of brimstone in the room the next morning."

Though no man could discover the failings of others more readily than Foote, yet, as it often happens, his eyes were not always open to his own. Soon after the publication of his comedy of "The Author," his friends were laughing at the absurdity of persons piquing themselves on the antiquity of their family; when one of the company, who knew Foote's weakness in this point, observed, that however people might laugh at family, he believed there never was a man well descended who was not proud of it. Foote, catching the bait, instantly replied: "No doubt, no doubt: for instance now, though I trust I may be considered far from a vain man, yet, being descended from as ancient a family as any in Cornwall, I am not a little proud of it, as indeed you shall see I may be." Here the servant was ordered to bring down the family pedigree; which he began elucidating with all the vanity and folly he so successfully ridiculed in his Cadwallader.

A person one day making some reflections before Foote, on the pleasure of paying our debts, he, with that air of ridicule and promptitude of mind for which he was so eminently distinguished, begged the company would hear the other side of the question, namely, the advantages of not paying our debts. "This," continued he, "presupposes a person to be a man of fortune, otherwise he would not gain credit. It is the art of living without money. It saves the trouble and expense of keeping accounts; and makes other people work in order to give ourselves repose. It prevents the cares and embarrassments of riches. It checks avarice and encourages generosity; as people are most commonly

more liberal of other's goods than of their own: while it possesses that genuine spark of primitive Christianity which would inculcate a constant communion of all property. In short it draws on us the inquiries and attention of the world while we live, and makes us sincerely regretted when we die."

Foote added one more to the melancholy catalogue of men of genius whose inadvertencies have involved them in continual embarrassments. Though the heir and possessor of three successive fortunes, and the natural inheritor of as much wit and humour as ever fell to the lot of one man, yet was he so thoughtless about pecuniary affairs, that he was often at a loss for the supply of the day which was passing over him; and, except the income which he derived from the sale of his theatre, and which died with him, he did not leave as much behind him as discharged his funeral expenses.

The wit and humour of Foote, in private conversation, were equal to his comic powers on the stage, of which the following account, given by Mr. Boswell in the life of Johnson, affords a striking instance. Dr. Johnson is said to have related it himself: "The first time I was in company with Foote was at Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased: and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him; but the dog was so very comical, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back in my chair, and fairly laugh it out.—Sir, he was irresistible." Innumerable other stories prove the lively and ready wit of this eccentric genius. He was a man of competent classic learning, and much various reading, and no less a rational and instructive companion, in a serious hour with a single friend, than an entertaining one in mixed society.

As a dramatic writer, though he was deficient in many

parts of the perfect comedian, yet he possessed a large share of that essential, in which so many modern composers fail, the true *vis comica*. Scarcely Moliere has surpassed him in the force and nature of his comic delineations, many of which stand apart from personal peculiarities, and therefore may be relished without the aid of partial imitation. His dialogue is easy, and the copy of real conversation. He has obtained the name of the English Aristophanes;* but the circumstance of bringing living characters upon the stage seems to be the only point in which he resembles the Greek. He may be considered as an original in the comic theatre of his country, and certainly has had no successor.

Some of the best specimens of moral satire and English style are to be found in Foote's dramas, but the personal eccentricities upon which many of the characters depend have, perhaps, ultimately been their greatest injury.

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* Aristophanes, a celebrated comic poet of Athens, contemporary with Plato, Socrates, and Euripides: most of his plays were written during the Peloponnesian war. His imagination was warm and lively, and his genius particularly turned to raillery. He had also great spirit and resolution; and was a declared enemy to slavery, and to all who wished to oppress their country. When Dionysius, king of Syracuse, desired to learn the state and language of Athens, Plato sent him the comedies of Aristophanes, telling him, these were the best representations of them. He wrote above 50 comedies: but only 11 are extant, which are complete, *viz.* Plutus, the Clouds, the Frogs, Equites, the Acarnenses, the Wasps, Peace, the Birds, the Ecclesiazusæ or Female Orators, the Thesmophosiazusæ or Priestesses of Ceres, and Lysistrata. The Clouds, which he wrote in ridicule of Socrates, is the most celebrated of all his comedies. He invented a peculiar kind of verse, which was called by his name, and is mentioned by Cicero, in his Brutus; and Suidas says, he was also the inventor of the tetrameter and octameter verse. Aristophanes was greatly admired among the ancients, especially for the true Attic elegance of his style. The time of his death is unknown; but he was living after the expulsion of the tyrants by Thrasybulus, whom he mentions in his Plutus and other comedies.—*Imperial Encyclopædia*, vol. i. p. 225.

MARTHA BROSSIER.

Martha Brossier, a very remarkable woman, who pretended to be possessed by the devil, and had like to have occasioned great disorders in France, towards the latter end of the sixteenth century. The French historians have given an account of her; and Thuanus has been very particular. Her father was a weaver at Romorantin; but, as Martha had the art of making a thousand distortions, he found it more convenient and profitable to ramble about with her, than to stay at home and mind his trade. Going from town to town, therefore, and showing his daughter Martha, as a woman possessed by the devil, and needing the exorcism of the church, a prodigious multitude of people resorted to him. The cheat was found out at Orleans; and for that reason, in the year 1598, all the priests of the diocese were forbid to proceed to exorcisms, on pain of excommunication. Nor was the Bishop of Angers more easy to be imposed upon, but quickly detected the cheat: for, having invited Martha to dinner, he caused some holy water to be brought her instead of common water, and common water instead of holy water. Martha was caught: she was not at all affected when she drank the holy water, but made a great many distortions, when the common water was presented to her. Upon this the prelate called for the book of Exorcisms, and read the beginning of the Æneid. Martha was caught again: for, supposing those Latin verses of Virgil to be the beginning of the exorcism, she put herself into violent postures, as if she had been tormented by the devil. The bishop, convinced that she was an impostor, only reproved her father in private, and advised him to go back to Romorantin with his daughter. The knave did not care to do that; on the contrary, he carried her to Paris, as a more

proper theatre for her to act on, where he hoped to be supported by credulous and ill-affected people, and by those whom the edict of Nantz had lately exasperated against the king. He pitched upon St. Genevieve's church to act his farce in; and it succeeded mightily. The capuchins, who immediately took up the business, lost no time; but quickly exorcised the wicked spirit of Martha without any previous inquiry, though it is ordered by the church. The postures she made, while the exorcists performed their function, easily persuaded the common people that she was a real demoniac; and the thing was quickly noised all over the town. The bishop, willing to proceed orderly in the matter, appointed five of the most famous physicians in Paris to examine into it, who unanimously reported, "that the devil had no hand in the matter, but that there was a great deal of imposture, and some distemper in it."

Two days after, two of those physicians seemed to waver; and, before they answered the bishop, desired the three others might be sent for, and time granted them till the next day. On the 1st of April, 1599, the thing was to be tried; when father Seraphin, on the one side, renewed his exorcisms, and Martha, on the other, her convulsions. She rolled her eyes, lolled out her tongue, quaked all over her body; and when the father came to these words, *et homo factus est*, "and was made man," she fell down, and tossed herself about from the altar to the door of the chapel. Upon this, the exorcist cried out, that if any one persisted still in his incredulity, he need only to fight that devil, and try to conquer him, if he durst venture his life. Marescot, one of the five physicians, answered that he accepted the challenge; and immediately took Martha by the throat, and bid her stop. She obeyed, and alleged for an excuse, that the evil spirit had left her, which father Seraphin confirmed: but Marescot insisted, that he had frightened the devil away. People remained divided in their opinions of this

woman; and though these and other notorious proofs of imposture were produced, yet many believed her to be an actual demoniac. At length, there being reason to fear that some answers might be suggested to her, which might raise a sedition under pretence of the edict granted to the Protestants, Henry IV. was advised not to neglect the matter. He enjoined the parliament of Paris to use their authority; upon which the parliament ordered her to be confined. She was so for forty days; during which time they showed her to the best physicians, who asserted, that there was nothing supernatural in her case. In the mean time the preachers gave themselves a prodigious liberty; crying out, that the privileges of the church were encroached upon, and that such proceedings were suggested by the heretics. They were silenced, however, after much ado; and, on the 24th of May, 1599, James Brossier was ordered to be carried, with his daughter Martha, to Romorantin, and forbid to let her go abroad, without leave from the judge, on pain of corporal punishment. Notwithstanding that prohibition, the father and his daughter went, and under the sanction and protection of Alexander de la Rochefoucaud, abbot of St. Martins, into Auverne, and then to Avignon. The parliament of Paris summoned the abbot twice, and ordered at last that the revenues of his benefices should be seized for contempt of the court: nevertheless this crew proceeded in their journey, and went to Rome; thinking, says Thuanus, that Martha would act her part much better on that great stage, and find more credulous people in that place, which is the fountain of belief. The Bishop of Clermont, brother to the abbot, and afterwards a cardinal, was so much suspected of having suggested this foolish design to his brother, that he was likewise deprived of his ecclesiastical revenues. Henry IV. well informed of what was going forward, countermined them at Rome; so that the pope, who was forewarned, did nothing contrary to

the sentence given by the parliament of Paris against that pretended demoniac. Not long after the abbot fell sick, and died, it is said, of grief, for having undertaken so long a journey to make himself despised: and Martha and her father, being forsaken by every body, took sanctuary in the hospitals.

Mr. Bayle, after he had run over the principal circumstances of this affair, makes the following remarkable observation: "When I think," says he, "that the wretched daughter of a weaver, carried from town to town like a bear, and at last engrossed by two or three monks, who pretended she was a demoniac, made Henry IV. the parliament of Paris, and all honest Frenchmen very uneasy; when I think that such a creature gave occasion to fear that a large kingdom would fall again into a combustion, which was but just quenched; when I think that, upon the news of her going to Rome, the agents of the French court were directed to omit nothing with the pope, in order to ward off that blow: I say, when I consider all these things, I cannot but pity the fate of sovereigns, and their unavoidable dependance upon the clergy. Whether they be devout or not, they will always be obliged to have a regard for them, and to fear them. They are a true *imperium in imperio*. It is true, the kingdom of Jesus Christ is not of this world; he says so himself: but those who pretend to represent him are frequently masters of the kings of the earth, and will give or take away crowns;" as it is notorious that the pope and his agents have often done.

FOSTER POWELL.

This celebrated pedestrian was born in 1734, at Horseforth, near Leeds in Yorkshire. In 1762, he came to London and articled himself to an attorney in the Temple.

After the expiration of his clerkship he remained with his uncle, Mr. Powell, of the New Inn, and when he died, engaged himself with a Mr. Stokes, and after his decease with a Mr. Bingley, both of the same place.

Before his engagement with Stokes, he undertook, in the year 1764, not for any wager, to walk 50 miles on the Bath road in seven hours, which he accomplished in the time, having gone the first ten miles in one hour, although encumbered with a great coat and leather breeches.

He visited several parts of Switzerland and France, and gained much praise there for his pedestrianism; but in the year 1773, he walked from London to York and back again, a distance of 400 miles, in five days and eighteen hours: this was his first match for a wager.

In November, 1778, Powell attempted to run two miles in ten minutes for a wager; he started from Lea Bridge, and lost it only by half a minute.

In 1786, he undertook to walk 100 miles on the Bath road in 24 hours—50 miles out and 50 miles in—he completed this journey three quarters of an hour within the time agreed on.

In 1787, he undertook to walk from Canterbury to London-bridge and back again in 24 hours, the distance being 12 miles more than his former journey; this he accomplished to the great astonishment of thousands of anxious spectators, who were assembled to witness the completion of his task.

The following year, 1788, he engaged to go his favourite journey from London to York and back again in six days, which he executed in five days and 20 hours. After this he did not undertake any journey till the year 1790, when he set off to walk from London to York, and back again in six days, but which he accomplished in five days and 18 hours.

In 1792, he determined to repeat his journey to York

Engraved by R. Cooper.

FOSTER POWELL,

The Astonishing Pedestrian!

and back again, for the last time of his life, and convince the world he could do it in a shorter time than ever he had, though now at the advanced age of 58 years. Accordingly he set out from Shoreditch church to York Minster and back again; which he completed in five days, 15 hours, and one quarter. On his return he was saluted with the loud huzzas of the astonished and anxious spectators.

In the same year he walked, for a bet of twenty guineas, six miles in 55 minutes and a half on the Clapham-road. Shortly afterwards he went down to Brighthelmstone, and engaged to walk one mile and run another in fifteen minutes; he walked the mile in nine minutes and twenty seconds, and ran the other mile in five minutes and twenty-three seconds, by which he was seventeen seconds less than the time allowed him.

Previous to this he undertook a journey to Canterbury, but, by unfortunately mistaking the road from Blackheath to London, he unavoidably lost the wager; yet he gained more money by this accident than all the journeys he accomplished; for his friends, feeling for the great disappointment he experienced, made a subscription, and collected for him a good present.

Powell despised wealth, and notwithstanding his many opportunities of acquiring money, ten pounds was the largest sum he ever made, which was at the time of the before-mentioned subscription. He was always content with a little for himself, and happy in winning much for others. He seems to have considered his wonderful agility as a circumstance from which he derived great glory.

In person he was tall and thin, about five feet nine inches high, very strong downwards, well calculated for walking, and rather of a sallow complexion; in disposition he was mild and gentle, and possessed many valuable qualifications. In diet he was somewhat particular, as he preferred light food; he abstained from liquor, but on his journey made use of brandy; and

when travelling, the delay he met with at the inns, for he had particular hours for taking refreshment, often chagrined him. No wonder, indeed, if, on this account, he had often lost his wagers. He allowed himself but five hours rest, which took place from eleven o'clock at night.

In 1793, he was suddenly taken ill, and died on the 15th of April, at his apartments in New-inn, in rather indigent circumstances, for, notwithstanding his wonderful feats, and the means he had of attaining wealth, poverty was the constant companion of his travels through life, even to the hour of his death. The faculty attributed the cause of his sudden dissolution to the great exertions of his last journey to York, for being determined to complete it in less time than ever, he probably exceeded and forced his strength. In the afternoon of the 22d his remains were brought, according to his own request, to the burying ground of St. Faith, St. Paul's Church-yard. The funeral was characteristically a *walking* one, from New-inn through Fleet-street, and up Ludgate-hill. The followers were twenty, on foot, in black gowns, and after them came three mourning coaches. The attendants were all men of respectability, the ceremony was conducted with much decency, and a very great concourse of people attended. He was buried nearly under the only tree in the church-yard. His age, which was fifty-nine years, was inscribed on his coffin.

MARY EAST.

The subject of this article is among the numerous females that might be mentioned, who have, for a long series of years, sustained the characters, and devoted themselves to the occupations and pursuits of men,

We have seen them attaining the highest distinction in the republic of letters, intrusted with important diplomatic commissions, and arriving at deserved eminence in the military career. Their examples seem to prove that, with the same education, women might be enabled to acquit themselves with equal credit in the professions exclusively assigned to the other sex.

Mary East was born about the year 1715, and when very young was courted by a man for whom she conceived the strongest affection. This man, afterwards falling into bad courses, resolved to try his fortune on the highway; but it was not long before he was apprehended for a robbery, for which he was tried and condemned to die; the sentence, however, was changed to transportation. This circumstance, which happened about the year 1731, so deeply affected the mind of Mary East, that she determined ever after to remain single. In the neighbourhood of her residence lived another young woman, who, having likewise met with several disappointments in the tender passion, had formed a similar resolution. As they were intimate, they communicated their intentions to each other, and at length concluded to live together. Having consulted on the most prudent method of proceeding, it was proposed that one of them should put on man's apparel, and that they should live as man and wife, in some place where they were not known. The only difficulty now was, who should be the man, which was decided by lot in favour of Mary East, who was then about sixteen years of age, and her partner seventeen. The sum of money they possessed between them was about thirty pounds, with which they set out; and Mary, after purchasing a man's habit, assumed the name of James How, by which we shall be obliged, for a while, to distinguish her. In their progress they chanced to stop at a small public house at Epping, which was to be let; this house they took, and lived in it for some time.

About this period a quarrel, of the cause of which we are not informed, took place between James How and a young gentleman, against whom James, however, entered an action, and obtained a verdict for five hundred pounds damages. With this sum our couple sought a place in a better situation, and took a very good public house in Limehouse-hole, where they lived many years as man and wife, in good credit and esteem; and, by their industry and frugality, contrived to save a considerable sum of money. Leaving the last-mentioned situation, they removed to the White Horse at Poplar, which, as well as several other houses, they afterwards purchased.

In this manner they had lived about eighteen years, when a woman who was acquainted with Mary East in her youth, and was in the secret of her metamorphosis, knowing in what creditable circumstances she now lived, thought this a favourable opportunity to turn her knowledge to her own advantage. She accordingly sent to Mr. How for ten pounds, at the same time intimating that, in case of a refusal, she would disclose all she knew concerning the affair. Fearful of her executing this threat, James, in compliance with her demand, sent her the money.

For a considerable time they remained free from any farther demands of a similar nature. How, with her supposed wife, continued to live in good credit till the year 1764; she had served all the parish offices in Poplar, excepting that of a constable and churchwarden, from the former of which she was excused by a lameness in her hand, occasioned by the quarrel above-mentioned, and the functions of the latter she was to have performed the following year. She had been several times foreman of juries, though her effeminacy was frequently remarked. At length, about Christmas, 1764, the woman who had practised the former piece of extortion, resolved again to have recourse to the same ex-

pedient, and with the like menaces obtained ten pounds more. Flushed with her success, and emboldened to prosecute her system of depredation, a fortnight had not elapsed before she repeated her demand for the same sum, which James happened not to have in the house; but, still fearing a discovery, sent her back five pounds.

About this time the supposed wife of James How was taken ill and died, and the woman now formed a plan to increase her depredations. For this purpose she procured two fellows to assist her in its execution: one of these, a mulatto, passed for a police officer, and the other was equipped with a pocket staff, as a constable. In these characters they repaired to the White Horse, and inquired for Mr. How, who answered to the name. They informed her that they were come from Justice Fielding, to apprehend her for a robbery, committed thirty years before, and that they were acquainted with the secret of her sex. She was terrified to the highest degree on account of the discovery, but conscious of her innocence with regard to the robbery; and an intimate acquaintance, Mr. Williams a pawnbroker, happening to pass by, she called him in, and acquainted him with the business of the two men, adding that she was really a woman, but was innocent of the crime with which she was charged. Mr. Williams, as soon as he had recovered from the surprise occasioned by this disclosure, told her she should not be carried before Sir John Fielding, but before her own bench of justices, adding, that he would just step home, and return in a few minutes to accompany her. On his departure, the ruffians renewed their threats, but at the same time told her, if she would give them one hundred pounds, they would cause her no farther trouble, if not, she should be hanged in six days, and they should receive forty pounds a-piece for bringing her to justice. Notwithstanding their menaces, she firmly resisted their demand,

waiting with the utmost impatience for the return of Mr. Williams. Persisting in her refusal, they at length forced her out of the house, carried her through the fields, and conveyed her to Garlick-hill, to the house of their employer; where, with threats, they obliged her to give a draft at a short date on Mr. Williams. She was then set at liberty. When Williams came back, he was surprised to find her gone, and immediately set off to the bench of justices to see if she was there; not finding her, he immediately went to Sir John Fielding, not succeeding there he went home, when James soon after returned, and related what had happened.

It was now the month of July, 1763. On Monday the 14th, the woman in whose favour the draft was given, went to Mr. Williams with it to inquire if he would pay it, as it would be due the following Wednesday; he replied, that if she would bring it when due he should know better what to say. In the mean time he applied to the bench of justices for advice, and on the Wednesday a constable was sent, with orders to be in readiness in his house. The woman punctually attended with the draft, bringing the mulatto with her; they were both immediately taken into custody, and carried before the justices, sitting at the angel, in Whitechapel, whither Mr. Williams repaired, attended by Mary East, in the proper habit of her sex. The awkwardness of her behaviour, occasioned by the alteration of her dress, was such as to afford considerable diversion.

In the course of the examination the woman denied having sent for the sum of one hundred pounds, which the men had demanded, but the mulatto declared that if she had not sent him on such an errand, he should never have gone. By their numerous contradictions they completely unfolded the villany of their designs; and the strongest proof being adduced of the extortion and assault, they were both committed to Clerkenwell till the

sessions, to be tried for the offence. The other man, who was engaged in this nefarious transaction, would have been included in their punishment, had he not, by flight, evaded the arm of justice.

It should have been observed, that before the supposed wife of James How died, finding herself indisposed, she went to her brother's in Essex, for the benefit of the air, and after some stay, perceiving that she was near her end, she sent for her supposed husband to come down to her. As How neglected to comply with her request, she informed her brother that the person with whom she had cohabited was not her husband, but a woman; that they were partners in the business, by which they had acquired between three and four thousand pounds, part of which had been laid out in the purchase of Bank Stock. As soon as the supposed wife was dead and buried, her relations set out for Poplar to claim her share of the property, which was accordingly delivered to them by Mary East.

It is remarkable, that during the thirty-four years in which they lived together, neither the husband nor the wife was ever observed to dress a joint of meat, nor had they ever any meetings, or the like, at their house. They never kept any maid or boy, but the husband, Mary East, used always to draw beer, serve, fetch, and carry out the pots, so extremely solicitous were they that their secret might not be discovered.

After she had disposed of her house, and settled her affairs, Mary East retired into another part of Poplar, to enjoy, with quiet and pleasure, that property she had acquired by fair and honest means, and with an unblemished character. She died in January, 1781, aged sixty-four years, and left her fortune to a friend in the country, and a young woman who lived with her during her retirement as a servant, except 10*l.* a year to the poor of Poplar, 50*l.* to a working gardener, and her gold watch to Mr. Curry, an eminent distiller at Poplar.

LOUISA,

THE LADY OF THE HAY-STACK.

ASSUMING as a fact, that the origin of this daughter of misery was such as is rendered extremely probable by the circumstances detailed in the following pages, her melancholy history holds out an awful and important lesson to all those whose hearts are not dead to the tender feelings of natural affection. It may operate on the one hand as a warning to the giddy and the gay, against the indulgence of unhallowed love, or at least it should induce them to make a suitable provision, while they are able, for the innocent fruits of illicit passion. It is impossible to foresee the afflictions that Providence may have mingled in the cup of any individual, and it is consequently out of the power of man to provide against them: but it is the sacred duty of every parent to smooth, as far as he is capable, the path of life to his offspring, whether legitimate or otherwise, and to neglect nothing which may contribute to render them useful and respectable members of society. We now proceed to the truly remarkable history of the unfortunate Louisa.

In the year 1776, a young woman stopped at the village of Bourton, near Bristol, and begged the refreshment of a little milk. In her whole appearance there was something that irresistibly engaged the attention of every one who beheld her. She was young and beautiful, and to a countenance highly interesting, she added graceful and elegant manners. She was alone, a stranger, and in extreme distress, yet she uttered no complaint, and used no arts to excite compassion. Her whole deportment exhibited visible signs of superior breeding; but a certain wildness and want of consistency marked all her words and actions. As she could not be induced to make known even her name, she was distinguished by that of Louisa.

All day she wandered about in search of a place to lay her wretched head, and at night took up her lodging under a hay-stack. In vain the neighbouring ladies remonstrated with her on the danger of such an exposed situation. Their bounty supplied her with the necessaries of life, but neither threats nor entreaties could prevail upon her to sleep in a house. As she at times discovered symptoms of insanity, she was conveyed to Bristol, and confined in St. Peter's hospital, in that city. When she was released, with all the speed her small remains of strength allowed, she hastened to her favourite hay-stack, though six miles distant from the place of her confinement. Her rapture was inexpressible on finding herself again at liberty, and once more safe beneath this miserable shelter.

Four years this forlorn creature devoted herself to this desolate life, without knowing the comfort of a bed, or the protection of a roof. Hardship, sickness, cold, and misery, gradually impaired her health, and injured her beauty; but still she was an interesting figure, and had an uncommon sweetness in her air and manner. She was above the vanity so common to her sex; for she would neither wear nor accept of any finery or ornaments, but hung them on the bushes as unworthy of her attention. Her way of life was the most harmless and inoffensive; every fine morning she walked about the village, conversed with the poor children, made them presents of such things as were given her, and received others in return, but would take no food except milk, tea, and the most simple diet.

No means were left untried by the neighbouring ladies to prevail on her to live in a house, but her constant reply was, "that trouble and misery dwelt in houses, and that there was no happiness but in liberty and fresh air." From a certain peculiarity of expression, and a slight foreign tincture in her pronunciation, and in the construction of some sentences, it was conjectured that

she was not a native of England; and various attempts were made, but in vain, to draw from her some knowledge of her origin. A gentleman who went to see her, addressed her in the languages of the continent, at which she appeared uneasy, restless and embarrassed; but when he spoke in German, her emotion was too great to be suppressed; she turned from him and burst into tears.

At length, but not without great reluctance on her part, the unfortunate Louisa was removed to the village of Bitton, in Gloucestershire. Here she was placed under the care of Mr. Henderson, the keeper of a private mad-house, and supported by a subscription under the management of the benevolent Miss Hannah More, and her sisters. By the attentions of a skilful physician, her health improved, but her intellects became more and more impaired; and she displayed more of idiotism than lunacy in her manners and behaviour.

As it had been concluded, from her accent, that she was of German origin, all the particulars that could be collected concerning her were translated into that language, and transmitted to the newspapers of Vienna, and of other large cities in Germany, in the hope that they might lead to some discovery. The narrative was likewise published in most of the great towns of France.

These precautions, however, reflected no certain light on the history of poor Louisa: but in the year 1785, a pamphlet, without either name or place, appeared in the French language, under the title of "The Stranger, a true history." It was supposed to have been originally published in some part of the Austrian dominions. By way of introduction, the author gives an affecting recital of the sufferings of the poor female stranger, in the neighbourhood of Bristol, translated from the account published in the English newspapers, leaving it to the public to determine, whether the unhappy Louisa

and the subject of his narrative, were or were not one and the same person. The same question we shall leave to the decision of our readers, after they have made themselves acquainted with the circumstances of this extraordinary history, which we shall now present them.

In the summer of the year 1768, Count Cobenzel, the Austrian minister at Brussels, received a letter from a lady at Bourdeaux; in which the writer requested him not to think it strange, if his friendship and advice were eagerly sought, adding, that "the universal respect which his talents and his interest at court commanded, induced her to address herself to him; that he should soon know who it was that had presumed to solicit his good offices; and that he would perhaps not repent of having attended to her." This letter was written in very indifferent French, and signed La Frülen. The count was requested to return an answer to Mademoiselle La Frülen, at Bourdeaux.

Not long afterwards, he received a letter from Prague, signed Count J. von Weissendorf, in which he was entreated to give the best advice in his power to Mademoiselle La Frülen, to interest himself warmly in her behalf, to write to Bourdeaux in her favour, and even to advance her money to the amount of a thousand ducats if she wanted it. The letter concluded thus: "when you shall know, sir, who this stranger is, you will be delighted to think you have served her, and grateful to those who have given you an opportunity of doing it."

In his reply to the lady, the count assured her that he was highly sensible of her good opinion; that he should be proud of assisting her with his advice, and of serving her to the utmost of his power, but that it was absolutely necessary he should, in the first instance, be informed of her real name.

After this, the count received a letter from Vienna,

signed Count Dietrichstein, in which he was likewise requested to pay every possible attention to Mademoiselle La Frülen, and in particular to recommend to her the practice of frugality. This, as well as the letter from Prague, was answered by the count, but no notice was taken of the reply to either.

In the mean time, his correspondence with the young lady at Bourdeaux continued. Towards the end of the year, Madame l'Englumé, the wife of a tradesman of Bourdeaux, went on business to Brussels, and that business having introduced her to Count Cobenzel, she spoke to him in terms of the highest praise of his young unknown correspondent. She extolled her beauty, her elegance, and above all, that prudence and propriety of conduct, which did so much honour to a person left at such a tender age, at her own disposal. She added, that the young lady had a house of her own; that she was generous, expensive, and even magnificent; that she had been three years at Bourdeaux; that the distinguished attention with which she was treated by the Marshal de Richelieu, the great resemblance of her features to those of the late emperor Francis, and the entire ignorance of the world concerning her birth, had given occasion to strange conjectures; and that though the young lady had often been questioned concerning her family, she persisted in observing the most scrupulous silence on that subject.

In one of her letters to Count Cobenzel, Mademoiselle La Frülen declared her readiness to inform him of every particular concerning herself; but as the secret was too important to be trusted to chance, she intended to visit the Austrian Netherlands, and acquaint him with her history. She meanwhile sent him her picture, which she desired him attentively to examine, as it might lead him to some conjectures concerning what she had to relate. The count saw in it nothing more than the features of a lovely woman, but Prince Charles

of Lorraine thought the portrait bore a strong resemblance to the late emperor, his brother.

Count Cobenzel continued to answer her letters in a polite, and even an affectionate manner, but was particularly guarded in his expressions. On one occasion she informed him, that she would send him two more pictures, with one of which she requested him to compare her own. Soon afterwards, he received the portraits of the emperor and empress; the former of which was known by Prince Charles to have been painted by Liotard.

In the month of December, the count received an extraordinary letter, dated "Vienna—From my bed, two in the morning;" in which he was highly commended for the good advice he had given the young stranger, and requested to continue his attentions. He was likewise desired to inculcate economy, and particularly admonished of the importance of the secret. This letter was without signature.

In the beginning of the year 1769, Count Cobenzel received dispatches from Vienna, containing several extraordinary circumstances relative to the stranger. The court of Vienna had applied to that of Versailles to apprehend Mademoiselle la Frülen, and to send her to Brussels to be examined by Count Cobenzel, and the first president M. de Neny. At the same time Prince Charles received a letter from the empress, enjoining him to be careful that the prisoner should not escape, and concluding with these words:—"This wretch wishes to pass for the daughter of our late royal master. If there was the least probability in the story, I would love her, and treat her like one of my own children; but I am convinced she is an impostor. I wish every possible effort to be made to prevent this unhappy creature from profaning any longer the dear and venerable name of our departed lord." Her majesty recommended the strictest secrecy, adding, that the adventure had already

made too much noise, and that all Europe would soon ring of it.

The manner in which the affair had come to the knowledge of the court of Vienna was as follows. While Joseph II. was on his travels in Italy, the King of Spain received a letter purporting to have been written by his imperial majesty, informing him, in confidence, that his father had left a natural daughter, whose history was known only to his sister, the Archduchess Marianne, himself, and a few intimate friends; that she had been most earnestly recommended to him by his father, and resided at Bourdeaux. The king was entreated to send for her, to place her with some lady of rank at Madrid or in a convent, where she might be treated with the respect due to her birth, till some plan should be adopted for the future happiness of her life. This mark of friendship he requested of his catholic majesty, because he himself durst not undertake the office, lest the affair should come to the ears of his mother, the empress, whom he wished to remain in perpetual ignorance of the story. The King of Spain thought this letter so extraordinary, that he transmitted it to the emperor, requesting some explanation. Joseph, who had not written it, and was totally ignorant of the affair, sent it to his mother, who made immediate inquiries concerning the stranger, and dispatched a messenger to Bourdeaux to seize her. She was arrested in her own house in August, 1769, by M. de Ferand, lieutenant of the *marechaussée* of the province.

Fear and distress greatly impaired La Frülen's beauty. Continual spasms, attended with a spitting of blood, obliged her to travel very slowly. Just before she quitted the French dominions, a stranger, in the habit of a courier, put a note into her hand at the coach window, and retired with the utmost precipitation. She begged the officer by whom she was accompanied to read the note, which contained only these words: "My dear

girl, every thing has been done to save you: keep up your spirits, and do not despair." She afterwards declared, that she neither knew the courier, nor the handwriting.

On her arrival at Brussels, she was immediately taken to Count Cobenzel's hotel. Her person was sufficient to interest the hardest heart in her favour. She was tall and of an elegant figure, her air was simple and majestic; her complexion fair; her arms were delicately turned; her hair was brown, and calculated to display the embellishments of art to the greatest advantage. She had a freshness of colour, which art cannot imitate, fine dark eyes, and a look that expressed every emotion of her soul. She spoke French with a German accent, and appeared much confused, but betrayed no particular symptoms of female weakness.

Her alarm was soon dissipated by that confidence which the count well knew how to inspire. In her letters she had always called him father, and still continued to address him by the same endearing name. He told her to make herself perfectly easy, as she should experience the kindest treatment, if she would strictly adhere to the truth. All her distress appeared to arise from the circumstance of the debts she had contracted at Bourdeaux, which she considered as the sole cause of her being apprehended. She expressed no concern at being a prisoner, and only asked the count whether she might not remain at his house. This he frankly told her was impossible, at the same time, assuring her, that she should be treated with the highest respect, in an apartment he had prepared for her at the fortress of Montorel, where she should be supplied with every thing she wanted. He promised to wait on her the next day; on which she took her leave, and was conducted to the fort by Major de Camerlang, and M. de Neny provided for her a female attendant.

The next day the count found her in good spirits; she

seemed delighted with her apartment, and the treatment of those about her. The count offered her the use of any books from his library. She thanked him, but said, she never had a moment that hung heavy on her hands, so much was her time taken up with visionary projects for her future life. The fact was, she could neither read nor write, as M. de Camerlang taught her to sign her name while she was in confinement.

The following day her examination commenced.—Count Cobenzel and M. de Neny repaired to the fort, and the latter, who had not before seen the prisoner, was extremely struck with her resemblance to the late emperor. They asked were she was born. She answered, that she knew not, but had been told the place where she had been brought up was called Bohemia. She was asked if that place was a town, and what was the earliest circumstance of her life that she could recollect. She said the place where she was brought up was a small sequestered house in the country, with neither a town or a village near it, and that before she inhabited this house, she had no recollection of any thing that had happened to her. In infancy she had been under the care of two women, one about fifty years old, the other about thirty: the former she called mamma, and the latter Catharine. She slept in the apartment of the first, and both treated her with great kindness and affection. An ecclesiastic came from time to time to say mass in an apartment of the house, and to teach her the catechism: and the person whom she called mamma had begun to instruct her in reading and writing; but no sooner did the priest know of this, than he opposed it, and she was taught no more. He, however, always treated her with very great respect.

She said that about a year afterwards a handsome man in a hunting suit, accompanied by a gentleman dressed in the same manner, came to the house where she lived. She was called, the stranger placed her on his knee,

caressed her, and exhorted her to be good and obedient. She supposed that this person had seen her before, as she recollected that he thought her grown taller and altered, but she did not remember to have ever seen him at any former time. In about a year and a half he returned, with the same attendant, and in the same kind of dress. At this second interview the features of her unknown visitor made such an impression on her mind, that, had she never seen him more, she should not have forgotten them. He was of the middling stature, rather corpulent, had an open countenance, a ruddy complexion, dark beard, and a small white spot on one of his temples. She observed that M. de Neny bore a distant resemblance to this person, particularly in the lower part of his face. At this second visit, she remarked something red about the stranger's neck, under his riding coat; she inquired what it was; he replied, "that it was a mark of distinction worn by officers." Ignorant in every particular, she inquired what he meant by officers. He answered, "They are men of honour, gallantry and spirit, whom you must love, because you are yourself the daughter of an officer." She added, that at this visit she felt a strong attachment to the stranger, and when he took leave, she burst into tears, at which he appeared much affected, and promised to return soon.

It was not, however, till two years afterwards that he returned, and when she reproached him for his long absence, he told her, that at the time he had fixed for coming to see her, he was very ill in consequence of over-heating himself in the chace. Prince Charles recollected, that, at a time corresponding with that above-mentioned, the emperor was actually taken ill on his return from hunting.

At the third interview, the stranger desired to be left alone with her. When he informed her of his illness, she shed tears. He was himself moved, and inquired why she wept; on which she replied, "Because I love

you." He declared he likewise loved her, that he would take care of her, make her rich and happy, and give her a palace, money, and attendants, who should wear yellow and blue liveries. He afterwards asked her if she should not like to see the queen, adding, "You would love her much if you knew her, but that, for her peace of mind, you must never do." He then presented her with the two pictures she had sent from Bourdeaux to Count Cobenzel. She told the stranger, that one was his own picture, which he allowed, and bade her keep it as long as she lived, as well as that of the empress, and a third picture, which he afterwards gave her, of a female whose features were partly concealed by a veil. This he informed her was her own mother. The pictures were in a blue silk purse, which contained a great quantity of ducats. On quitting her, the stranger assured her that she should soon be happy, and all her wishes should be gratified; but she must promise him never to marry, and always keep that vow in her remembrance. He then took leave of her with the utmost tenderness, and she was herself extremely affected.

She related that, in the interval between the first and second visit of this stranger, a lady, accompanied by two men, came one day to see her. She was dressed with great simplicity, was of middling stature, fair, of a pleasing countenance, and rather inclining to corpulence. This lady looked at her very earnestly, and began to weep: she asked her several indifferent questions, and then kissing her twice or three times, said, "My child, you are indeed unfortunate!" Her emotion was so great, that she called for a glass of water to keep herself from fainting; and after drinking it, immediately departed. She could not positively say whether the picture the stranger gave her at his last visit, bore any resemblance to this lady or not.

When the examination had proceeded thus far, it was found that the young prisoner began to prevaricate about

the circumstances of her history. Yet, even after this was discovered, she persisted in solemnly declaring, that her narrative of the events, previous to her quitting the house in which she was educated, was faithful in every particular; and though questions were put to her in every possible form, she always repeated the above facts with the same circumstances and the same simplicity.

She then related the story of her departure from the place of her education, to the following effect:—Soon after the stranger's last visit, the ecclesiastic who had attended her from her infancy, came to inform her that her protector was no more, and that before he expired, he had ordered her to be conducted to some convent in France, adding, that she must set out on her journey in a few days. A week afterwards he returned in a post-chaise, into which he handed her and Catharine, and then got into it again himself. She wept much at parting with the woman she called mamma; not entirely on account of the pain she felt at the separation, but likewise because she was terribly afraid of the convent; for the inquiries she had made in the week preceding her departure had given her the most frightful ideas of the life to which she thought herself condemned. She could not tell what towns she passed through; but, on her arrival at Hamburgh, the priest dismissed her attendant, and made her embark on board a vessel freighted for Bourdeaux. The moment she took ship, a man, apparently about fifty years old, offered her his services, and said that he would take care of her during the voyage. On their arrival at Bourdeaux, this man took her to the house of a German merchant; his wife placed her with Madame Guillaumot with whom she had lived during the whole of her residence at Bourdeaux. A fortnight after her removal to that lady's house, a letter was brought to her, addressed to Mademoiselle Felicia Juliana de Schönau, which name the priest, on her leaving Bohemia, told

her she was in future to consider as her own. This letter Madame G. read to her by her desire. It contained directions for her conduct, and assurances that she should be amply supplied with money; she was advised to remain with Madame Guillaumot, and to persuade her to dismiss all her other boarders, and to devote her whole attention to her alone. This letter had neither date nor signature, and enjoined her to forbear making too curious inquiries. Some days afterwards, a gentleman called upon her, and without any preface, put into her hand a purse of a thousand louis-d'ors, which, he said, he was directed to advance her for the purchase of furniture. She asked whence the money came, on which he begged her to make herself easy, and not to be inquisitive. She now took a house, and furnished it; Madame Guillaumot went with her as her companion, and she lived at Bourdeaux among the people of the first consequence, till the day of her confinement.

The manner in which she related the circumstances of her embarkation at Hamburgh appearing improbable, Count Cobenzel told her, it was evident her story was untrue. He bade her to remember what he had before told her, that the only way to obtain the favour and protection of the empress, was to be ingenuous and sincere. On this condition alone, he had offered her his best services, but having deceived him, he would now abandon her to the consequences of her imposture. She was much confused, and the count having risen as if to depart, she held him by his clothes, threw herself at his feet, and, with many tears, said she had much to relate, but could not proceed in the presence of M. de Neny's secretary. When that gentleman had withdrawn, she again fell on her knees, and entreated the count to take compassion on her, confessed that she had deceived him in the account of her embarkation at Hamburgh, but called Heaven to witness, that all she had said concern-

ing her residence in Bohemia, was true to the minutest circumstance. She then told anew the story of her departure, in the following manner:—

When the priest came to take her from her house in Bohemia, he said he was going to conduct her to a convent in France. The little which she had heard from Catharine and her mamma, taught her to consider a convent as a frightful prison from which there was no escape; with such force did this idea operate on her mind, that she formed the design of delivering herself by flight from this captivity. No opportunity for executing this plan occurred, till her arrival at Hamburgh, where her alarm was so much increased by the sight of the sea and the ships, that the night preceding the day fixed for her departure, she rose from Catharine's side as she slept, made a small parcel of some linen, took the blue purse with the three pictures, and one hundred ducats given her by the stranger, and at day-break, left the city. She walked a long time, till, exhausted with fatigue, she took refuge in the barn of a farmer, and fell asleep. Here she was discovered by the owner, who, struck with her youth and figure, civilly offered her the use of his best bed, and a small room, which she accepted.

Her fears not suffering her to continue so near Hamburgh, she quitted her host, who refused to accept any remuneration for his kindness. Mounting a wretched carriage, she then took the road towards Sweden, but, the third day of her journey, she fell from the vehicle, and received such a dangerous wound in her head, that it was found necessary to take her to a neighbouring inn, and to procure the assistance of a surgeon. A Dutch family happened to stop at this inn on their way to Pomerania and Sweden. These people defrayed the expenses of her cure, and permitted her to join their party. She mentioned their names and likewise that of a Lutheran clergyman, who was with them, and who,

when this narrative made its appearance, was tutor to the children of a merchant at Hamburgh. Proceeding to Stockholm, she quitted her fellow-travellers, and took a lodging at the house of a German woman, whose husband held a small post under the government. Fortunately, this woman was a person of great integrity, and conceived the strongest attachment for her. During Mademoiselle la Frülen's residence here, she was one day informed by her hair-dresser, that the Count Belgioioso, the imperial ambassador at Stockholm, was making strict inquiries after a young lady who had eloped from Hamburgh. La Frülen, who began to form some idea of the consequences of her flight, and was more terrified by the apprehensions of poverty than the thoughts of a convent, declared that she was the person, and permitted her informant to make this discovery to the ambassador. The following day she received a note from the count, inviting her to his house. This note was read to her by a girl who attended on her, named Sophia, and she hesitated not a moment to comply with the count's invitation. He received her with great respect, inquired the circumstances of her departure from Hamburgh, and, conceiving from her replies that she must be the person of whom he was in search, he told her that he was instructed to take the greatest care of her, and would call upon her to see whether she was in convenient lodgings. He offered her money, which she accepted, for the blue purse was empty; and visited her the next day, when he told her that he would procure her more commodious apartments near his own house. Two days afterwards she took possession of these apartments, which were in the house of a tradesman. Sophia continued with her, and the count sent a lackey, and furnished her with provisions from his own table. Not long after this, she removed, by his desire, to his own house, having, as he informed her, been still more strongly recommended to his protection.

She farther said, that while she was at the house of the Count Belgioioso, she was so affected at the sight of a picture resembling the stranger, whom she had seen in Bohemia, that she instantly swooned. (This circumstance was confirmed in a letter by the count, who likewise mentioned, that it was the picture of the Emperor Francis.) She was with difficulty brought to herself, when a violent fever succeeded, and nearly proved fatal. Her illness lasted six weeks, during which she grew taller, and was so much altered, that she appeared to be thirty years old, though she could not have been more than sixteen.

About the time of her elopement from Hamburgh, the daughter of a merchant of that city had gone off with a young Englishman. This adventure, coming to the ears of Count Belgioioso, excited suspicions in his mind of the truth of her story, and led him to believe that she might be the merchant's daughter, and not the young lady who had been so earnestly recommended to his care. Accordingly, on her recovery, he told her he had received advice from Hamburgh, that she had quitted that city in the company of a young Englishman. She most solemnly denied the charge, but the count persisted in his accusation, till, being wearied out with constant persecution on the subject, she confessed herself guilty of what she knew to be falsely laid to her charge. The consequence of this imprudence was such as might naturally be expected. The count told her he was mistaken as to her person, and advised her to return to Hamburgh. He gave her twenty-five louis-d'ors, to defray the expenses of her journey, and intrusted her to the care of a merchant, who was returning to that city. On her arrival at Hamburgh, she anxiously inquired after the persons whom she had so abruptly quitted, and walked every day on the quay, and in the most frequented part of the town. In one of these walks, a man, who appeared to be about fifty years old, and had

followed her at a distance for several days, at length accosted her, and proposed to her to go to Bourdeaux. She consented the more readily, as this was the place for which the priest had wished her to embark, and she conceived that by following the plan originally laid down for her, she should the more easily meet with those who interested themselves in her fate. The man embarked with her, and attended her during the voyage, in the manner she had at first related. The prisoner always persisted in declaring, that every circumstance she had mentioned, concerning her arrival and residence at Bourdeaux, was strictly true.

She then continued her history as follows;—Soon after she had taken a house of her own, to which she was accompanied by Madame Guillaumot, she received an anonymous letter, in which she was directed to go to the Duke de Richelieu, and ask that protection of which she stood so much in need. This the writer pressed her the more earnestly to do, as the duke was already acquainted with her history. She accordingly repaired to that nobleman, who informed her that he had received a letter from the Princess of Auersberg, recommending Mademoiselle de Schönau, in the strongest terms, to his protection. He made her a thousand offers of service, and, according to his custom, said more than a virtuous female ought to hear. She burst into tears, and on her knees implored his compassion; when the duke, on his part, apologized for his imprudence.

A few days afterwards he called upon her, and earnestly recommended her to learn the French language. He paid her several other visits, and always treated her with the highest respect. She was a constant guest at all his entertainments, and when questioned concerning her, he invariably replied, "She is a lady of great distinction."

During her residence at Bourdeaux, she had two very advantageous offers of marriage, one of which was from

the nephew of M. de Ferrand, a counsellor of the parliament of Bourdeaux; but she refused both, conceiving herself bound to perpetual celibacy by the promise she had made to the stranger in Bohemia. As to her pecuniary circumstances, it has already been observed, that a person unknown presented her with a purse containing a thousand louis-d'ors. Through the same channel she at different times received about one hundred and fifty thousand livres (6250*l.* sterling) without being able to discover to whom she was indebted for this munificent allowance. These circumstances corroborated her supposition, that she belonged to a very wealthy family, and she spent the money as fast as she received it. Her remittances suddenly stopped, and as she made no alteration in her style of living, she soon contracted debts to the amount of sixty thousand livres, which remained unpaid at the time of her being arrested.

In the distress to which the threats of her creditors reduced her, she took the resolution of fabricating several letters, which, when read at her examination, she acknowledged to have been dictated by herself. These were, the letter to Count Cobenzel, dated "Vienna—from my bed—two in the morning;" that signed Count J. de Weissendorff; another to the emperor, directed to him at Florence; another to the Bavarian minister at Paris, and lastly the letter to the king of Spain, which had led to her apprehension. Though she frankly confessed that she had sent all these letters, she at the same time declared her perfect ignorance of that signed "Count Dietrichstein," and of several others which the Counts Cobenzel and Neny had received concerning her.

Such was her simplicity, that it was impossible to make her sensible how highly criminal she had been, in procuring letters to be forged on a subject of such importance. Nay, she even persisted in declaring that she thought she had acted right, and defended her conduct on the following grounds. The extraordinary manner

in which she had been brought up, the conjectures she had formed concerning her parentage, the portraits which gave such weight to those conjectures, and the considerable sums that had been remitted to her, naturally tended to excite and confirm the suspicion, that she actually was the emperor's daughter. This suspicion she had never communicated to any person; but finding herself all at once entirely forsaken, she concluded that the person who had been commissioned to furnish her with money was dead, and that her supplies ceased only because her residence was not known, as he alone might probably have been acquainted with the place of her abode. As she, however, conjectured that her father might have intrusted more than one person with the secret of her birth, she hoped that by writing to all the most illustrious servants of the house of Austria, she should meet with some one acquainted with her history, by whom she might be placed in the situation originally designed for her by her father. These letters she did not write in her own name, being unwilling to expose herself to the troublesome curiosity of those, who, not being in the secret, would immediately make inquiries concerning her birth. She concluded that if only one of these letters should fall into the hands of any person acquainted with her history, that person would know more particulars of her life than she possibly could; but in the mean time, as her suspicions were unsupported by positive proof, all she could say would not prevent her being considered an impostor. She added, that a strong argument of her conscious innocence, and of her firm persuasion that she was the emperor's daughter, might be drawn from the circumstance of her having pointed out the place of her abode in all her letters; that all of them tended to put her in the power of the court of Vienna, which alone was interested in punishing any deception. She declared that she had never consulted any person concerning the steps she had taken, and particu-

larly denied having sent the letter to the Duke de Richelieu, signed "The Princess of Auersberg."

It should be observed, that immediately on the receipt of this letter, the duke returned an answer to the princess, stating, "that in consequence of her recommendation, he would treat Mademoiselle de Schönau with all possible respect, and would render her every service in his power." M. de Chatelet, the French ambassador at Vienna, delivered this letter to the princess, by whom it was not answered. Had she not written to the duke, it is natural to suppose that she would have immediately replied, she knew no such person as Mademoiselle de Schönau. Hence it may be justly concluded, that the princess did write the letter of recommendation, and was consequently acquainted with the mystery of the stranger's birth. The presumption is confirmed by the subsequent conduct of the empress, who expressly enjoined her ministers to ask the Princess of Auersberg no questions whatever on the subject.

The information given by the prisoner in the course of her examinations, concerning the late Duke of York, is likewise of considerable importance. On his arrival at Bourdeaux, his royal highness sent to inform Mademoiselle de Schönau, that he had something of great consequence to communicate to her, requesting her to appoint some time when he might see her without the knowledge of any other person. She replied, that as he wished for secrecy, she thought the most suitable hour would be at six in the morning, after a ball that was to be given by the Duke de Richelieu. His royal highness came at the appointed time, and told her that the object of his visit was to inquire the amount of her debts, as he was commanded by a lady of distinction to give her a sum of money. She acknowledged that her creditors importuned her greatly for sixty thousand livres. He desired her to make herself easy, and the same day sent her seven hundred louis-d'ors; informing

her that he would soon furnish her with a sum sufficient to discharge all her debts. The next day the duke left Bourdeaux.

Soon after this she fell sick: one morning, while her secretary, M. St. Ger, was by her bed-side, a letter was brought from the Duke of York, dated "Monaco." St. Ger began to read as follows—"I was about to send you the remainder of the money; but after I had left your house, I received a letter which strictly enjoined me to give you only a part. I have written to the Princess of Au——," here she snatched the letter from the hand of her secretary, and would not suffer him to proceed. Being asked the reason of her conduct on this occasion, and who was the princess mentioned in the letter, she replied, it was the Princess of Auersberg, that she herself did not know her, but the Duke of York had told her that the princess interested herself greatly in her behalf, and was acquainted with the secret of her birth. When she heard the first syllable of her name, she was apprehensive lest there might be something in the remainder of the letter more immediately concerning the princess, or lest it might betray her own story, with which she wished St. Ger to remain unacquainted.

She then took from her pocket the Duke of York's letter, which M. de Neny read aloud. The remainder was as follows: "I have written to the Princess of Auersberg, and have requested permission, at leas to remit you the sum you want, to relieve you from the importunities of your creditors, but—" Here the letter abruptly terminated. A few days after she received it she was informed of the duke's death. She sent to the persons appointed to examine his papers, requesting that her picture and her letters might be returned. One letter only was found; it was transmitted to her, together with the picture, and a portrait, which she afterwards presented to M. de Camerlang.

Such was the substance of the information obtained

in the twenty-four sittings occupied by the examination. The Counts Cobenzel and Neny now seriously considered what steps were to be taken, and they agreed that it would be most prudent to place the unfortunate girl in a convent, till time should throw some light on this mysterious affair. This opinion they were about to transmit to Vienna, when Count Neny received a letter from his father, who was private secretary to the empress, stating, that from the particulars of the examination, her imperial majesty had formed a very disadvantageous idea of the stranger, and was determined to treat her with the utmost severity.

Soon after this, Count Cobenzel was attacked by an illness which proved fatal. The day before his death, after he had received the sacrament, he told a friend, who had been made acquainted with all the circumstances relating to the stranger, that he had just received dispatches from Vienna, charging him to acquaint the court with the prisoner's whole history, by no means to dismiss her, and not to take any step without fresh orders. He alluded to a letter he had received from Prince Kaunitz, which after he had read he immediately burned, adding, "You see an honest man's opinion will sometimes prevail."

The following day the count expired, and had it not been for this event, the affair would probably have taken a different turn. If similar orders were sent to any other person, they arrived too late, for four days after the count's death, the stranger was taken out of prison, and conducted by a sub-lieutenant of the *marechaussée* of Brabant to Quievraing, a small town between Mons and Valenciennes; fifty louis-d'ors were put into her hands, and she was abandoned to her destiny. Such was the account communicated to the author by the Count Coroniny, nephew to Count Cobenzel, who was present at the twenty-four examinations, of which it is a faithful abstract. This narrative brings down the

history of Mademoiselle la Frülen to the year 1769: if we suppose her to have been the same person as Louisa, there is a chasm of seven years till her discovery near Bristol, in the year 1776, which it is more than probable will never be filled up.

Louisa, as we have already stated, was placed under the care of Mr. Henderson, the keeper of a private mad-house at Bitton, near Bristol. From the accounts of different persons who visited her, the following particulars are collected. They contain so many striking coincidences with the foregoing narrative, as scarcely to leave a doubt that the female who is the subject of it was the same afterwards known by the name of Louisa. If this first conclusion be correct, a second which results from it is, that in all probability the wretched Louisa was a natural daughter of Francis I. emperor of Germany.

A gentlewoman, a native of Altona, and wife to the captain of a Danish ship, once went to see Louisa when she was under the hay-stack. With her she conversed in German, and told her she had lived at Sleswick, and had been in a convent, from which she had escaped with her lover. This foreigner, who was a genteel, well-bred woman, was by misfortune reduced to be a superintending servant in the very house where Louisa was confined, and had the chief care of her. Louisa, recollecting the former confidence she had reposed in her, was offended at the sight of her, and could never be prevailed upon to renew the conversation, though she would frequently speak short sentences to her in German, particularly if she had any favours to ask

She never could be persuaded to look in a book. Being once pressed to it, she exclaimed, "No, reading is study, and study makes me mad." Books were often left in her room, and though narrowly watched, yet she never was observed to open any of them.

Louisa had a particular passion for bracelets and

miniature pictures, but showed the utmost contempt for every other ornament. Of a Queen Anne's half crown she was extremely fond; she sometimes desired to have one sewed on a black ribbon, said that it much resembled her mamma, would wear it on her arm, and kiss it with great delight. After the appearance of the translation of the French narrative, more particular attention was paid to search her person for the scars described in the account of Mademoiselle la Frülen. It was found that she had a very large one on the lower part of her head behind her ear. Another on her breast, which appeared to have been occasioned by a very considerable wound, was suspected to have been a mark of violence.

She seldom rose from her bed of straw, on which she lay very quietly, and was perfectly harmless and stupid, except on any attempt to dress her, or to put her on a comfortable bed. She did not require to be treated with harshness, the utmost of her violence amounting only to short fits of resentment, when disturbed from her repose. She frequently amused herself with shaping her blankets into the imitation of a royal robe.

Notwithstanding the injuries which her situation and mode of life must have occasioned to her looks, she had still a very pleasing and interesting countenance. She had fine, expressive black eyes, and eye-brows; her complexion was wan, but not sickly; her under-jaw projected a little, and some even fancied they could distinguish something of the Austrian lip, but it was not decidedly marked. Her nose had nothing particular, being neither aquiline nor *retroussé*; her hair was very dark, if not black; not thick, but coming down on her forehead; her arm and hand were delicate, and her fingers small and long.

On being addressed, says a gentleman who went to visit her, she raised her eyes, and having uttered a few incoherent words, again composed herself. Being told

that we were friends who had come to see her, she smiled, and moved her under lip for some time without pronouncing a word. This action, which exhibited more of the idiot than any other part of her behaviour, she soon left off, when we began to draw her into a kind of conversation.

We first requested her to reach out her hand, that we might have an opportunity of observing the grace with which she had been said to move it. Her manner of giving it was attended with a certain delicacy, and we had likewise occasion to remark, that as far as her posture would permit, her motions and attitude were those of a person of a superior rank in life.

Instead of giving a direct answer to the questions that were asked, she more usually talked of mamma's coming to take her away, and used other expressions which we were informed she was in the habit of uttering. Some other questions, with her replies, were as follow :

"We are your friends; we are come to take you from this place; will you go with us?"—*Louisa.* "Yes; (with emotion,) but mamma must come and bring me clothes, and I must be dressed," (pointing towards her neck and shoulders, and moving her fingers about, as if describing the finery of female dress.)

"We shall go in a coach with four horses, and we will make them gallop, and the people shall admire us as we pass."—At this she burst into a fit of laughter, and manifested a kind of exultation, as if enjoying the idea of parade.

"And we shall let all the glasses down."—*Louisa.* "No, that will be too cold."—From this answer, and other minute circumstances, she seemed to have a correct notion of a carriage, and to have been accustomed to one.

"But where shall we drive to?"—*Louisa.* "Home."—"But where; to what home?"—*Louisa.* "O! here, and there, backwards and forwards, all round about,"

(waving her hand.) "Shall we, Louisa, (pointedly,) shall we drive to Bohemia?"—*Louisa.* "That is papa's own country."—It is worthy of remark, that this answer came from her in a perfectly fair and direct manner, after she had been talking and laughing, and when she might be supposed to be off her guard. We joined in her laugh, and seized the opportunity of asking other questions before her spirits should subside, or her wariness return; but our design was not successful. Whenever she thought our inquiries impertinent, she would instantly assume a grave, and even a sullen look. She talked much about a sister, whom we offered to call, and asked, "But how shall we address her? What is her name?"—*Louisa.* "She will tell you when she comes," (with a significant air.) "Is your sister like you, Louisa? (she laughed.) If she is like you, she is very pretty."—A kind of blush overspread her cheek, and casting down her eyes with a coquettish smile, she endeavoured to conceal her face in the straw of her bed.

When we spoke to her in French, she seemed to understand that language; at any rate, she did not give less signs of intelligence than when addressed in English, nor did her countenance express any surprise at the change of language. She did not herself speak a word of French. I spoke a few words in German, at which she burst into violent fits of laughter, as if at my awkward pronunciation or misapplication of words. The same effect was not produced by any French phrase that we addressed to her.

She applied the term *papa* in a vague and incoherent manner, sometimes to Mr. Henderson, and at others to some unknown person, to whom she talked of going. There was a peculiarity in her enunciation, approaching to a lisp. Her voice was soft and feminine, and I never heard her loud, except in her fits of laughter. Her humours were said to be various, but to us she was good-natured, and I might almost say affable. After the door

was locked on her we could hear her laughing, and in spite of her miserable condition, she seemed not to be unhappy.

Having remained for a considerable time under the care of Mr. Henderson, Louisa was removed, as incurable, to Guy's Hospital, Southwark, where she continued to exhibit the same kind and much the same degree of mental derangement to the last. The contraction of her limbs from exposure to cold in the fields, and from her constant propensity to remain inactive, rendered her an object of the strongest compassion. During her abode in the hospital, Miss Hannah More and her sisters, having lost the pecuniary assistance of most others, still continued to supply the extra wants and accommodations of the poor solitary stranger, at the expense of more than ten pounds per annum, till her decease. This event took place rather suddenly, after an illness of some duration, on the 18th of December, 1801, and on the 23d, her remains were interred in the ground belonging to the hospital; the expenses of her funeral being defrayed by her former benefactress.

After perusing this narrative, the intelligent reader will not fail to admire the bountiful dispensation of Providence, in withdrawing from the unfortunate Louisa the gift of reason. Had she retained the faculties of her mind unimpaired, the acuteness of her reflections on the vicissitudes she was destined to undergo, must have embittered her days, and rendered her life almost insupportable. Compared with such sufferings, the poor maniac enjoyed a state of comparative felicity in the indulgence of her childish fancies, and in her insensibility to the woes of her condition. Peace to thine ashes, thou daughter of misfortune, and may thy spirit, freed from the encumbrance and the frailties of mortality, taste uninterrupted bliss in those regions where the care of an all-seeing Father provides for the happiness even of the meanest of his children!

THOMAS TOPHAM.

"It is curious," observes the venerable and ingenious Mr. William Hutton, in his account of the extraordinary subject of this article, "to observe Nature step out of the common road, and enter the precincts of the marvellous. To march in her usual track excites no admiration; but when, in her wanton moods, she forms an O'Brien of eight feet, and a Borulawski of three, an admirable Crichton with every accomplishment, and a thousand other men with none, it is by these deviations that she raises astonishment."

Thomas Topham, a man whose feats of strength might have figured beside those of Homer's heroes, was born in London about the year 1710. His father, who was a carpenter, brought him up to the same profession. Though his stature was not remarkable, being, at his full growth, five feet ten inches in height, yet he was endowed by nature with muscular powers so extraordinary as to exceed any thing of the kind on record.

He followed the profession of his father till he had attained the age of twenty-four years, when he exchanged it for the less laborious employment of a publican. That Topham was fond of athletic exercises, and that the practice of them contributed to give him that superior strength for which he was so remarkable, can scarcely be doubted; for we find that the house he first took was the Red Lion, at the corner of the City-road, nearly opposite St. Luke's hospital, in order that he might be near the ring in Moorfields, at that time the theatre of gymnastic exhibitions, such as cudgelling, wrestling, back-sword, and boxing.

It was here that he gave the first public display of his astonishing corporeal powers, by pulling against a horse, with his feet placed against a low wall, which divided

upper and lower Moorfields. He next tried his strength against two horses, but his legs not being properly placed, he received an injury in one of his knees from a jerk. But the most extraordinary feat in point of magnitude was that which he performed in Bath-street, Cold-bath-fields, on the 28th of May, 1741, when he lifted three hogsheads of water, weighing 1836 pounds, in the presence of thousands of spectators, assembled to witness this uncommon exertion. This feat he performed in honour of Admiral Vernon, or rather, in commemoration of his taking Porto Bello with only six ships.

The various performances of this prodigy of strength are of such a nature as almost to exceed credibility, were they not attested by persons of undoubted veracity, and who were themselves eye-witnesses of the facts they relate. Dr. Desaguliers assures us, that he saw him perform the following feats. With his fingers he rolled up a very large and strong pewter dish. Thrusting the bowl of a strong tobacco-pipe under his garter, his legs being bent, he broke it to pieces with the tendons of his ham. He broke another bowl of the same kind between his first and second finger, by pressing them together sideways. A table, six-feet long, with half a hundred weight fastened to the end of it, he lifted with his teeth, and held a considerable time in a horizontal position. He struck an iron poker, a yard long and three inches thick, against his bare left arm, between the elbow and wrist, till the instrument was bent so as nearly to form a right angle. Taking another poker of the same kind, he held the ends of it in his hands, and placing the middle against the back of his neck, made both ends meet before him, after which he pulled it almost straight again. He broke a rope two inches in circumference, though he was obliged to exert four times the strength that was requisite for the purpose, in consequence of the awkward manner which he adopted. He lifted a stone

roller, weighing eight hundred pounds, by a chain to which it was fastened, with his hands only, and standing on a frame above it.

These exhibitions, probably, took up Topham's time, and drew his attention from his business, for we find that he failed at the Red Lion; after which he took another house in the same line at Islington. His fame for strength now began to spread all over the country, and he visited various provincial towns for the purpose of exhibiting his wonderful feats. His performances at Derby are thus described by Mr. Hutton of Birmingham, who, at that time, was an inhabitant of the former place.

"We learnt," says he, "from private accounts well attested, that Thomas Topham, a man who kept a public house at Islington, performed surprising feats of strength, such as breaking a broomstick of the largest size by striking it against his bare arm; lifting two hogsheads of water; heaving his horse over a turnpike-gate; carrying the beam of a house, as a soldier his firelock; and others of a similar description. However belief might at first be staggered, all doubt was soon removed when this second Sampson appeared at Derby, as a performer in public, and that at the rate of a shilling for each spectator. On application to Alderman Cooper for permission to exhibit, the magistrate was surprised at the feats he proposed, and as his appearance resembled that of other men, he requested him to strip that he might examine whether he was made like them. He was found to be extremely muscular; what were hollows under the arms and hams of others were filled up with ligaments in him.

"He appeared to be nearly five feet ten inches in height, upwards of thirty years of age, well made but without any singularity. He walked with a small limp. He had formerly laid a wager, the usual decider of disputes, that three horses could not draw him from a post, which

he should clasp with his feet: but the driver giving them a sudden lash, turned them aside, and the unexpected jerk broke his thigh.

"The performances of this wonderful man, in whom were united the strength of twelve, consisted in rolling up a pewter-dish of seven pounds, as a man rolls up a sheet of paper—holding a pewter quart at arm's length and squeezing the sides together like an egg-shell—lifting two hundred weight with his little finger and moving it gently over his head. The bodies he touched seemed to have lost their power of gravitation—He also broke a rope fastened to the floor, that would sustain twenty-hundred weight; lifted an oak-table six feet long with his teeth, though half a hundred weight was hung to the extremity: a piece of leather was fixed to one end for his teeth to hold, two of the feet stood upon his knees, and he raised the end with the weight higher than that in his mouth. He took Mr. Chambers, vicar of All Saints, who weighed twenty-seven stone, and raised him with one hand; his head being laid on one chair and his feet on another, four people, of fourteen stone each, sat upon his body, which he heaved at pleasure. He struck a round bar of iron one inch in diameter against his naked arm, and at one stroke bent it like a bow. Weakness and feeling seemed fled together.

"Being a master of music, he entertained the company with Mad Tom. I heard him sing a solo to the organ in St. Werburgh's church, then the only one in Derby; but though he might perform with judgment, yet the voice, more terrible than sweet, seemed scarcely human.

"Though of a pacific temper, and with the appearance of a gentleman, yet he was liable to the insults of the rude. The ostler at the Virgin's Inn, where he resided, having given him some cause of displeasure, he took one of the kitchen spits from the mantle-piece, and bent it round his neck like a handkerchief; but as he

did not choose to tuck the ends in the ostler's bosom, the cumbrous ornament excited the laughter of the company, till he condescended to untie his cravat. Had he not abounded with good-nature, the men might have been in fear for the safety of their persons, and the women for that of their pewter-shelves, as he could instantly roll up both. One blow with his fist, would for ever have silenced those heroes of the bear-garden, Johnson and Mendoza."

These, however, were only the usual performances of Topham, when he went about for the purpose of showing his powers. Many other occasional demonstrations of them are related by persons who knew him. One night perceiving a watchman asleep in his box, he raised them both from the ground, and carrying the load with the greatest ease, at length dropped the wooden tenement with its inhabitant over the wall of Tindall's burying-ground. The consternation of the watchman on awaking from his nap, may be more easily conceived than described.

At another time, thinking to enjoy a little sport with some bricklayers, by removing part of a scaffold, just before they intended to strike it, from a small building, his grasp was so rude, that a part of the front wall following the timber, the fellows conceived it to be the effects of an earthquake, and immediately ran, without looking behind them, into an adjoining field. Here, however, Topham was near paying dearly for the jest, as one of the poles struck him on his side, by which he was severely injured.

Sitting one day at the window of a low public house in Chiswell-street, a butcher passed by tottering under the burden of nearly half an ox. Of this Topham relieved him with so much ease and dexterity, that the fellow swore that nothing but the devil could have flown away with his load.

On another occasion, having gone on board a West-Indiaman lying in the river, he was presented with a cocoa-nut, which, to the no small astonishment of the crew, he cracked close to the ear of one of the sailors, with the same facility as an ordinary person would crack an egg-shell. The mate having made some remark displeasing to Topham, the latter observed, that if he had pleased, he could have cracked the bowsprit over his head.

Topham having one day gone to witness a race that was run on the Hackney road, the spectators were greatly annoyed by a man in a cart, who endeavoured to keep close to the contending parties. Topham at length resolved to stop the career of this disagreeable intruder, and laying hold of the tail of the cart, drew it back with the greatest ease, in spite of all the exertions of the driver to make his horse advance. The rage of the latter was equalled only by the delight and astonishment of the beholders; while nothing but the fear of being crushed or torn to pieces prevented the fellow from exercising his whip on the formidable cause of his mortification.

Notwithstanding his superiority, Topham seems to have been a man of a quiet and peaceable disposition, and never to have made a wanton or improper use of his extraordinary strength, to the detriment of his fellow-creatures. He even possessed a greater share of patience than falls to the lot of the generality of people. While he kept a public-house he was visited by two men who were so exceedingly quarrelsome, that though Topham quietly put up with their humour for a considerable time, yet, at last, nothing would satisfy them but fighting the landlord. They probably mistook his forbearance for cowardice, but they were soon undeceived, for Topham, finding it impossible to appease them in any other way, seized them both by the neck as if they had

Engraved by R. Cooper.

THOMAS WOOD.

The Abstemious Miller.

been children and knocked their heads together, till they asked pardon with as much abject submission as they had before shown of insolence in giving offence.

Topham however was not endued with fortitude of mind equal to his strength of body. A faithless woman embittered the concluding portion of his life, as it did that of his prototype of old. Unable to endure the reflections occasioned by his wife's inconstancy, Topham at length embraced the desperate resolution of putting an end to his life in the flower of his age.

THOMAS WOOD.

Thomas Wood was born on the 30th of November, 1719, of parents who were apt to be intemperate in their manner of living; he was subject to various disorders, particularly the rheumatism, until he attained the age of thirteen years. He then had the small pox; and from that time became healthy, to the age of about forty-three years. From his attaining the state of manhood to this period, but especially during the latter part of the time, he indulged himself, even to excess, in fat meat, of which he used to eat voraciously three times a day, together with large quantities of butter and cheese. Nor was he more cautious with respect to strong ale, which was his common drink. About his fortieth year, he began to grow very fat; but finding he had a good appetite, and digested his food without difficulty, and that his sleep was undisturbed, he made no alteration in his diet. It was in his forty-fourth year when he first began to complain of the heart-burn, want of sleep, frequent sickness at his stomach, pains in his head, &c. He had now almost a constant thirst, a great lowness of spirits, violent rheumatism, and frequent attacks of the gout. He had likewise two epileptic fits: but the symp-

tom which appeared to him to be the most formidable, was a sense of suffocation, which often came on him, particularly after his meals. Under such a complication of diseases, every day increasing, he continued till the month of August, 1764. At this time, the Rev. Mr. Powley, a worthy clergyman in the neighbourhood, observing his very ill state of health, and the extreme corpulence of his person, recommended to him an exact regimen; and pointed out the *Life of Cornaro*, as a book likely to suggest to him a salutary course of living. This work convinced him, that intemperance was the principal cause of all his complaints; and he therefore determined to try, whether the cause being removed, the effects might not cease. However, he thought it prudent, not to make a total change in his diet suddenly: accordingly, he, at first, confined himself to one pint only of his ale every day, and used animal food sparingly. This method he soon found to answer to his satisfaction; for he felt easier and lighter, and his spirits became less oppressed. These good effects encouraged him to proceed in his experiment; and therefore after he had pursued the regimen before mentioned, during two months, he deducted from his allowance half the former quantity of ale, and was still more sparing of gross animal food. In this course he continued till the 4th of January, 1765, when he entirely left off all malt liquor; and in the following month, he began to drink only water, and to eat none, except the lighter meats. Under this degree of abstinence, although some of his complaints were relieved, yet some of them remained in full force. The rheumatism tormented him; he then used the cold bath; and next the dumb bell, in which he persevered. Water was his only drink from the beginning of January, 1765, to the 25th of the following October. From this day he drank no more, until the 9th of May, 1766, when he drank two glasses and a half of water; after that period, he drank

no more of any liquor whatever, except only what he took in the form of medicine. He then avoided cheese, then butter, and on the 31st of July, in the same year, was the last time he tasted animal flesh. From that period, he principally confined himself to pudding, made of sea biscuit. He allowed himself very little sleep, generally going to bed at eight o'clock in the evening, sometimes even earlier, and generally rising about one o'clock in the morning, but being very rarely in bed after two.

Under this strict course of abstinence, he continued to live; and he expressed, in the highest terms, the great pleasure and tranquillity of mind which he enjoyed in consequence of it. The poor diet, to which he accustomed himself, was as agreeable to his palate, as his former food used to be; and he had the additional satisfaction to find his health established; his spirits lively; his sleep no longer disturbed by frightful dreams; and the strength of muscles so far improved, that he could carry a quarter of a ton weight, which weight he in vain attempted to carry when he was about the age of 30 years. His voice, which was entirely lost for several years, became clear and strong. In short, to use his own expression, he was metamorphosed from a monster to a person of a moderate size; from the condition of a decrepit old man, to perfect health, and to the vigour and activity of youth. His flesh became firm; and his complexion well coloured.

Prejudiced by a commonly prevailing superstition, Mr. Wood never suffered himself to be weighed, either during the state of his extreme corpulence, or after his reduction; but it is conjectured, that he lost ten or perhaps eleven stone weight.

On being asked why he submitted to such very strict rules of diet, he answered, that as he was ten years older than Cornaro was, when he began his regimen, he thought that, on that account, a more severe and

abstemious course was necessary for him; and that he was greatly influenced by Dr. Cheyne's opinion, "that Cornaro would probably have lived longer, had his regimen been more strict."

To the question, what first induced him to abstain from all drink, he answered, that it happened one day that the servant had forgotten to bring his water at dinner, as usual; that, being then full of business, he did not think of calling for any; and that, having found himself easier and less oppressed by that meal, than common; and determined to try, whether a total omission of liquids might not be an improvement to his diet; he soon found the experiment to answer. He added, that he was further encouraged to abstain from liquids, by an observation he had made in feeding hogs. He never allowed those animals to drink; and to this he attributed the excellence of his pork, it being greatly valued on account of the whiteness and firmness of the flesh.

Mr. Wood was a great enemy to all fermented liquors, to butter, and to salt. Nay, he even doubted of the wholesomeness of common bread, meaning bread which had undergone the process of fermentation.

The pudding, which was his sole support during two years, was made as follows: three pints of skimmed milk, boiling, were poured on one pound of the best sea biscuit, broken into pieces—this was done over night; and these ingredients were left to stand together until the following morning, when two eggs were added. This compound, being boiled in a cloth about the space of an hour, became a pudding of sufficient consistency to be cut with a knife. Of this, his quantity used to be one pound and a half, at four or five o'clock in the morning, as his breakfast, and the same at noon, as his dinner; after which, he abstained from food until the next day.

The case of Thomas Wood, was attested as truth by

two clergymen, a churchwarden, a physician, and an apothecary of the place he lived in.

An account of him was likewise drawn up by Sir George Baker, and inserted in the second volume of the Medical Transactions.

Thus, by extreme abstinence and regularity, he prolonged an impaired constitution, and died in the year 1783, aged 63.

MARIA ELEONORA SCHÖNING.

Maria Eleonora Schöning was the daughter of a mechanic at Nürnberg, in Germany. The life of her mother was sacrificed in giving birth to her child. She had the misfortune to lose her father at an age when females are most environed with dangers, when seduction employs all its arts to destroy their innocence and peace of mind. She was not more than seventeen when she buried him. Ever since her thirteenth year she had been the only attendant on her beloved parent, whom a paralytic seizure, and the loss of the use of his limbs, confined to his bed. This long period of the best years of her youth, Maria passed beside the bed of sickness, without ever beholding the face of Heaven, except when she went abroad for medicines or food. She had not entered a place of divine worship since the day she was confirmed. The duties of a nurse occupied all her time. She fomented his aching limbs, lifted the helpless old man in her yet feeble arms to and from his sick-bed; and had to attend to all the domestic concerns. Day after day Maria manifested the same patience, willingness, and indefatigable assiduity, and watched during many a tedious night, in which the groans of the sufferer called her to his bed. Her youth was spent in

grief; she grew up in tears, a stranger to the pleasures of childhood and the harmless sports of youth. The last words pronounced by her expiring father were addressed to his confessor. "My dear Maria," said he, "has treated me like an angel, during my whole long affliction; the most disagreeable offices never extorted from her a look of discontent; her eye never met mine, but it beamed with compassion, or was suffused with tears for my sufferings. God," he exclaimed, "will reward my excellent girl for her dutiful attention to me!" He said and closed his lips for ever. His wish may be fulfilled in eternity, in this world the confident hope of the expiring parent remained unaccomplished.

Maria still sat weeping after the bier, on which her father, her friend, the only bond that united her to the world, the object of her cares, and the hope of her future joys, was carried to the grave. The last doleful tolls of the bell were still accompanying her lamentations, when two tax-officers, entered the house, and demanded the papers of the deceased, that they might ascertain whether he had always paid a sum conformable to his oath and his property.*

After the few documents had been examined and compared with the registers of taxes, the spies of justice declared they had found facts sufficient to prove, that the deceased had not paid a sum proportionate to his

* The taxes paid by the inhabitants of Nurnberg were originally a voluntary contribution, each giving according to his inclination and circumstances. At the beginning of the fifteenth century a certain standard was fixed, and at present each citizen is annually obliged to take an oath that the sum paid by him is duly proportionate to his property. At his death the tax-office has a right to inspect his books, and to examine whether his contribution was always in proportion to his real property. If they find the contrary, if the deceased was not scrupulously exact, even to the merest trifle, all that he leaves behind is confiscated; and in spite of wife or family, the city exchequer becomes his heir.

circumstances; which consequently imposed on them the duty of placing all the property he had left behind under lock and seal, and requesting the young lady to retire to an empty apartment till the tax-office should have decided the business.

Maria, grown up amid privations, accustomed to compliance,—the easily intimidated Maria, readily obeyed. She hastened to the emptiest garret, leaving the officers unmolested to put seals upon the doors, and to convey to the tax-office all the papers they could find.

Night came on, when Maria, exhausted with fatigue and weeping, sought a place of repose. She found the door of her chamber sealed, and was obliged to pass the night in the garret upon the floor. A few days elapsed before the officers returned, and directed Maria to leave the house, adding, that the commissioners had adjudged the property left by the deceased to the city exchequer, as it had been proved that her father had defrauded the city in the payment of his taxes, and had not contributed in proportion to his circumstances. The deceased, before his illness, was by no means rich, but he lived in good repute, had no debts, and was able to pay in ready money for the raw materials which he wanted for his business. Three years of indisposition had indeed consumed the greatest part of the fruits of his industry; but still a sufficiency was left, not only to secure his daughter from immediate want, but to maintain her, in the economical manner to which she was accustomed, till she should obtain some situation or other, and have become better acquainted with the world. Such was the idea that administered consolation to her expiring father. A being whose past existence had consisted of a series of sorrows and painful privations, whose life had been an uninterrupted scene of affliction, was incapable of pleading in her own behalf. Struck dumb with terror and astonishment, like a dove driven from the maternal nest, Maria found herself thrust out of her father's house, and

the door shut against her. All her riches consisted in the clothes she had on; her pocket afforded not one solitary penny. She had no relations to whom she could apply; for those of her mother had never concerned themselves about her, and her father was a native of Lower Saxony. She had no acquaintance, as all her father's friends had deserted him at the beginning of his illness; no companion, for who would associate with a sick-nurse? Never was human being more solitary and forlorn in the midst of its fellow-creatures, than was this innocent girl, who was now a houseless wanderer in an extensive city, in which her exemplary conduct, her filial tenderness and mild virtues, had they been known, must have commanded the admiration and esteem of every generous mind.

Night drew on apace, and Maria knew not where to find a shelter. With tottering steps she went to St. James's church-yard, where reposed the ashes of her father; she threw herself upon the bare hillock that covered them; she resigned herself a prey to grief; and had it been possible for despair and distress to have burst the bonds which attached her to life, Maria would that night have been released from all her misery.

The morning dawned over the city; the streets began to be thronged; the bell rung for morning prayer, and the grating of the church-doors, roused the disconsolate maiden from death-like stupor. The bashful unfortunate hastened from the grave; she concluded that men who had driven her from her home, and from every thing that had belonged to her father, would certainly not suffer her to linger on the turf that covered his relics. She left the church-yard, paced slowly through the city gate, and threw herself under a hedge, to spend the coming day, as she had done the preceding night, in tears.

Slowly crept the hours of this dismal day for the wretched Maria. Night approached, and hunger drove

back the sufferer into a place which had robbed her of every thing but her wretchedness, where she had nothing left but a life that she would most joyfully have resigned. She had not the courage to beg, and to the idea of stealing her innocent soul was a stranger. The last glimmer of evening found her again at the grave of her father.

The church-yards of most of the German cities are equally pernicious to morals and to health. They have lost the venerable character by which they were formerly distinguished; their loneliness and solitude render them the undisturbed haunts of vice and beastly depravity. It was close beside the grave of her father that Maria fell a prey to a roving debauchee. The brutal monster took advantage of her situation, and the purest innocence lost that jewel which the emaciated Maria, half dead with hunger, watching, and grief, had neither the strength nor the spirit to defend. Fate seemed to be in league with her ravisher, and to have paralysed with malignant officiousness the faculties both of her body and mind, while he perpetrated the dreadful crime.

It was one of those nights of autumn in which the villain had no occasion to exclaim with Lady Macbeth,

> Come thick night
> And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
> That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
> Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark
> To cry—Hold, hold!

An awful silence pervaded the church-yard; all the creatures of day had retired to rest; Nature seemed wrapped in the sleep of death. Nothing was heard amid this grave-like stillness, save the flight of a solitary bat, the hooting of the screech-owl, or the rattling of "chapless" skulls in the neighbouring charnel-house.

Maria sat upon the grave of her father; the consciousness of her degradation, a sentiment which it was impossible to suppress, had stupefied all her senses.

Her father, knowing what snares are laid in this deceitful world for female virtue, had often warned his daughter to beware of them, and had made her acquainted with the trials to which her innocence would be exposed. She was, therefore, fully sensible of her loss. Amid the impenetrable gloom in which she was enveloped, the times past appeared in lively colours before her eyes, unsusceptible of any external impression. She beheld her sick, her emaciated parent, with uplifted hands, conjuring her to preserve her innocence, if she would not destroy his repose, of which he had enjoyed so small a portion in this world, even beyond the grave. She imagined that she heard his voice, ascending from his tomb, and pronouncing these words:—"Begone, wretch; leave a place where thou hast devoted thyself to infamy; thy innocence was sacrificed on the grave of thy father."

This imaginary denunciation of her departed parent, together with the dreadful darkness of the night, and its spectre-like attendants, terrified, to the highest degree, the already dismayed Maria. She fled as though infernal spirits were driving her from the church-yard. She had not proceeded far, when she was stopped by the watchmen, to whom she was a welcome prize, as they receive a piece of money, of about the value of a shilling, for every girl they find abroad after ten o'clock. It was midnight, and Maria was conveyed to the nearest watch-house.

Being carried the next day before the magistrate, a haughty and imperious man, he upbraided her in the harshest terms as a public prostitute. This unjust reproach had such an effect on the innocent creature, who, notwithstanding the last guilty night, had no reason to blush for any criminal propensity of her heart or will, as though she were seized by the icy hand of death. She swooned, and it was not without great difficulty that the officers of the police restored her to her senses. The

magistrate, having farther reprimanded her, dismissed her with the threat that the next time she should be brought before him, he would send her with a smart lecture into the House of Correction.

Maria's heart torn by this cruel treatment, and by her own recollections, now formed a resolution which could not have arisen in her gentle mind, had it not been engendered by the contempt she felt for herself. The events of the past night; the harsh behaviour of the magistrate; the disgraceful appellation which he applied to her, and which she thought she merited; her forlorn condition—all these contributed to inspire the resolution of drowning herself. With this design she hastened out of the town towards the river Pegnitz.

As she passed through the suburb of Wördt, she met a soldier's wife, who, in her father's lifetime, had assisted her in various domestic occupations that were too heavy for her strength. She was startled by the appearance of the girl, whom she addressed in a friendly tone, inquiring how she did, and what brought her so far from home. To a being driven about as she had been by the blasts of misfortune, the tone of tenderness was a cordial. These were the first words, sweetened with humanity, that any human creature had spoken to her, since those of her expiring father. Her dormant sensibilities were awakened. With impassioned fervor she threw her arms around the woman, whose looks and words were so expressive of sympathy and affection. With difficulty she gave her an account, interrupted by sobs and tears, of her misfortunes, her sufferings, and her resolution. The good woman wept with her, pressed the wretched orphan to her heart, and entreated her, in the tenderest manner, to relinquish her melancholy intention, as by taking away her own life she would deprive herself of all hope of eternal felicity.

Maria was pliable, timid, and open to religious impressions; it required not much persuasion to induce her

to abstain from an action at which her heart trembled, and which her religion condemned. She accompanied her guardian angel, whose name was Härlin, to her habitation, at no great distance.

This honest woman was, likewise, one of those whose whole existence is a continued series of affliction and distress; for whom the world has no other balm than sleep, no other physician than death. She was married to one of the city soldiers, who had been long ill and confined to his bed. Two young children constituted all her riches; she maintained herself and family by washing, and a difficult task she found it to provide bread for four persons. She had several times, by want of work and the cries of the hungry children, been driven to the brink of despair, and had been on the point of putting one of her children to death, that she might herself be relieved from the burden of life. This she thought would be a remedy for all their wants; the remaining child would be placed in the orphan house and her husband in the hospital, while her execution would reconcile her with God, and she should be happy with her murdered infant. These tragical ideas she communicated to Maria, on whose mind they made a deep impression. In a subsequent conversation on the same subject, she declared herself incapable of conceiving how it was possible to take away the life of any human creature, and in particular, of an innocent child. "And for that very reason, because it is innocent, I would send it before me out of the world, in which no pleasures await it. Do you suppose I would choose to suffer for the sake of a bad child? On that account, too, I would take Nanny with me, because she was always so dutiful and so good; but as for Frank, he has already learned some tricks, and is fitter for the world." This answer frightened the tender Maria, who hugged the children closely in her arms, as though she would protect them from their mother.

The woman, whose poverty was equalled only by her hospitality, kept the forlorn orphan in her house. She redoubled her efforts to procure work, in which Maria was her faithful assistant. Thus these hapless mortals passed the summer; they were never in absolute want of the most necessary articles of subsistence, though their supply was indeed but scanty.

Winter arrived, and brought with it a season of dreadful affliction for this wretched family. Härlin herself fell ill: grief and hard labour had exhausted her strength, and symptoms of a consumption began to appear. Maria strained every nerve to support her friend and her family; but this far exceeded her ability. She neither possessed the boldness, nor the persuasive faculties that are requisite for the procuring of employment; and hence, with the best inclination in the world to work, she was often obliged to keep holiday. Every article of the least value was sold or pawned, and the house was stripped as bare by the iron hand of necessity, as were the adjacent gardens and the neighbouring wood by the rigors of winter.

Spring was not far distant when Härlin began to amend. She wanted nothing but strength; she could not hold herself upright. The physician had directed her to take nourishing food, and a little wine daily, assuring her, that if she adhered to this diet, her health would soon be restored. Maria was present when the physician gave her this consolatory intelligence; she rejoiced for the first time in her life; it was the first and the last pleasing illusion that her soul ever cherished. Her thoughts were wholly occupied in devising how to procure her friend the prescribed refreshments; but in vain did she rack her invention; no method, no opportunity of effecting this object could she discover.

Härlin gradually grew weaker, and at the same time more silent and pensive. When Maria observed her thus lost in thought, she conceived that her despairing

friend was brooding over the plan of murdering her child, in order to put an end to her own life. This apprehension gave inexpressible pain to the excellent girl; and so much the more as the little creatures clung about her with the most childlike attachment, and the tender Maria felt a love and affection for them as strong as though she had herself been their mother.

Under these cruel circumstances, arrived the day pregnant with her fate. On that day none of the miserable family had a morsel to eat. Night came on and their teeth chattered with the cold. The children cried for bread. Maria sat beside the straw bed of her friend, who uttered not a syllable, no, not even a sigh. The sorrowful Maria grasped her hand; it was shrunk, cold and lifeless. She stroked her cheek, adown which trickled big, heavy tears. She asked, whether she was in much pain, but obtained no answer. Maria's heart was ready to burst; she was on the brink of despair. A courage not her own animated her soul. In this state, so contrary to her nature, she conceived the idea of saving her friend at the expense of her own person. She hastened, as if impelled by a supernatural power, to put it into execution.

She recollected that the ravisher of her innocence had been desirous of expiating his offence by the offer of money. Maria formed the painful resolution of seeking to earn something in the same way, and of relieving her friend with the produce of her guilt. It was now dark; she went into the city, but durst not venture to approach the church-yard in which her father was interred. She repaired to other lonely situations, but not a creature did she meet with. The weather was unfavourable; the snow fell fast, and a tempestuous wind howled through the streets. No night could have been more perfectly adapted to cool the passions of the debauchee. Poor Maria, how cruelly wast thou treated by froward fate! In pious simplicity thou knelt at

the grave of thy father, virtuous and pure, and thy innocence became the prey of a brutal ravisher. Thou sinned without inclination, without enjoyment, without resistance. Sorrow, hunger, and want had deprived thee of energy, and thy nerves of the power both of acquiescence and of resistance. Nature and man were leagued to affect the dishonour of the pure, of the spotless Maria.—Now, when the unfortunate creature, who thoroughly despised herself, was excited to a repetition of the guilty deed by the virtuous motive of saving four of her fellow-creatures from starving, she could find no opportunity of committing this magnanimous crime. She continued to wander through the streets. The tempest howled with increased fury; the snow was now of considerable depth; breathless and fatigued she sought shelter beneath a shed. Into a corner of this building a watchman had crept for refuge from the rigours of the night. To him she was a welcome guest, and she soon found herself in the watch-house.

The next morning she was carried before the same hard-hearted magistrate as had treated her so roughly on a former occasion. He sent her without any farther ceremony to the house of correction, ordering, at the same time, that she should receive the usual welcome. On her arrival, she was directed to wait in the front court-yard. The master of the house appeared, tied her to a post, and prepared to inflict on her the severe discipline of the whip. She begged, she entreated, she screamed, she made all the opposition in her power—but in vain. Seeing no chance of escaping the disgraceful punishment, she exclaimed, in a fit of despair, "Stop! I deserve a very different punishment; I have murdered an infant child." "That, to be sure, is a different affair;" said the man unbinding her. He immediately sent an account of the circumstance to the city-judge. An officer presently appeared, examined the girl concerning the crime of which she accused herself,

and, as she persisted in her first declaration, she was conveyed as a murderer to prison.

In a few days she was brought up for a closer examination. It was represented to her that she could not have committed the crime alone, and without accomplices, as she could not have gone out immediately after her delivery to dispose of the child. She then acknowledged that Härlin was privy to the whole affair, that she had assisted her at the birth, and had buried the child in the wood. From the beginning of her confinement, Maria had cherished the idea of involving her friend in her fate. She wished to help her out of the world, and to spare her the necessity of perpetrating the crime of murder; and the present opportunity appeared too favourable to be neglected. Full of this thought she heartily rejoiced at the service which she should thus render to her friend.

Härlin was at this time too ill to be removed to the prison: an officer was therefore placed over her in her own house. When she was so far recovered as to be able to go abroad she was confronted with Maria; who repeated her former declaration in her presence. "For God's sake, Maria, how have I deserved this treatment?" was all the reply that the astonished woman was able to make. She denied the whole, and to every question of the judge, she returned no other answer than—"I know nothing of the matter." The two prisoners were repeatedly examined in the presence of each other; the same scene was invariably exhibited, Maria persisting stedfastly in her declaration, and Härlin in her denial of the fact.

At the fifth examination, Härlin was threatened with the torture; the instruments were brought, and arranged by the executioner; and she was warned for the last time either to confess at once, or to prepare for inevitable torture. This menace terrified poor Maria in the highest degree: a convulsive agony shook her whole

frame. She was desirous of releasing her friend from a life of misery, not to draw upon her unavailing torment. She hoped to be her benefactress; she now looked upon herself as her executioner. She stepped hastily towards her, and pressing her bounden hands between her own: "Hannah! dear Hannah!" she exclaimed, "All will be provided for, and Nanny too will be put into the orphan-house!"

Maria's motive instantly flashed like lightning upon the mind of Härlin. She now saw with grateful emotion the benevolent design of her friend, which, without the perpetration of guilt, would remove them into eternity. With cheerfulness and courage she now addressed herself to the judge. She acknowledged herself to blame, in having so long denied the charge, and confessed that Maria's declaration was perfectly consistent with truth. As the prisoners adhered, without variation, to this confession, an early day was appointed for their trial, and they were both sentenced to be beheaded.

The day before the execution the two delinquents were allowed an interview, which gave occasion to an exceedingly affecting scene. The approaching catastrophe had changed the sentiments of Maria with respect to her friend. She now thought it cruel and inhuman in herself, to devote her generous benefactress to death. She was on the point of disclosing the whole truth, but was restrained by the desire of death, by the invincible solicitude to quit the world. When she saw Härlin advancing towards her with a serene and cheerful countenance, she uttered a loud scream of anguish, and gave free scope to her sensations. She threw herself into the arms of her friend, and amid sobs and sighs incessantly implored her forgiveness. Her tears flowed without ceasing. Härlin pressed the afflicted girl with the most fervent affection to her heart; like a tender mother she dried the tears from her cheeks; assured her in the most friendly manner, that she had

nothing to forgive her, but, that on the contrary, she was her only, her greatest benefactress, as she had spared her the commission of a grievous sin, and released her from a world of misery. Dreadful was the conflict of opposing sensations in the bosom of the wretched Maria. The soothing expressions of her tender, magnanimous companion; her solemn protestations that she would undertake to answer for them both before the judgment seat of God, were incapable of alleviating the anguish she endured. There was no end to her tears and lamentations, and she wrung her hands like one reduced to despair.

The presence of the clergyman, and the preparations for the sacrament, at length restored to her soul a degree of composure. "Come, Maria," said Härlin, "let us partake of this holy sacrament with cheerful reliance on God, and on the enjoyment of eternal happiness." These consolatory words, pronounced by the lips of affection, and accompanied with looks of tenderness, recalled peace for a few minutes to her troubled soul. They communicated together, and parted in melancholy silence. The excellent woman once more pressed the desponding girl to her bosom, and said, "Be of good cheer, Maria; to-morrow we shall be yonder above, and all our afflictions will remain here below." She then hastened from her; on reaching her cell, she heaved a deep sigh, and exclaimed, with emphasis, "God be thanked that this is past; the anticipation of this scene alone embittered my confinement, otherwise the sweetest and most agreeable portion of my life!" She then thanked the gaoler for the indulgence with which he had treated her, took an affecting leave of her family, and her whole behaviour displayed a heavenly serenity, as though they had already belonged to the beings of a better world.

On the day of execution she conducted herself with the same cheerfulness and equanimity. She heard the

bell ring, and proceeded to the scaffold with an ease, fortitude, and intrepidity, equally remote from timid dejection, and audacious boldness. A sacred serenity that touched every spectator appeared in her whole behaviour. She seemed to unite the simplicity of innocence, with the dignity of an exalted mind. Very different was the state of the wretched Maria. The desponding girl, who still accused herself of being the murderer of her friend, suffered inexpressible anguish, and nothing but the hope that she should still be able to save her innocent companion, by a frank confession of the truth, preserved her from total stupefaction and insensibility to all that was passing around her. She walked not, but was dragged, more dead than alive to the place of execution. Härlin went first; frequently did she look back with love and compassion at her Maria. When their eyes met, she would turn hers joyfully towards Heaven, as though she would have cheered her friend with the idea: "We shall soon be yonder."

They now stood at the foot of the scaffold. Härlin was to be executed first. She once more took leave of the half-dead and trembling Maria. "Dear Maria," said she tenderly at parting, "in a few moments we shall be together in Heaven!" She then ascended the steps. Maria's eyes followed her. She beheld her friend surrounded by the assistants of the executioner, busily employed in binding up her hair, and uncovering her neck. This spectacle operated with the greatest violence on the girl; she saw her friend in the hands of the executioner, and she alone was the cause of her death, she alone was her murderer. It seemed as though this sight and this idea, transfused new life into her almost inanimate frame, and supplied every nerve with new energy. With a loud and piercing voice, she cried, "Stop, for God's sake, stop! she is innocent!" She then threw herself at the feet of the sheriff and the clergyman, imploring them to save Härlin, who was perfectly inno-

cent: adding, that she had herself invented the whole story from disgust of life; that she had never borne, much less destroyed a child; she was ready to die; but she begged for Heaven's sake that they would not load her with the crime of murdering her friend by her false evidence, and that the sentence might be executed on her alone for having forged such a charge. The sheriff asked Härlin if Maria's declaration were true, or if she adhered to her confession. She answered sorrowfully and with evident reluctance: "Most certainly what she says is true; I acknowledged myself guilty, because I wished to die; and it may, therefore, easily be supposed that now, when I am so near the object of my desire, this declaration of my innocence proceeds not from the motive of preserving my life. My only object is to confirm the truth as disclosed by Maria, and to relieve her from the distress she feels for having accused me though innocent."

This explanation, together with the persuasions of the clergymen, and the murmur of compassion that proceeded from the people, induced the sheriff to send the town-adjutant, with a report of the circumstances to the town-house, to demand a reprieve of the members of the senate assembled there.*

During the interval that elapsed till the return of the messenger, one of the clergymen thought fit to reprimand Härlin severely on account of the first statement she had given. "I confess the truth," replied she, "not with a view to save my life. The murder was feigned by Maria, for the purpose of helping herself and me out of the world, of which we were both tired and disgusted. At first conscious of my innocence, and

* At Nürnberg, it is customary for the three oldest senators to remain together at the town-house, till an execution is over, that in case of an extraordinary exigency, they may give the necessary directions how to proceed, in the name of the whole senate.

ignorant of the good intentions of my friend, I denied the murder. But of what avail was this? My protestations were branded as lies and shameless impudence. I was threatened with the torture, and my hands were already bound so tight, that my wrists still bear the marks of the cords. One of the gentlemen present threatened that I should be stretched till day-light might be seen through me, and then he imagined, I should be ready enough to confess my guilt. I had no inclination to await the fulfilment of this threat, and chose rather to acknowledge myself guilty immediately; and this I did the more cheerfully, as I was by this time apprized of the kind intention of my Maria."

Still the clergyman was so hard-hearted and unreasonable as to persecute her with farther reproaches, to which the magnanimous woman deigned not to reply. The only words she uttered besides, during this melancholy pause, were addressed to the unhappy partner of her fate: "Oh! Maria, Maria," said she, "a few moments patience longer, and all had been well; it had all been over by this time, and we happy!" The wretched girl lay senseless on the steps of the scaffold. The last violent exertion had exhausted her strength; she was in the agonies of death.

The messenger returned. The answer directed the sheriff to proceed with the execution. This intelligence restored Härlin to her former serenity. Her head was struck off amidst the lamentations of the people. The executioner was incapable of dispatching more than one innocent person at a time. He felt unwell; his attendants were obliged to perform his office upon Maria. She had before expired; Death had employed his powerful scythe to cut down a flower which was already withered. Such was the end of two mortals, whose lives were not worth the enjoyment, and who appear to have been created merely for the purpose of dying a violent death.

LORD ROKEBY.

MATTHEW ROBINSON MORRIS, eldest son of Sir Septimius Robinson, Knt. was born at Mount Morris, at his father's house, in Horton, near Hythe, in the county of Kent, in the year 1712. His early years were spent in this place, till he went to Westminster School, whence he was admitted at Trinity-hall, Cambridge, a pensioner, where he took his degree of bachelor of laws, and was soon after elected a fellow of the society, a place which he retained to the day of his death. It is not unusual at Trinity-hall for men of large fortune to retain their fellowships. The society consists of twelve fellows, two of whom only are clergymen, and perform the regular and necessary duties of the college, such as those of tutor, lecturer, dean: but the other ten fellows seldom or never make their appearance in Cambridge, unless at the twelve days of Christmas, at which time the usual hospitality of that season of the year is conspicuous in the college, and the lay-fellows having enjoyed good eating and drinking, and examined the college accounts, return to Doctors' Commons, the Inns of Court, or their country seats. Mr. Robinson, in the early part of life, used sometimes to be of these parties, where his company was always acceptable, and his absence always regretted. As heir to a country gentleman of considerable property, he was not compelled to apply his abilities in the usual pursuits of a laborious and now almost technical profession; he enjoyed an introduction to the higher circles of life, and being possessed of the advantages of a liberal education, and accomplished manners, he united the studies of the scholar with the occupations of a gentleman, and divided his time very agreeably betweeen Horton, London, Bath, and Cambridge. In this period of his life the celebrated peace of Aix-la-

Engraved by R. Page.

LORD ROKEBY,

Of Singular Eccentricity.

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Chapelle attracted the attention of Europe; and the place appointed for negociation, at all times, from its waters, of great resort, was more than usually filled with good company. Soon after the ambassadors had here taken up their abode, Mr. Robinson escorted Lady Sandwich to this grand scene of gallantry and politics, where the classical taste of Lord Sandwich, the eccentricity of Wortley Montague, among his own countrymen, the prudence of Prince Kaunitz, the solidity of the Dutch deputies, and the charms of their ladies, for the Dutch belles carried away the palm of beauty at this treaty, afforded him an inexhaustible fund of instruction and entertainment. Having no official employment, and appearing in that once envied character of an English gentleman, his company was generally sought after, and the ladies of the higher class thought their parties incomplete without his presence, and the *corps diplomatique* bowed to his credentials.

Among the women none more sprightly, none more ready to join innocent mirth, or to be the subject of it when a mistake in his language might give occasion to pleasure; but foreigners admired the strength of his character, when his conversation was suited to graver subjects, and no man presumed to laugh at his mistakes without repenting of his temerity. Respected by the men, and acceptable to the women, he was noted here for a singularity which he retained during his whole life, a remarkable attachment to bathing. He surprised the medical men by the length of his stay in the hot-bath, very often two hours or more at a time, and by going in and out without any of the precautions which were then usual, and which future experience has proved to be unnecessary. On his return to England nothing particular happened to him till his election to parliament by the city of Canterbury, which place he represented, and, we may add, really represented, for two successive parliaments. His neighbourhood to Canterbury had natu-

rally introduced him to some of the higher classes of that city; but he had no idea of a slight acquaintance with a few only of his constituents, he would know and be known to them all. His visits to Canterbury gratified himself and them. They were visits to his constituents, whom he called on at their shops and their looms, walked within their market-places, spent the evening with at their clubs. He could do this from one of his principles, which he had studied with the greatest attention, and maintained with the utmost firmness, the natural equality of man. No one was more sensible than himself of the advantages and disadvantages of birth, rank, and fortune. He could live with the highest, and he could also live with the lowest in society; with the forms necessary for an intercourse with the former class he was perfectly well acquainted, and he could put them in practice; to the absence of these restraints he could familiarize himself, and could enter into casual conversation with the vulgar, as they are called, making them forget the difference of rank, as much as he disregarded it. Hence, perhaps, there never was a representative more respected and beloved by his constituents, and his attention to the duties of parliament entitled him to their veneration. Independent of all parties, he uttered the sentiments of his heart; he weighed the propriety of every measure, and gave his vote according to the preponderance of argument. The natural consequence of such a conduct was, in the first parliament a disgust with the manners of the house; and he would have resigned his seat at the general election, if his father had not particularly desired him to make one more trial, and presented him at the same time with a purse, not such as has lately been thought necessary, for the party to pay his election expenses. Mr. Robinson was re-elected, and, what will astonish the generality of members, made no demand on his father for election bills; for, after paying every expense with liberality, he found himself

a gainer, in a considerable sum, by the election. Corruption had not then made such dreadful havoc in the mind as it has been our destiny to lament in a subsequent period, yet Mr. R. found himself uneasy in the performance of his duty. He conceived that a member of parliament should carry into the house a sincere love of his country, sound knowledge, attention to business, and firm independence—That measures were not to be planned and adopted in a minister's parlour, nor the House of Commons to be a mere chamber of parliament to register his decrees—That in the House of Commons every member was equal; that it knew no distinction of minister, county-member, city-member, or borough-member. That each individual member had a right to propose, to assist in deliberation, aid by his vote in carrying or rejecting a measure, according to the dictates of his own mind; and that the greatest traitors, with which a country could be curst, were such persons as would enter into parliament without any intention of studying its duties, and examining measures, but with a firm determination to support the minister or his opponents, according as the expectation or actual enjoyment of a place, pension, or emolument derived from administration, led them to enlist under the banners of one or the other party. Even in his time he thought he saw too great confidence placed in the heads of party; too little reliance on private judgment, too little attention to parliamentary duties. The uniform success of every ministerial measure did not accord with his ideas of a deliberative body, and he determined to quit a place in which he thought himself incapable of promoting the public good; and where he was determined not to be aiding or abetting in any other measures. To the great regret of his constituents he declined the offer of representing them at the next election, and no future entreaties could induce him to resume an occupation in which, as he told them, better eyes were required than his to

see, better ears to hear, and better lungs to oppose the tricks of future ministers.

By the death of his father, in the second period of his parliamentary life, Mr. Robinson came into possession of the paternal estate, and had now a full opportunity of realizing his own schemes of life. About twelve miles from Canterbury, on the ancient Roman road leading to the Portus Lemanus, the present Lympne, by turning a few paces to the left, the walker, who has been fatigued, as much by the uniformity as the roughness of the road, feels on a sudden his heart expanded by a most extensive prospect, which he commands from a lofty eminence. Before him and under his feet, at a distance of five or six miles, commences the vast flat, known by the name of Romney Marsh, which, with the Weald of Kent, is bound to his eye by Dungeness, Beachy-head, and the hills of Sussex and Surrey, and the ridge of hills on a part of which he stands, and which runs through nearly the middle of the county of Kent into Surrey. Turning eastward, he perceives the sea, and has a glimpse of the coasts of France: his view is bounded by hills still higher, as he turns to the north; but from the top of these hills, at half a mile distance from the spot on which he stands, he commands the same extensive prospect over the marsh and West Kent, which is enriched on a fine day by the view of the coast of France from Boulogne to Calais, seeming scarcely to be separated from the island. At the bottom of these hills stands the family mansion, a substantial brick house, with offices suited to the residence of a man with four or five thousand a year. When Mr. R. came to the estate, there were about eight hundred acres round the house, partly in his own occupation, partly let out to tenants: they were allotted into fields of various dimensions, bounded by the substantial hedges so well known to be the ornament of Kent, but cutting the ground into too many minute parts for picturesque beauty. There was a garden

walled in, and suitable roads to the house. Mr. R. took the whole of this land into his own occupation as soon as possible; and nature, with his occupancy, began to resume her rights. The only boundaries on his estate were soon only those which separated his land from that of his neighbours. Adieu to the use of gates or stiles in the interior: they were left to gradual decay; the soil was not disturbed by the labours of horse and man; the cattle had free liberty to stray wherever they pleased; the trees were no longer dishonoured by the axe of the woodman, the pollards strove to recover their pristine vigour, the uniformity of hedges and ditches gradually disappeared. The richest verdure clothed both hills and vallies, and the master of the mansion wandered freely in his grounds, enjoying his own independence and that of the brute creation around him.

The singularity of this taste excited naturally a great deal of curiosity, and, as usual, no small degree of censure. But, whatever may be objected on the score of profit, it is certain that the gain on the scale of picturesque beauty was, we might almost say, infinite. In a national view, the subject admits of much discussion: but the question, which was often agitated by Mr. R. and in whose opinion we are inclined to place great confidence, has seldom been fairly stated and argued. The point is, could these acres have produced so much food, and clothing, and implements for manufactures, if they had been subject to tillage and the usual mode of agriculture? In these times of agricultural curiosity the question becomes interesting, but the present limits do not permit us to enter into the whole of Mr. R's. views in the management of his affairs. But the gaps in the hedges, the growing up of the pollards, and the verdure of the grounds might have been supportable, if the coach roads also had not disappeared, the coach-house become useless, the garden been trodden under foot by horses and oxen, the hay lofts superfluous.

At the same time that nature resumed her rights over his fields, she took full possession of the master, and gave him the active use of his limbs. The family coach stirred not from its place to the day of his death: he seldom got into a chaise, and performed long journeys on foot. Naturally of a tender and delicate consitution, he thus became hardened to all weathers, and enjoyed his faculties and spirits to the day of his death. Indulging himself in these peculiarities, in which by the way, to say the worst of them, he was no man's enemy but his own, he kept up a considerable intercourse with his neighbours, and correspondence with characters eminent in the political world: he published a pamphlet in the American war, replete with sound sense, and which procured, among other marks of respect, a journey from London to Bath, by a person with the express view, and extreme desire, of conversing with its author. He reprobated, during the whole of that unnatural contest, the conduct of administration; and the men of Kent, who were not at that time subdued by ministerial influence, listened with pleasure to its firm opponent at their county meetings.

About that period, he either formed the opinion, or began to express it with an unusual degree of confidence, that the Bank of England would break during his life-time. He was so firmly convinced of it in his own mind, that it became a pretty constant topic with him; and, when he met with opponents, he defended it with such strength of argument as could not easily be resisted. One day the conversation on this subject ended in a singular wager, which was taken down in writing, purporting that the heirs and executors of Mr. Robinson should pay to the other party, an alderman of Canterbury, the sum of ten pounds, if the Bank did not break during the life-time of the former; and on the other hand, that the alderman should be similarly bound to pay the sum of ten pounds if the Bank did break in

Mr. R's. life-time. The proof was to depend on a bank-note of ten pounds being offered at the Bank, and not producing in return ten pounds in specie. Every year added strength to the singularity of Mr. R's opinion, and he maintained it as firmly as another on a philosophical subject, which de defended with great vigour of mind, and, when past eighty years of age, supported by quotations from the classics, repeated with the utmost energy and classical taste.—The future destruction of the earth by fire. On this question, he solicited no aid from the arguments sometimes used in the pulpit on the same subject; for the path to his church was grown over, and his pew left to the same decay as his coach-house. Yet this circumstance led to a trait in his character, which was better discovered by his own recital of the anecdote, than it can be by the pen of the writer.

A little time before the death of the Archbishop of Armagh, he made a visit into Kent, to see his relations, and among them, him who was to inherit his title. "The archbishop told me," said Mr. R. "that he would dine with me on Saturday. I gave orders for dinner and so forth for my cousin, the archbishop; but I never thought till he came, that the next day was Sunday. What was I to do? here was my cousin the archbishop, and he must go to church, and there was no way to the church, and the chancel-door had been locked up for these thirty years, and my pew was certainly not fit for my cousin the archbishop. I sent off immediately to Hythe for the carpenters, and the joiners, and the drapers, and into the village for the labourers, the mowers, and the gravel-carters. All went to work, the path was moved, the gravel was thrown on and rolled, a gate made for the church-yard, the chancel-door opened and cleaned, a new pew set up, well lined and stuffed, and cushioned; and the next day I walked by the side of my cousin, the archbishop, to church, who found every thing right and proper: but I have not been to church

since, I assure you." This singularity in abstaining from the places of religious worship arose, partly from the exalted view which he entertained of the nature of the Deity, whose altars, he used emphatically to say, were earth, sea, skies; from the little regard he paid to the clerical or ministerial character, and from the disgust in his mind at the stress laid by divines upon trifles, their illiberality in wishing every one to rely upon them for their faith, their frequent persecution of others, and from a strange opinion of the great inefficacy of their preaching. Religion he conceived to be a mere personal concern between the creature and the Creator; and the Supreme, in his opinion, was degraded by being made a party in questions often political, and on the mode of his existence being made a barrier between the natives of the same island. Yet with these opinions, he could converse with the clergy of all descriptions as freely as with other men; and, where they were men of liberal education and enlightened minds, was much gratified by the pleasure of their company.

In the year 1794, Mr. R. became, by the death of the Archbishop of Armagh, Lord Rokeby; and it is natural to ask what difference the title made in his manners? Precisely none. He was now addressed by the title of lord instead of sir; and, as he used to say, they are both the same in the Latin. Yet the accession to his title gave him rights in Ireland, and his letter to Lord Castlereagh showed that he was not unworthy of them, and that if age and infirmities had presented no obstacles, the Irish House of Lords would have been dignified by the presence of a man who assumed for his motto, on this occasion, what he really possessed in his heart, independence. Very fantastical notions accompany, in some persons minds, the titles of the peerage. They think of fine dress, splendid carriages, haughty demeanour, something differing from the many. Such persons were much embarrassed at the sight of Lord Rokeby. A venerable

man with a long beard, sallow complexion, furrows on his forehead, the traces of deep thinking, fore part of the head bald, from the hinder flowing long and lank locks of white hair, a white or blue flannel coat and waistcoat, and breeches, worsted stockings, and shoes tied with black strings. The ruffles at his wrist, and the frill sewed to his waistcoat, were the only linen about him. His body was rather bent, but till he was near his end, his pace was firm, and he was seen walking in this manner from his house to Hythe or back, or, which was more gratifying to his friends, when they first caught a view of the house, walking up and down the pavement before his door. How can this man be a lord? said the vulgar. Would to God more lords were like this man! said the man of sense. I wish we were all as attentive to good breeding! said the man of fashion.

From the time of his accession to the title to the day of his death, Lord Rokeby seldom went farther from home than Hythe; but he would have thought that he had forfeited all regard to his principles if he had not gone to Maidstone to vote for his friend, Filmer Honeywood, the staunch advocate for the independence of the county; and a contested election for the city of Canterbury drew him again from his retirement. This election took place just after the famous stoppage of the Bank; and after a visit to his friends at the hall, and shouts of congratulation from all the freemen, he walked to the alderman's house, with whom the wager had been laid, proffered some notes for cash, presented the written agreement on the wager, and demanded of the alderman the sum of ten pounds.

The question, as might naturally be expected, staggered, a little, the alderman, who was also a banker, and as the words admitted of some debate, and Lord R. had not with him documents of the refusal at the Bank of cash for a ten pound note specifically proffered, the payment was therefore deferred.

On returning to the hall, Lord R. came again on the hustings, by the side which is appropriated for persons to return who have voted, and for the infirm, and the friends of the candidates, or the officers of the court. The sheriff very politely offered to take here his lordship's vote, who, with his usual good humour, declined it; "I am not so old neither," says he, "that I cannot do like the rest of my brother citizens," and instantly went down the stairs, where he met an old man ascending, who had given him a vote nearly fifty years before; mixed with his brother citizens, went up the proper stairs with them, and gave the last proof of his political connexion with Canterbury in a manner worthy of himself and his principles.

We might recount a variety of anecdotes expressive of his character, but the limits will not permit us; yet we must not pass over the subject of his food, which has been so much the object of inquiry and misrepresentation. He has been said to live on raw flesh, and to be, in short, little better than a cannibal. This was by no means the case; and to understand this, as well as the other parts of his character, we must look to his leading principles, nature and independence. He thought that this island produced within itself sufficient food for his nourishment. Wheat he considered as an exotic, besides it was fermented, two reasons sufficient to expel it from his nourishment. Foreign coffee, for the same reason, was rejected, and he tried various experiments with burnt beans, peas, &c. Remarkably fond of sweet things, he used honey as a substitute for sugar; but it is to be observed that he was not a scrupulous observer of his general rule, and when it was hinted to him that he was eating the crust of a pie, or similar things in the ordinary cookery, he turned it off with a good-humoured laugh, adding, "Where is the man that lives as he preaches?" His appetite was remarkably strong, which he satisfied at times by boiled beef, or rather beef kept

for a considerable time in boiling water; and his table was amply provided with every thing in season, exceedingly well dressed, and of which he partook off a wooden platter like any other person. He drank no wine, and he gave the best proofs of the excellence of his diet by the length of his life. No one was more hospitable to his guests, they were desired to order just what they pleased, and, in return, were requested and expected to permit the host to eat what and when he pleased.

He never willingly omitted bathing a single day, and had made, for that purpose, a bathing-house of considerable length and breadth, glazed in front to a south-eastern aspect, and thatched at top. This probably is the most comfortable bath-house in England, as, after bathing, you may run up and down to dry yourself, and do not feel that disagreeable cold common in the small elegant bath-houses of marble, where you freeze in cold magnificence. Lord R's. bath-house was boarded and matted. In this bath-house and a wood at a small distance from it, intersected with walks, and at proper intervals having wooden seats and benches, his lordship spent considerable time, frequently committing to paper his valuable reflections.

A gentleman who happened to be in the neighbourhood of Mount Morris, resolved to procure a sight of this extraordinary character, after he had succeeded to the title of Lord Rokeby. "On my way," says he, "at the summit of the hill above Hythe, which affords a most delightful prospect, I perceived a fountain of pure water, over-running a bason which had been placed for it by his lordship. I was informed, that there were many such on the same road, and that he was accustomed to bestow a few half-crown pieces, plenty of which he always kept loose in a side-pocket, on any water drinkers he might happen to find partaking of his favourite beverage, which he never failed to recommend with peculiar force and persuasion. On my approach, I

stopped some time to examine the mansion. It is a good plain gentleman's seat; the grounds were abundantly stocked with black cattle, and I could perceive a horse or two on the steps of the principal entrance. After the necessary inquiries, I was conducted by a servant to a little grove, on entering which, a building with a glass covering, that at first sight appeared to be a green-house, presented itself. The man who accompanied me opened a little wicket, and on looking in, I perceived, immediately under the glass, a bath with a current of water, supplied from a pond behind. On approaching the door, two handsome spaniels, with long ears, apparently of King Charles's breed, advanced, and, like faithful guardians, denied us access, till soothed by the well known accents of the domestic. We then proceeded, and gently passing along a wooden floor, saw his lordship stretched on his face at the farther end. He had just come out of the water, and was dressed in an old blue woollen coat, and pantaloons of the same colour. The upper part of his head was bald, but the hair of his chin, which could not be concealed even by the posture he had assumed, made its appearance between his arms on each side. I immediately retired, and waited at a little distance until he awoke; when rising, he opened the door, darted through the thicket, accompanied by his dogs, and made directly for the house, while some workmen employed in cutting timber, and whose tongues only I had heard before, now made the woods resound again with their axes."

Prince William of Gloucester, once passing through Canterbury, felt a strong inclination to pay his lordship a visit; which being mentioned at Mount Morris, Lord Rokeby very politely sent the prince an invitation to dinner. On this occasion he presided at a plentiful board, and displayed all the hospitality of an old English baron. Three courses were served up in a splendid style to his royal highness and his suite, and the repast con-

cluded with a variety of excellent wines, and in particular Tokay, which had been in the cellar half a century.

His memory was prodigious. In conversation if any thing occurred which afforded room for difference of opinion, he would frequently run on the sudden to his library, bring back a folio or two, and point the passage on which the whole depended. He was a great reader as well as deep thinker, and preserved the use of his eyes to the last: for writing, he very frequently availed himself of the help of an amanuensis. In so singular a character, it is natural that persons little acquainted with it should make very erroneous conjectures. Covetousness was represented to be his prevailing feature, but this was not perceptible in his domestic arrangements, where, in every article of good living, there was superfluity, and his parlour fires of wood and coal, which would be sufficient for half a dozen common rooms, did not countenance the idea of a frugal disposition; besides, his conduct to his tenants (for there was no where to be found a milder landlord, and, perhaps, indeed, he carried this propensity to indulge them to almost blameable excess) is a sufficient proof that his thoughts were not bent with any degree of anxiety on the acquisition of wealth. Yet he was tenacious of his property when it had once come into his hands; and he made a joke himself of his fondness for a new guinea; but this may be accounted for from his idea of the nature of paper-credit, and the firmness of our bank; and the quantity of money found in his house at his death was the natural result of these opinions. He was an excellent master, and a good neighbour; just in all his dealings, of strict honour, firmly attached to the liberty of his country, of a most enlarged mind, a true free-thinker, and, with all the singularities in his dress and manners, he united to his love of nature and independence all the good qualities which constitute a perfect gentleman.

From what has been already said, it appears that, in-

dependent of his beard, which reached to his waist, Lord Rokeby was a very singular character. He lived a considerable portion of his life in water, tempered by the rays of the sun, and travelled on foot at an age when people of his rank and fortune always indulge in a carriage. In the midst of a luxurious age he was abstemious both in eating and drinking, and attained to length of life without having recourse to the aid of medicine, and indeed with an utter contempt for the practitioners of physic. This he carried to such a length, that it is related, when a paroxysm was expected to come on, his lordship told his nephew that if he staid he was welcome; but if, out of a false humanity, he should call in medical assistance, and it should accidentally happen that he was not killed by the doctor, he hoped he should have sufficient use of his hands and senses left to make a new will, and to disinherit him.

This truly patriotic nobleman expired at his seat in Kent, in the month of December, 1800, in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

The family of Lord Rokeby has been distinguished for a literary turn. It was a relative of his who wrote the celebrated treatise on gavel-kind. His eldest sister, the late Mrs. Montague, successfully defended the memory and genius of Shakspeare against Voltaire: the younger, Mrs. Scott, who died in 1795, wrote several novels, some of which attained considerable reputation: and his nephew, Matthew Montague, is not wholly unknown in the world of letters.

As one of the great singularities of Lord Rokeby was his long beard, it may not be deemed uninteresting to give some account of the customs and ceremonies of different nations respecting this venerable appendage to the chin.

The beard was given to man by nature, and, as it is with much plausibility contended, for the purpose of being worn, otherwise it would not have been conferred.

Though at present it is deemed an unseemly excrescence, it was considered by all the nations of antiquity as one of the greatest ornaments of the person, and the gods, as well as mortals, were supposed to be decorated with this emblem of wisdom and virility. It was fashion that first lopped its honours from the chin; fashion, which is always studying either to satisfy avidity, or to conceal imperfection.

The Tartars, from a religious principle, waged a long and bloody war with the Persians, declaring them infidels, merely because they would not cut their whiskers, after the rite of Tartary: and we find, that a considerable branch of the religion of the ancients consisted in the management of their beard. The Greeks wore their beards till the time of Alexander the Great; when that prince ordered the Macedonians to be shaved, for fear it should give a handle to their enemies. According to Pliny, the Romans did not begin to shave till the year of Rome 454, when P. Ticinius brought over a stock of barbers from Sicily. Persons of quality had their children shaved the first time by others of the same or greater quality, who, by this means, became god-father or adoptive father of the children. Anciently, indeed, a person became god-father of the child by barely touching his beard: thus historians relate, that one of the articles of the treaty between Alaric and Clovis was, that Alaric should touch the beard of Clovis to become his god-father.

As to ecclesiastics, the discipline has been very different on the article of beards: sometimes they have been enjoined to wear them, from a notion of too much effeminacy in shaving, and that a long beard was more suitable to the ecclesiastical gravity; and sometimes again they were forbid it, as imagining pride to lurk beneath a venerable beard. The Greek and Roman churches have been long together by the ears about their beards: since the time of their separation, the

Romanists seem to have given more into the practice of shaving, by way of opposition to the Greeks; and have even made some express constitutions *de radendis barbis.* The Greeks, on the contrary, espouse very zealously the cause of long beards, and are extremely scandalized at the beardless images of saints in the Roman churches. By the statutes of some monasteries it appears, that the lay-monks were to let their beards grow, and the priests among them to shave; and that the beards of all that were received into the monasteries, were blessed with a great deal of ceremony. There are still extant the prayers used in the solemnity of consecrating the beard to God, when an ecclesiastic was shaven.

Le Comte observes, that the Chinese affect long beards extravagantly; but nature has baulked them, and only given them very little ones, which, however, they cultivate with infinite care: the Europeans are strangely envied by them on this account, and esteemed the greatest men in the world. Chrysostum observes, that the kings of Persia had their beards wove or matted together with gold-thread; and some of the first kings of France had their beards knotted and buttoned with gold. Among the Turks, it is more infamous for any one to have his beard cut off, than among us to be publicly whipt or branded with a hot iron. There are abundance in that country, who would prefer death to this punishment. The Arabs make the preservation of their beards a capital point of religion, because Mahomet never cut his. Hence the razor is never drawn over the grand signior's face. The Persians, who clip them, and shave about the jaw, are reputed heretics. It is likewise a mark of authority and liberty among them, as well as among the Turks. They who serve in the seraglio, have their beards shaven, as a sign of their servitude. They do not suffer it to grow till the sultan has set them at liberty, which is bestowed as a reward upon them, and is always accompanied with some employment.

The most celebrated ancient writers, and several modern ones, have spoken honourably of the fine beards of antiquity. Homer speaks highly of the white beard of Nestor, and that of old King Priam. Virgil describes Mezentius's, which was so thick and long as to cover all his breast; Chrysippus praises the noble beard of Timothy, a famous player on the flute. Pliny, the younger, tells us of the white beard of Euphrates, a Syrian philosopher; and he takes pleasure in relating the respect, mixed with fear, with which it inspired the people. Plutarch speaks of the long white beard of an old Laconian, who, being asked why he let it grow so, replied, "'Tis that, seeing continually my white beard, I may do nothing unworthy of its whiteness." Strabo relates, that the Indian philosophers, the Gymnosophists, were particularly attentive to make the length of their beards contribute to captivate the veneration of the people. Diodorus, after him, gives a very particular and circumstantial history of the beards of the Indians. Juvenal does not forget that of Antilochus the son of Nestor. Fenelon, in describing a priest of Apollo in all his magnificence, tells us, that he had a white beard down to his girdle. But Persius seems to outdo all these authors: this poet was so convinced that the beard was a symbol of wisdom, that he thought he could not bestow a greater encomium on the divine Socrates, than by calling him the bearded master, *magistrum barbatum*. While the Gauls were under their sovereignty, none but the nobles and Christian priests were permitted to wear long beards. The Franks, having made themselves masters of Gaul, assumed the same authority as the Romans: the bondsmen were expressly ordered to shave their chins; and this law continued in force until the entire abolishment of servitude in France. So, likewise, in the time of the first race of kings, a long beard was a sign of nobility and freedom. The kings, as being the highest nobles in their kingdom, were likewise emu-

lous to have the largest beards: Eginard, secretary to Charlemain, speaking of the last kings of the first race, says, they came to the assemblies in the field of Mars in a carriage drawn by oxen, and sat on the throne with their hair dishevelled, and a very long beard.

To touch any one's beard, or cut off a bit of it, was, among the first French, the most sacred pledge of protection and confidence. For a long time all letters that came from the sovereign had, for greater sanction, three hairs of his beard in the seal.

The bearded and the shaved chins, have by turns been the object of persecution. In many cathedrals of France, the capitulary statutes had declared war against the beards of the prebendaries; or rather it had been suggested, that attached as the clergy were to their beards, a very handsome revenue might be raised from the sale of licenses to them to wear beards: it was necessary therefore that an ediet should first be published, forbidding the clergy to wear their beards. The celebrated Duprat, who was Lord High Chancellor of France, in the reign of Francis I. was the adviser of this measure; and, at the persuasion of that king, the pope published a bull, by which he enjoined the clergy of France to shave their chins; and authorized the king to levy a tax upon such of them as would wish to purchase an exemption from the ordonnances of the bull. The bishops, and all the possessors of fat benefices, soon paid the tax, and saved their beards; but the inferior clergy, not being rich enough to purchase the privilege of preserving the covering which nature had given to their chins, were obliged to give them up to the edge of the razor. While Francis lived, they smothered their rage; but as as soon as he died they gave vent to it, and let it fall upon William Duprat, son to the chancellor. That gentleman was returning triumphant from the council of Trent, where he had signalized himself by his eloquence, and proceeding to Clermont, to take pos-

session of that bishopric, to which he had been nominated by King Henry II. The new prelate had one of the finest and most bushy beards in the kingdom. It was on Easter Sunday that he chose to make his public entry into his church, and celebrate divine service in all the splendour of pontifical pomp; but, to his unspeakable astonishment, he found the gate of the chancel shut against him; and through this, for it was of open brass work, he perceived three dignitaries of the chapter waiting to receive him, but in a manner which he did not relish: one held in his hand a razor, another a pair of scissars, and the third the book of ancient statutes of the church of Clermont, with finger pointed to two particular words in one of these statutes—"*Barbis rasis*;" whilst the other two occasionally brandished the formidable weapons, which threatened his lordship with the loss of his beard. In vain did the prelate remonstrate, and observe, that though he were willing to conform to the statutes, the sanctity of the sabbath ought not to suffer them to cut off his beard on that day, as it would be a servile work: the prebendaries were deaf to every thing; all they said was, "be shaved, or stay out." He was as obstinate as they; and chose rather to retire than give up his beard; and so much did he take his disappointment to heart, and the necessity he saw, either of losing his bishopric or his beard, that he fell ill, and died soon after. Duprat was not the only prelate who was opposed by his chapter on account of his beard. Antony Caracciola was nominated by the same King Henry to the see of Troyes, in Champagne; but the chapter refused to receive him, unless he consented to have his chin shaved; this he refused to do, but at the same time found means not to lose his bishopric; for he had interest enough with the king to obtain from him a mandamus to the chapter to receive him with his beard. The mandamus bears date the 28th of November, 1551. Five years after this, John de Morveilliers found

himself in a similar predicament; the chapter of Orleans, to the bishopric of which city he had been promoted, would not receive him till he should first let the barber qualify his chin to appear in the choir according to the statutes. He was permitted, however, by the chapter, to be enthroned without being shaved, because he luckily carried in his pocket a mandatory letter from the king, in which it was stated, that the statutes must be dispensed with on this occasion, as his majesty intended to employ him in embassies in countries where he could not appear without a beard.

In England, at the time of the conquest, the upper lips and chins of the barons in the train of Norman William, exhibited a small portion of beard, while those of the Anglo-Saxons, who opposed them, were more abundantly ornamented. After the introduction of linen, beards began gradually to disappear, but yet we find vestiges of them in much more modern periods. The beard of James I. appears to have been broad and bushy, and his son Charles wore one with a narrow point, at the lower part of his chin, and mustaches on his upper lip. The celebrated Algernon Sydney seems to have worn the latter only: but most of the republicans of that day cherished their beards in proportion as they polled their heads.

Several great men have honoured themselves with the surname of Bearded. The Emperor Constantine is distinguished by the epithet of *Pogonate* which signifies the bearded. In the time of the Crusade, we find there was a Geffery the Bearded: Baldwin IV. Earl of Flanders, was surnamed Handsome-beard; and, in the illustrious house of Montmorenci, there was a famous Bouchard, who took a pride in the surname of Bearded: he was always the declared enemy of the monks, without doubt because of their being shaved. In the tenth century, we find, that King Robert (of France), the rival of Charles the Simple, was not more famous for his ex-

plots than for his long white beard. In order that it might be more conspicuous to the soldiers, when he was in the field, he used to let it hang down outside his cuirass: this venerable sight encouraged the troops in battle, and served to rally them when they were defeated.

A celebrated painter in Germany, called John Mayo, had such a large beard that he was nicknamed John the Bearded: it was so long that he wore it fastened to his girdle; and, though he was a very tall man, it would hang upon the ground when he stood upright. He took the greatest care of this extraordinary beard; sometimes he would untie it before the emperor Charles V. who took great pleasure to see the wind make it fly against the faces of the lords of his court.

In England, the famous chancellor Thomas More, one of the greatest men of his time, being on the point of falling a victim to court intrigues, was able, when on the fatal scaffold, to procure respect to his beard in presence of all the people, and saved it, as one may say, from the stroke which he could not escape himself. When he had laid his head on the block, he perceived that his beard was likely to be hurt by the axe of the executioner; on which he took it away, saying, "My beard has not been guilty of treason; it would be an injustice to punish it."

But let us turn our eyes to a more flattering object, and admire the ever-precious beard of the great Henry IV. of France, which diffused over the countenance of that prince a majestic sweetness and amiable openness, a beard ever dear to posterity, and which should serve as a model for that of every great king, as the beard of his illustrious minister should for that of every minister. But what dependence is there to be put on the stability of the things of this world? By an event, as fatal as unforeseen, the beard, which was arrived at its highest degree of glory, all of a sudden lost its favour, and was at length entirely proscribed. The unexpected death of

Henry the Great, and the youth of his successor, were the sole cause of it. Louis XIII. mounted the throne of his glorious ancestors without a beard. Every one concluded immediately, that the courtiers, seeing their young king with a smooth chin, would look upon their own as too rough. The conjecture proved right; for they presently reduced their beards to whiskers, and a small tuft of hair under the nether lip. The people at first would not follow this dangerous example. The Duke of Sully would never adopt this effeminate custom. This man, great both as a general and a minister, was likewise so in his retirement: he had the courage to keep his long beard, and to appear with it at the court of Louis XIII. where he was called to give his advice in an affair of importance. The young crop-bearded courtiers laughed at the sight of his grave look and old-fashioned phiz. The duke, nettled at the affront put on his fine beard, said to the king, "Sir, when your father, of glorious memory, did me the honour to consult me on his great and important affairs, the first thing he did was to send away all the buffoons and stage-dancers of his court."

The czar Peter, who had so many claims to the surname of Great, seems to have been but little worthy of it on this occasion. He had the boldness to lay a tax on the beards of his subjects. He ordered that the noblemen and gentlemen, tradesmen and artisans (the priests and peasants excepted), should pay one hundred rubles to be able to retain their beards; that the lower class of people should pay a copeck for the same liberty; and he established clerks at the gates of the different towns to collect these duties. Such a new and singular impost troubled the vast empire of Russia. Both religion and manners were thought in danger. Complaints were heard from all parts; they even went so far as to write libels against the sovereign; but he was inflexible, and at that time powerful. Even the fatal scenes of St.

Bartholomew were renewed against these unfortunate beards, and the most unlawful violences were publicly exercised. The razor and scissars were every where made use of. A great number, to avoid these cruel extremities, obeyed with reluctant sighs. Some of them carefully preserved the sad trimmings of their chins: and, in order to be never separated from these dear locks, ordered that they should be placed with them in their coffins.

Example, more powerful than authority, produced in Spain what it had not been able to bring about in Russia without great difficulty. Philip V. ascended the throne with a shaved chin. The courtiers imitated the prince, and the people, in turn, the courtiers. However, though this revolution was brought about without violence and by degrees, it caused much lamentation and murmuring; the gravity of the Spaniards lost by the change. The favourite custom of a nation can never be altered without incurring displeasure; and they have this old saying in Spain, "Since we have lost our beards, we have lost our souls." This grave romantic nation has always regarded the beard as an ornament very highly to be prized; and the Spaniards have often made the loss of honour consist in that of their whiskers. The Portuguese, whose national character is much the same, are not the least behind them in that respect. In the reign of Catherine Queen of Portugal, the brave John de Castro had just taken in India the castle of Diu: victorious, but in want of every thing, he found himself obliged to ask the inhabitants of Goa to lend him a thousand pistoles for the maintenance of his fleet; and, as a security for that sum, he sent them one of his whiskers, telling them, "All the gold in the world cannot equal the value of this natural ornament of my valour; and I deposit it in your hands as a security for the money." The whole town was penetrated with this heroism, and every one interested himself about this invaluable whisker; even the women were desirous

to give marks of their zeal for so brave a man: several sold their bracelets to increase the sum asked for; and the inhabitants of Goa sent him, immediately, both the money and his whisker. A number of other examples of this kind might be produced, which do as much honour to whiskers as to the good faith of those days.

In Louis XIII's reign, whiskers attained the highest degree of favour, at the expense of the expiring beards. In those days of gallantry, not empoisoned by wit, they became the favourite occupation of lovers. A fine black whisker, elegantly turned up, was a very powerful mark of dignity with the fair sex. Whiskers were still in fashion in the beginning of Louis XIV's reign. The king, and all the great men of his court, took a pride in wearing them. They were the ornament of Turenne, Condé, Colbert, Corneille, Moliere, &c. It was then no uncommon thing for a favourite lover to have his whiskers turned up, combed, and pomatumed, by his mistress; and, for that purpose, a man of fashion took care to be always provided with every little necessary article, especially whisker wax. It was highly flattering to a lady to have it in her power to praise the beauty of her lover's whiskers; which, far from being disgusting, gave his person an air of vivacity: several even thought them an incitement to love. It seems the levity of the French made them undergo several changes both in form and name: there were Spanish, Turkish, guard-dagger, &c. whiskers, in short, *royal* ones, which were the last worn: their smallness proclaimed their approaching fall.

The consecration of the beard was a ceremony among the Roman youth, who, when they were shaved the first time, kept a day of rejoicing, and were particularly careful to put the hair of their beard into a silver or gold box, and make an offering of it to some god, particularly to Jupiter Capitolinus, as was done by Nero, according to Suetonius. The Turkish wives kiss their husbands'

beards, and children their fathers, as often as they come to salute them. The men kiss one another's beards reciprocally on both sides, when they salute in the streets, or come off from any journey.

The fashion of the beard has varied in different ages and countries; some cultivating and entertaining one part of it, some another. Thus the Hebrews wear a beard on their chin; but not on the upper lip or cheeks. Moses forbids them to cut off, entirely, the angle or extremity of their beard; that is, to manage it after the Egyptian fashion, who left only a little tuft of beard at the extremity of their chin; whereas the Jews to this day suffer a little fillet of hair to grow from the lower end of their ears to their chins, where, as well as on their lower lips, their beards are in a pretty long bunch. The Jews, in time of mourning, neglected to trim their beards, that is, to cut off what grew superfluous on the upper lips and cheeks. In time of grief and great affliction they also plucked off the hair of their beards.

Anointing the beard with unguents is an ancient practice both among the Jews and Romans, and still continues in use among the Turks; where one of the principal ceremonies observed in serious visits is to throw sweet-scented water on the beard of the visitant, and to perfume it afterwards with aloes-wood, which sticks to this moisture, and gives it an agreeable smell. In middle-age writers we meet with *adlentare barbem*, used for stroking and combing it, to render it soft and flexible. The Turks, when they comb their beards, hold a handkerchief on their knees, and gather, very carefully, the hairs that fall; and, when they have got together a certain quantity, they fold them up in paper, and carry them to the place where they bury the dead.

Of women remarkably bearded, there are several instances on record. In the cabinet of curiosities of Stutgard in Germany, there is the portrait of a woman called Bartel Graetje, whose chin is covered with a very large

beard. She was drawn in 1587, at which time she was but twenty-five years of age. There is likewise in the same cabinet another portrait of her when she was more advanced in life, but likewise with a beard. It is said, that the Duke of Saxony had the portrait of a poor Swiss woman taken, remarkable for her long bushy beard; and those who were at the carnival at Venice in 1726, saw a female dancer astonish the spectators not more by her talents than by her chin covered with a black bushy beard. Charles XII. had in his army a female grenadier: it was neither courage nor a beard that she wanted to be a man. She was taken at the battle of Pultowa, and carried to Petersburgh, where she was presented to the czar in 1724: her beard measured a yard and a half. We read in the Trévoux Dictionary, that there was a woman seen at Paris, who had not only a bushy beard on her face, but her body likewise covered all over with hair. Among a number of other examples of this nature, that of Margaret, the governess of the Netherlands, is very remarkable. She had a very long stiff beard, which she prided herself on; and, being persuaded that it contributed to give her an air of majesty, she took care not to lose a hair of it. This Margaret was a very great woman. It is said, that the Lombard women, when they were at war, made themselves beards with the hair of their heads, which they ingeniously arranged on their cheeks, in order that the enemy, deceived by the likeness, might take them for men.

JOSEPH CLARK.

This man was a very extraordinary posture-master who resided in Pall-mall. Though well-made, and rather gross than thin, he exhibited, in a most natural manner,

almost every species of deformity and dislocation. He frequently diverted himself with the tailors, by sending for one of them to take measure of him, and would so contrive it as to have a most immoderate rising in one of the shoulders: when the clothes were brought home, and tried upon him, the deformity was removed into the other shoulder; upon which the tailor asked pardon for the mistake, and altered the garment as expeditiously as possible: but, upon a third trial, he found him perfectly free from blemish about the shoulders, though an unfortunate lump appeared upon his back. In short, this wandering tumour puzzled all the workmen about town, who found it impossible to accommodate so changeable a customer. He dislocated the vertebræ of his back, and other parts of the body, in such a manner that Molins, the famous surgeon, before whom he appeared as a patient, was shocked at the sight, and would not even attempt his cure. He often passed for a cripple among persons with whom he had been in company but a few minutes before. Upon these occasions he would not only change the position of his limbs, but entirely alter the figure of his countenance. The powers of his face were more extraordinary than the flexibility of his body. He would assume all the uncouth grimaces that he saw at a quaker's meeting, the theatre, or any other public place. He died about the beginning of King William's reign, as it appears from Evelyn's Numismata that he was not living in 1697.

JOHN OVERS.

Before the metropolis had any bridge over the Thames, the conveyance was by a ferry, which used to carry passengers, from Southwark to the city, by boats;

which ferry was rented of the city by John Overs, who enjoyed it for many years. This man, though he kept many servants, was of so covetous a disposition, that he would not, even in his old age, spare his feeble body, nor abate any thing of his unnecessary labour, only to add to his wealth. He had always been accustomed to put his money out to use, and in time it increased to such a degree that he was almost as rich as the first nobleman in the land; notwithstanding, his habit, housekeeping, and expenses, indicated the most abject poverty.

This Charon had one daughter, both pious and beautiful; and he took care enough to have her liberally educated; but when she grew up, and fit for marriage, he would suffer no man (by his good will) to have any access to her. However, a young gentleman took the opportunity, when he was picking up his penny fares, to get admitted to her company. The first interview pleased well, the second better, and the third concluded the match. Meanwhile, the silly, rich ferryman, not dreaming but things were as secure by land as they were by water, continued in his former course.

He was of so penurious a disposition, that, when he would not be at the charge of a fire, he roasted, or at least, warmed, a black pudding in his bosom, and ate it; and gave his servants their portion out of his bosom, heated by his rowing over the water. Puddings were then a yard for a penny; and whenever he gave them their allowance, he used to say, "There, you hungry dogs, you will undo me with eating!"

He would scarcely afford his poor neighbours permission to light a candle, lest they should impoverish him, by taking some of the light. In the night he went to scrape upon the dung-hill, and if he could find any bones, he would bring them home in his cap, and have them stewed for pottage; and instead of oatmeal, he would buy the siftings of coarse meal, and with this

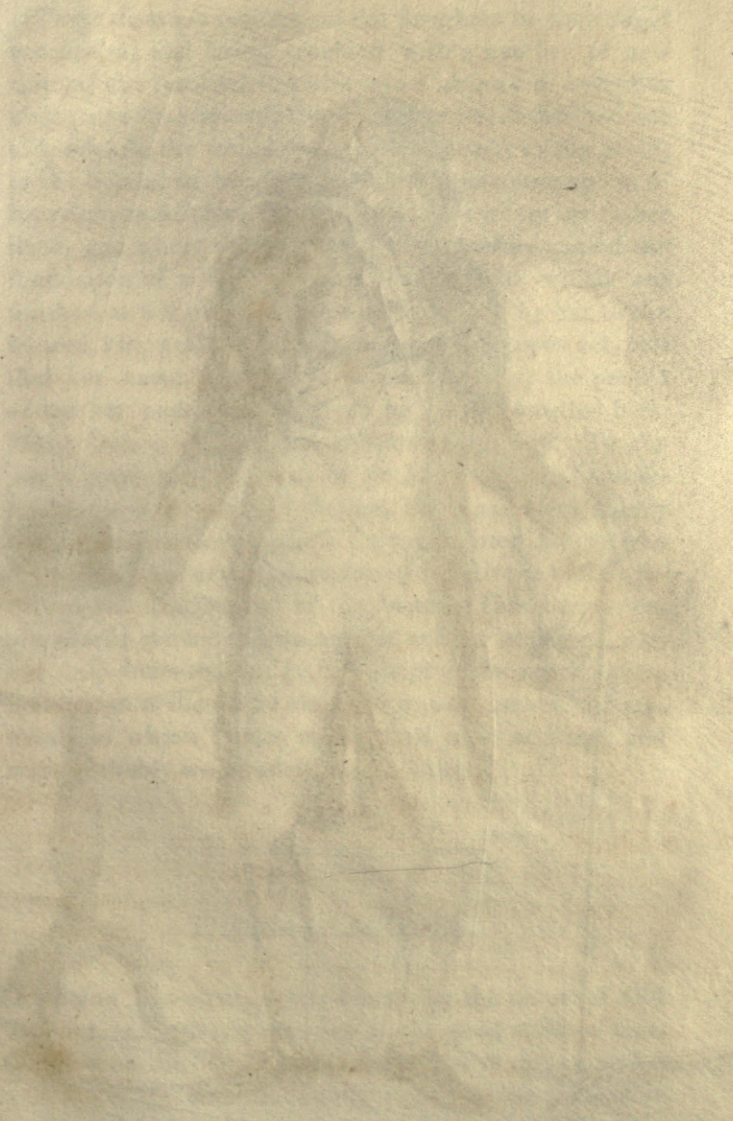
make the poor servants their broth. He bought his bread at the market, not caring how mouldy or stale it was; and when he brought it home, he cut it into slices and laid it in the sun, that it might be the harder to be eaten. Meat he would not buy, unless it were tainted, and therefore would go further in the family; and when his dog refused it, he said, he was a dainty cur, and better fed than taught, and then ate it himself. He needed no cats, for all the rats and mice voluntarily left his house, as there were no crumbs left by his servants to feed them.

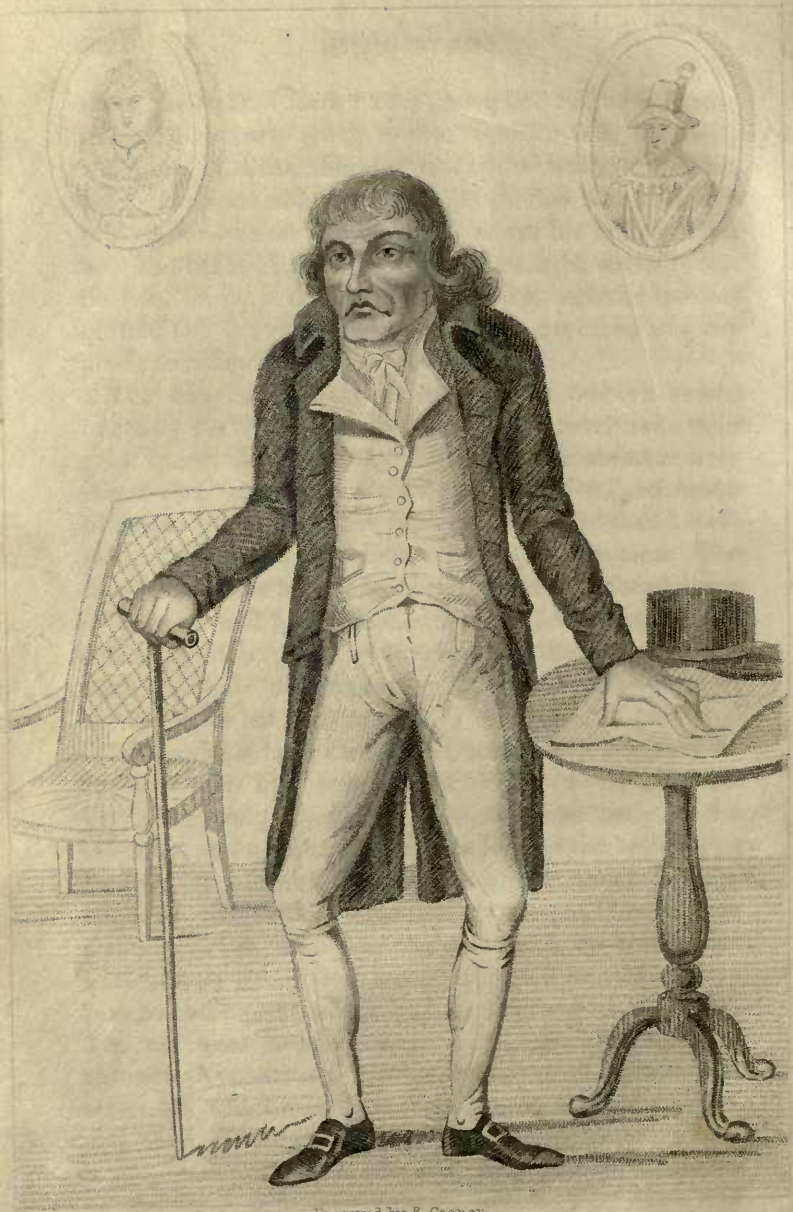
It is farther reported of him, that, to save one day's expenses, he first feigned himself sick, and the next day counterfeited death, for no other purpose than to save one day's provisions; apprehending that, whilst his body was above ground, his servants would not be so unnatural as to take any manner of food till they had seen him in the earth, purposing to recover the next morning after the charge was saved; and with this he acquainted his daughter, who, against her own will, consented to satisfy his humour. He was then laid out for dead, and wrapt up in a sheet, for he would not be at the expense of a coffin. He was laid out in his chamber with one candle burning at his head, and another at his feet; which was the custom of the time. His apprentices hearing of the glad tidings, came to see the joyful spectacle, and supposing him really dead, began to dance and skip about the corpse. One ran into the kitchen, and breaking open the cupboard, brought out the brown loaf; another fetched out the cheese; and the third drew a flagon of beer. They immediately began filling their empty bellies having been before almost starved, and rejoicing among themselves in the expectation of future comfort, and deliverance from the hard usage they had endured. The old man lay quaking all this time to see the waste, and thinking he should be undone, he could endure it no longer. Stirring and struggling in his

sheet, he stalked forth like a ghost, and taking a candle in each hand, was going to rout them for their boldness, when one of them, thinking it was the devil, in his likeness, in amazement caught hold of the butt end of a broken oar, and at one blow struck out his brains. Thus he, who thought only to counterfeit death, actually lost his life, through his own contrivance, and the law acquitted the fellow of the act, as the deceased was the prime occasion of the accident.

The daughter's lover hearing of her father's death, instantly posted away to town, but, with more haste than good speed, for, in riding fast, his horse unfortunately threw him, just at his entrance into London, and broke his neck. This, and her father's death, had such an effect on her spirits as to bereave her of her senses. The father, who, for his usury, extortion, and the sordidness of his life, had been excommunicated, was not allowed Christian burial; but the daughter, for money, prevailed upon the friars of Bermondsey Abbey, in the absence of the abbot, to get him buried.

When the abbot came home, seeing a new grave, he inquired who had been buried there, in his absence. On being truly informed, he caused the body to be taken up, and commanded it to be laid on the back of his own ass, for it was the custom of the times for the heads of religious houses to ride upon asses, then making a short prayer, he turned the beast with his burden out at the abbey gates, desiring of God that he might carry him to some place where he best deserved to be buried. The ass went with a solemn pace, unguided by any, through Kent-street, till he came to St. Thomas-a-watering, which was then the common execution place, and then shook him off, just under the gallows; where a grave was instantly made, and, without any ceremony, he was tumbled in, and covered with earth. Such was the remarkable end of his infamous and abominable avarice!





Engraved by R. Cooper

THOMAS LAUGHER.

Commonly called Old Tommy.

These disasters coming on the daughter in such rapid succession, and being troubled with a number of new suitors, she resolved to retire into a cloister of religious nuns; and determined, that whatever her father had left at his death, she would dispose of, as nearly as she could, to the honour of her Creator, and the encouragement of his religious service. Near to the place where her father lived, and where she was born, she therefore caused the foundation of a famous church to be laid, which was finished at her own charge, and dedicated by her to the blessed Virgin Mary. In memory of this pious act, and that her name might live to all posterity, the people added her name to that given by her, and called it St. Mary Overs, which title it bears to this day. To the public spirit of the priests of St. Mary Overs, London-bridge owed its origin. Before, there had been a ferry left by her parents to their only daughter Mary, who founded a nunnery, and endowed it with the money received from the profits of the boats. This house was afterwards converted into a great college of priests, who not only built the bridge, but kept it in repair. The first bridge it should be observed was of timber, the materials of which it was constructed were at hand, and most probably were rudely put together.

THOMAS LAUGHER.

Thomas Laugher, better known by the name of Old Tommy, is a striking instance of the good effect of temperance on the human constitution, for to this cause his venerable age must undoubtedly be in a great measure ascribed. He was born at the village of Markley, in the county of Worcester, and was baptized, as appears by his register, in January 1700. His parents were natives

of Shropshire, and were themselves examples of unusual longevity, his father dying at the age of 97, and his mother at 108. In the year following that of his birth they removed with him to London where he has resided ever since.

Laugher was educated at Christ-church College, Oxford; where he remained nearly twelve years. From there he made a tour on the continent, visiting many parts of Turkey, &c. and was absent seven years.

In the early part of his life Laugher followed, for many years, the profession of a liquor-merchant, in Tower-street. This, however, he was obliged to relinquish, in consequence of a heavy loss which he experienced, through the failure of Neele, Fordyce, and James, at that time a very considerable house in the city, to the amount of 198,000*l*. This affair took such effect upon him that he immediately became blind and speechless, and his skin peeled from the whole of his body. He was now reduced from affluence, to a state of extreme poverty. Though in a line of business in which wines and spirits of every kind presented themselves freely and plentifully, he never drank any fermented liquor, during the first fifty years of his life, his chief beverage being milk, milk and water, coffee and tea.

His strength of memory was such that he could remember most of the principal occurrences of the last century, and would relate with pleasure, to those who visited him, his seeing Queen Anne going to the House of Peers, on horseback, in the year 1705, seated on a pillion behind the Lord-Chancellor; and also, when a little boy, the death of King William. He likewise could recollect bread at two-pence farthing the quartern loaf, fresh butter at two-pence halfpenny per pound, and butchers' meat at one penny per pound.

He resided latterly in Kent-street in the Borough, from which he used to walk every Sunday morning, when the weather permitted, to the Rev. Mr. Coxhead's chapel in

Little Wild-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields: and a short time previous to his death he walked as far as Hackney and back again.

To all appearance Old Tommy had been a remarkably well-made man, and rather above the middle stature. Although at that extreme age, his lungs were very strong and sound. It is not less surprising than true, that after a severe fit of illness, at the age of eighty, he had a fresh head of hair, and new nails both on his fingers and toes; a contraction, which took place at the same time, in the finger of each hand, never left them. His hair was thick and flowing, not thoroughly white, but grey on the outside and brown underneath, as were also his eyebrows.

This venerable man had been for some time supported by the donations of charitable and well-disposed persons. From a spirit of independence, he used, for several years, to sell laces for stays, garters, and other little articles of that nature, for which he found customers among his friends, who always liberally encouraged his industry.

Laugher had a son who died at the age of eighty. This son, whom he called his "poor Tommy," had the appearance of being considerably older than himself, which occasionally produced curious mistakes. Among others the following anecdote is related on this subject: Walking, some years since in Holborn with his son, the difficulty which the latter found to keep up with him, drew the attention of a gentleman, who went to old Laugher and began to expostulate with him for not assisting his father. When informed of his mistake, he would not give credit to the old man till convinced by some person, who knew them both, of the truth of his testimony.

This inversion in the order of nature, was attributed by the old man to his son's having lived freely. He has been often heard to say, "If the young fool had taken

as much care of his health as I have, he might now have been alive and hearty."

As far as his memory went Old Tommy was extremely willing to answer any questions that were proposed, and had not that austerity and peevishness which so frequently accompany extreme age. He was much pleased to hear of Old Jenkins and Old Parr, and said his family came from the same county as the latter. His inoffensive manners and uninterrupted cheerfulness gained him the respect both of old and young in the neighbourhood of his residence.

He died in 1812, at the surprising age of 112 years.

ANTHONY MAGLIABECHI.

A learned Florentine, and librarian to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, was born in Florence, October the 29th, 1633. His parents were of so low and mean a rank, that they were very satisfied when they had procured him a service with a man who sold herbs and fruit. He had never learned to read, and yet he was perpetually poring over the leaves of old books, that were used as waste paper in his master's shop. A bookseller who lived in the neighbourhood, and who had often observed this, and knew the boy could not read, asked him one day, "What he meant by staring so much on printed papers?" He said, "That he did not know how it was, but that he loved it of all things; that he was very uneasy in the business he was in, and should be the happiest creature in the world, if he could live with him, who had always so many books about him." The bookseller was astonished, and yet pleased with his answer; and at last told him, that he should not be disinclined to take him into his shop, if his master would be willing to

part with him. Young Magliabechi thanked him with tears of joy; and his happiness was highly increased when his master, on the bookseller's desire, gave him leave to go where he pleased. He went, therefore, directly to his new and much desired business; and had not been long in it, before he could find out any book that was asked for, as readily as the bookseller could himself.

Some time after this he learned to read, and no sooner had he made this acquisition, than he employed every leisure moment in reading. He seems never to have applied himself to any particular study. A passion for reading was his ruling passion; and a prodigious memory his great talent. He read every book almost indiscriminately as they happened to come into his hands: he went through them with surprising quickness, and yet retained not only the sense of what he read, but often all the words, and the very manner of spelling them, if there was any thing peculiar of that kind in any author.

His extraordinary application and talents soon recommended him to Ermini, and Marmi, librarians of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. He was by them introduced into the conversation of the learned, and made known at court, and began to be looked upon every where as a prodigy, particularly for his vast and unbounded memory. It is said, that a trial was made of the force of his memory, which, if true, is very amazing. A gentleman at Florence, who had written a piece which was to be printed, lent the manuscript to Magliabechi; and, some time after it had been returned with thanks, came to him again with a melancholy face, and told him of some invented accident, by which, he said, he had lost his manuscript. The author seemed almost inconsolable for the loss of his work, and entreated Magliabechi, whose character for remembering what he read was always very great, to try to recollect as much as he possibly

could, and write it down for him, against his next visit. Magliabechi assured him he would, and, on setting about it, wrote down the whole manuscript without missing a word, or even varying any where from the spelling.*

By treasuring up every thing he read in so strange a a manner, or at least the subject, and all the principal parts of all the books he ran over, his head became at last, as one of his acquaintance expressed it, "An universal index both of titles and matter." He was so famous for the vast extent of his reading, and his amazing retention of what he had read, that it began to grow common among the learned to consult him, when they were writing on any subject. He would tell them not only who had treated of their subject designedly, but of such also as had touched upon it only accidentally, in writing on other subjects, both which he did with the greatest exactness, naming the author, the book, the words, and often the very number of the page in which their observations were inserted. He did this so often,

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* Another instance of the remarkable faculty of memory is exemplified in one William Lyon, a strolling player, who one evening, while taking his glass with some of his brother performers, proposed a wager of a crown bowl of punch, that next morning, at rehearsal, he would repeat a Daily Advertiser from beginning to end. The players considering this as a mere boast, paid no great attention to it, but as Lyon persisted in his offer, one of them at length accepted the wager. Next morning at the rehearsal, conceiving that as Lyon was intoxicated the preceding night, he must certainly have forgotten the wager, he reminded him of the circumstance, at the same time rallying him for bragging in such a ridiculous manner about his memory. Lyon, however, pulled out the paper, desired him to look at it, and to judge himself whether he did or did not win his wager. Notwithstanding the discordance and want of connexion between the paragraphs, the variety of advertisements and confused mass of heterogeneous matter which composes a newspaper, he repeated it from beginning to end without hesitation or mistake.

Lyon died at Edinburgh, where he frequently performed, about the year 1748.—*Baker's Biographia Dramatica.*

so readily, and so exactly, that at last he was looked upon almost as an oracle, for the ready and full answers that he gave to all questions, that were proposed to him, in any faculty or science whatever.

It was his great eminence this way, and his vast knowledge of books, that induced the Grand Duke Cosmo the Third, to confer on him the appointment of librarian: and what a happiness it must have been to Magliabechi, who delighted in nothing so much as in reading, to have the supreme command and use of such a collection of books as that in the great duke's palace, may be easily conceived. He was also very conversant with the books of the Lorenzo library; and had the keeping of those of Leopoldo and Francesco Maria, the two cardinals of Tuscany; and yet even all this did not satisfy his extensive appetite.

To read such vast numbers as he did, he latterly made use of a method as extraordinary as any thing hitherto mentioned of him. When a book first came into his hands, he would look the title-page all over, then dip here and there in the preface, and advertisements, if there were any, and cast his eyes on each of the divisions, the different sections, or chapters, and then he would be able to know what that book contained; for he remembered as steadily as he conceived rapidly. It was after he had taken to this way of reading, that a priest who had composed a panegyric on one of his favourite saints, brought it to Magliabechi, as a present. He read it over the very way above mentioned, and then thanked him very kindly for his excellent treatise. The author, in some pain, asked him, "Whether that was all he intended to read of his book?" Magliabechi coolly answered, "Yes, for I know very well every thing that is in it."

Magliabechi had also a local memory of the places where every book stood, and seems to have carried this farther than only his relation to the collection of books

with which he was personally acquainted. One day the grand duke sent for him, after he was his librarian, to ask him, whether he could get him a book that was particularly scarce. "No, sir," answered Magliabechi, "It is impossible, for there is but one in the world; that is in the Grand Signior's library at Constantinople, and is the seventh book on the second shelf on the right hand as you go in." Though Magliabechi must have lived so sedentary a life, with such an intense and almost perpetual application to books, yet he attained to a good old age. He died in his eighty-first year, on July 14, 1714.

By his will he left a very fine library, of his own collection, for the use of the public, with a fund to maintain it; and whatever should remain, to the poor. He was not an ecclesiastic, but chose never to marry; and was quite negligent, or rather quite slovenly in his dress. His appearance was such, as must have been far from engaging the affection of a lady, had he addressed himself to any; and his face in particular, as appears by the several representations of him, whether in his busts, medals, pictures, or prints, would rather have prejudiced his suit than advanced it. He received his friends, and those who came to consult him on any points of literature, in a civil and obliging manner, though in general he had almost the air of a savage, and even affected it, together with a cynical or contemptuous smile, which scarcely rendered his look the more agreeable.

In his manner of living, he affected the character of Diogenes; three hard eggs, and a draught or two of water were his usual repast. When any visitors went to see him, they usually found him lolling in a sort of fixed wooden cradle, in the middle of his study, with a multitude of books, some thrown in heaps, and others scattered about the floor, all round him; and this his cradle, or bed, was attached to the nearest piles of books, by a number of cobwebs. At their entrance, he commonly

Engraved by B. Cooper.

ELIZABETH WOODCOCK,

Who was buried in Snow nearly 8 days.

used to call out to them not to hurt his spiders. An old cloak served him for a gown in the day, and for bed-clothes at night: he had one straw chair for his table, and another for his bed, in which he continued fixed among his books till he was overpowered by sleep.

ELIZABETH WOODCOCK.

Elizabeth Woodcock was the wife of a sober industrious farmer, who supported her and four children by a farm of about 30*l.* a year, at the village of Impington, about three miles from Cambridge. She went on horseback to Cambridge market, on Saturday, February 2, 1799, to sell some poultry, &c. and buy some necessaries for her family.—On her return home in the evening, between six and seven o'clock, being about half a mile from her own house, her horse started at a sudden light, which proceeded, most probably, from a meteor, a phenomenon which, at this season of the year, not unfrequently happens. She was herself struck with the light, and exclaimed, "Good God! what can this be!" It was a very inclement stormy night, a bleak wind blew boisterously from the north-east. The ground was covered by the great quantities of snow that had fallen during the day, yet it was not spread, uniformly, over the surface. The deepest ditches were many of them completely filled up, whilst in the open fields there was but a thin covering, but in the roads and lanes, and many narrow and enclosed parts, it had accumulated to a considerable depth, no where yet so as to render the ways impassable, but still enough to retard and impede the traveller. The horse, upon his starting, ran backward, and approached to the brink of a ditch, which the poor woman recollected, and, fearing lest the animal in his fright should

plunge into it, very prudently dismounted with all expedition. Her intention was to walk, and lead the horse home; but he started again, and broke from her. She repeated her attempt to take hold of the bridle; but the horse, still under the impression of fear, turned suddenly out of the road, and directed his steps to the right over the common fields. She followed, in hopes of quickly overtaking him, but, unfortunately, lost one of her shoes in the snow. She was already wearied with the exertion she had made, and besides, had a heavy basket on her arm, containing several articles of domestic consumption, which she had brought from market. By these means her pursuit of the horse was greatly impeded; she however persisted, and followed him through an opening in a hedge, a little beyond which she overtook him (about a quarter of a mile from the place she alighted), and, taking hold of the bridle, made another attempt to lead him home. But she had not retraced her steps farther than a thicket, which lies contiguous to the hedge, when she found herself so much fatigued and exhausted, her hands and feet, particularly her left foot, which was without a shoe, so very much benumbed, that she was unable to proceed farther. Sitting down upon the ground in this state, and letting go the bridle, "Tinker," she said, calling the horse by his name, "I am too much tired to go any farther, you must go home without me;" and exclaimed, "Lord have mercy upon me!"

The ground on which she sat was upon a level with the common field, close under the thicket on the south-west. She well knew the situation of it, and what was its distance from and bearing with respect to her own house. There was then but a small quantity of snow drifted near her; but it was beginning to accumulate, and did actually accumulate so rapidly, that, when Chesterton bell rang at eight o'clock, she was completely enclosed and hemmed in by it. The depth of the snow

in which she was enveloped, was about six feet in a perpendicular direction; over her head between two and three. Her imprisonment was now complete, for she was incapable of making any effectual attempt to extricate herself, and, in addition to her fatigue and cold, her clothes were stiffened by the frost. Resigning herself, therefore, calmly to the necessity of her bad situation, she sat awaiting the dawn of the following day. To the best of her recollection, she slept very little during the first night, or indeed, any of the succeeding nights or days, except on Friday the eighth. Early the next morning she distinctly heard the ringing of a bell in one of the villages at a small distance. Her mind was now turned to the thoughts of her preservation, and busied itself in concerting expedients, by means of which any one, who chanced to come near the place, might discover her. On the morning of the third, the first after her imprisonment, observing before her a circular hole in the snow, about two feet in length, and half a foot in diameter, running obliquely upwards through the mass, she broke off a branch of the bush, which was close to her, and with it thrust her handkerchief through the hole, and hung it, as a signal of distress, upon one of the uppermost twigs that remained uncovered; an expedient that will be seen, in the sequel, to have occasioned her discovery. She bethought herself, at the same time, that the change of the moon was near; and having an almanack in her pocket, she took it out, though with great difficulty, and consulting it, found that there would be a new moon the next day, February the 4th. The difficulty which she found in getting the almanack out of her pocket arose, in a great measure, from the stiffness of her frozen clothes. The trouble, however, was compensated by the consolation which the prospect of so near a change in her favour afforded. The extremity of the hole was closed up with a thin covering of snow or ice, on the first morning,

which easily transmitted light. When she put out her handkerchief she broke it; in consequence of which, the external air being admitted, she felt herself very cold. On the second morning it was again closed up in a similar manner, and continued so till the third day, after which time it remained open.

She perfectly distinguished the alterations of day and night; heard the bells of her own and some of the neighbouring villages several different times, particularly that of Chesterton;* was sensible of the living scene around her, frequently noticing the sound of carriages upon the road, the natural cries of animals, such as the bleating of sheep and lambs, and the barking of dogs. One day she overheard a conversation carried on by two gypsies, relative to an ass which they had lost. She afterwards specified it was not their asses in general terms, that they were talking about, but some particular one; and her precision in this respect was confirmed by the acknowledgment of the gypsies themselves. She recollected having pulled out her snuff box and taking two pinches of snuff; but, what is very strange, she felt so little gratification from it, that she never repeated it. A common observer would have imagined the irritation arising from the snuff would have been peculiarly grateful to her, and that, being deprived of all other comforts, she would have solaced herself with those which the box afforded, till the contents of it were exhausted. Possibly, however, the cold she endured might have so far blunted her powers of sensation that the snuff no longer retained its stimulus. At another time, finding her left hand beginning to swell, in consequence of her reclining, for a considerable time on that arm, she took two rings, the tokens of her nuptial vows, twice pledged, from her finger, and put them,

* Chesterton bell rings every night at eight o'clock, and four in the morning, during the winter half of the year, Sundays excepted, and is at the distance of near two miles from the place where she sat.

together with a little money which she had in her pocket, into a small box, sensibly judging that, should she not be found alive, the rings and money, being thus deposited, were less likely to be overlooked by the discoverers of her breathless corpse. She frequently shouted out in hopes that her vociferations reaching the ears of any that chanced to pass that way, they might be drawn to the spot where she was. But the snow so far prevented the transmission of her voice, that no one heard her. The gypsies, who passed nearer to her than any other person, were not sensible of any sound proceeding from her snow-formed cavern, though she particularly endeavoured to attract their attention.

When the period of her seclusion approached to a termination, and a thaw took place on the Friday after the commencement of her misfortunes, she felt uncommonly faint and languid; her clothes were wet quite through by the melted snow; the aperture before mentioned became considerably enlarged, and tempted her to make an effort to release herself: but, alas! it was a vain attempt; her strength was too much impaired; her feet and legs were no longer obedient to her will, and her clothes were become very much heavier by the water which they had imbibed. And now, for the first time, she began to despair of ever being discovered or taken out alive; and declares that, all things considered, she could not have survived a continuation of her sufferings for the space of twenty-four hours longer. It was now that the morning of her emancipation was arrived, her sufferings increased; she sat with one of her hands spread over her face, and fetched the deepest sighs; her breath was short and difficult, and symptoms of approaching dissolution became every hour more alarming. The cavity in which she was confined was sufficiently large to afford her space enough to move herself about three or four inches in any direction, but not to stand

upright, being only about three feet and a half in height, and two in the broadest part.

On Sunday the 10th of February, Joseph Muncey, a young farmer, in his way home from Cambridge, about half-past twelve o'clock, crossed over the open field, and passed very near the spot where the woman was. A coloured handkerchief, hanging upon the tops of the twigs, where it was before said she had suspended it, caught his eye; he walked up to the place, and espied an opening in the snow. It was the very aperture which led to the prisoner's apartment. He heard a sound issue from it, similar to that of a person breathing hard and with difficulty. He looked in, and saw a female figure, whom he recognised to be the identical woman who had been so long missing. He did not speak to her, but, seeing another young farmer and the shepherd at a little distance, he communicated to them the discovery he had made. Upon which, though they scarcely gave any credit to his report, they went with him to the spot. The shepherd called out "Are you there, Elizabeth Woodcock?" She replied, in a very faint and feeble accent, "Dear John Stittle, I know your voice; for God's sake help me out of this place!" Every effort was immediately made to comply with her request. Stittle made his way through the snow till he was able to reach her; she eagerly grasped his hand, and implored him not to leave her. "I have been here a long time," she observed. "Yes," answered the man, "ever since Saturday." "Aye, Saturday week," she replied; "I have heard the bells go two Sundays for church." An observation which demonstrably proves how well apprized she was of the duration of her confinement.

Muncey, and the younger Merrington, during this conversation, were gone to the village to inform the husband, and to procure proper means for conveying her home. They quickly returned, in company with

her husband, some of the neighbours, and the elder Merrington, who brought with him his horse and chaise-cart, blankets to wrap her in, and some refreshment, which he took it for granted she would stand in peculiar need of. The snow being a little more cleared away, Mr. M. went up to her, and, upon her entreaty, gave her a piece of biscuit, and a small quantity of brandy, from both of which she found herself greatly recruited. As he took her up to put her into the chaise, the stocking of the left leg, adhering to the ground, came off. She fainted in his arms, notwithstanding he moved her with all the caution in his power. But nature was very much exhausted; and the motion, added to the impression which the sight of her husband and neighbours made upon her, was too much for her strength and spirits. The fit, however, was but of short continuance; and when she recovered, he laid her gently in the carriage, covered her over with the blankets, and conveyed her, without delay or interruption, to her own house.

When the horse came home, her husband and another person set out on the road with a lantern, and went quite to Cambridge, where they only learnt that she left the inn at six that evening. They explored the road afresh that night, and for four succeeding days, and searched the huts of the gypsies, whom they suspected might have robbed and murdered her, in vain, till she was unexpectedly discovered in the manner already mentioned. Mr. Okes, a surgeon, first saw her in the cart, as she was removing home. She spoke to him with a voice tolerably strong, but rather hoarse, her hands and arms were sodden, but not very cold, though her legs and feet were, and the latter, in a great measure, mortified. She was immediately put to bed, and weak broth given her occasionally. From the time of her being lost she had eaten only snow, and believes she had not slept till Friday the eighth. The hurry of spirits, occasioned by too many visitors, rendered her feverish; and her feet were found

to be completely mortified, from being frost-bitten before she was covered with snow. She was so disturbed with company that Mr. Okes had little hopes of her recovery.

The cold had extended its violent effects from the end of the toes to the middle of the instep, including more than an inch above the heels, and all the bottom of the feet, which were mortified, were poulticed with stale beer and oatmeal boiled together. Inward cold, as she called it, affected her, and she desired that the cataplasms might be renewed as often as possible, and very warm. The 19th and 20th she was seized with violent diarrhœa, which occasioned great weakness; and, two days after, several toes were so loose as to be removed by scissars. The 23d she was taken up without fainting. All the toes were removed, and the integuments from the bottom of one foot, except a piece at the heel, which was so long ere it loosened itself that the *os calcis* and *tendo Achillis* had suffered. The sloughs on the other foot were thrown off more slowly, and two of the toes removed. All but one great toe was removed by the 17th; and, on removing the sloughs from the heels, the bone was bare in many places; and wherever the mortification had taken place, was one large sore, very tender. The sores were much diminished, and the great toe taken off, by the end of March, and an unusual sleepiness came on. By April 17th, the sores were free from slough, and daily lessened; her appetite tolerably good, and her general health began to amend; but, with all these circumstances in her favour, she felt herself to be very uncomfortable; and in fact, her prospect was most miserable; for though her life was saved, the mutilated state in which she was left, without even a chance of ever being able to attend to the duties of her family, was almost worse than death itself; for, from the exposure of the *os calcis*, in all probability it would have required some months before the bottoms of her feet

could be covered with new skin: and after all, they would have been so tender as not to bear any pressure; the loss too of all her toes must have made it impossible for her to move herself, but with the assistance of crutches.

Soon after the violence of the fever had abated, there appeared all over her body, arms, and face, broad reddish blotches, which Mr. Okes judged to be from the same cause as produces chilblains.

Her position in the snow, was that of a person laying against a (rather steep) bank, a little on her left side, and her head inclined to her right shoulder. After many attempts, she got her right hand to her face, and pushed the snow from it, condensing it in a cave-like form round her face; she also got her left hand so far at liberty as to bring it to her face. She felt no hunger from the time she was immersed in the snow, nor any of the calls of nature excepting thirst, which she relieved about every half hour by eating the hardest morsels of snow she could get. She never was in darkness, but could plainly distinguish day from night, and the different parts of the day. The elbow of her right arm lying against a branch of a bush, it was very much bruised by her striving to get it at liberty.

An account of her providential preservation was published at Cambridge in two parts. The first by the Rev. Mr. Holme, minister of her parish; the second by her surgeon, Mr. Thomas Verney Okes, the book was published for her benefit, and went through two editions.

This unfortunate woman closed a lingering existence on July 13, 1799, and we are sorry to add, that too frequent indulgence of spirituous liquors was supposed to have been the cause both of the accident and its fatal consequences.*

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* The miraculous preservation of Elizabeth Woodcock, is to be ascribed to the great warmth and nutritious quality of the snow—of

The facts before us seem strong reasons for enforcing the directions given by the Humane Society, and agreed on by all medical men, as to the treatment of persons suffering from intense cold, or long abstinence from food. The application of heat to the human body after intense cold is attended with the most dreadful consequences; it always produces extreme pain, and most frequently, either partial or general mortification of the parts to which the heat is applied; instead, therefore, of allowing patients of this description to come near a fire, let the limbs be rubbed well with snow, or, if snow cannot be procured, let them be immersed into cold water, and afterwards chafed with flannel for a considerable length of time; and, to diminish the force of fever (which, in the case of Elizabeth Woodcock, had nearly been fatal), let the party be restrained most cautiously from taking too much nutritious food. Spirits, likewise, or wine, should on no pretence whatever be administered till they have first been copiously diluted with water. Great attention must be paid to the state of the bowels; and, in case of having suffered long abstinence from food, clysters of meat broth will be found to be, in

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this certain fact, we are not without many astonishing and convincing proofs. That persons can subsist on snow, and on water, for many days, is also evident: a remarkable instance of which occurred on Wednesday, November the 22d, 1820. Some children passing a dry well in a field, in the parish of Doddington, heard a voice which much frightened them; on examination it was found to proceed from a young woman of the name of CECILIA STEERS, who accidentally fell in on the eighth as she was going to Rodmersham to see her mother: the poor girl had nothing to live on the fifteen days and nights, but a little snow water, which she collected in a hole she made at the bottom of the well for that purpose: the well was thirty feet deep, and had been made for the purpose of obtaining chalk.

Another instance is likewise on record of three women who survived after being buried thirty-seven days in the snow at Bergemoletto, in Italy, in the year 1765. This is attested by Mons. Somis.

every respect, of great utility. The use of opium and camphor is much to be recommended, though perhaps it may be advisable to give the opium, at first, in very small doses only. The Peruvian bark will certainly be found serviceable in the course of the cure of mortifications: but it ought not to be directed till suppuration has come on.

THE DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.

Few females have, in their time, attracted so large a portion of public notice as this celebrated lady, who was the daughter of Colonel Chudleigh, the descendant of an ancient family in the county of Devon. Her father dying while she was very young, the care of this, his only daughter, devolved on her mother, who had little more than the usual pension allotted to the widow of an officer for their mutual subsistence. Under these circumstances, Mrs. Chudleigh prudently availed herself of the best substitute for money—good connexions. These, the rank, situation, and habits of her husband had placed within her power. She hired a house fit, at that less refined period, for a fashionable town residence; and accommodated an inmate for the purpose of adding to the scantiness of her income.

Her daughter Elizabeth was soon distinguished for a brilliancy of repartee, and for other qualities highly recommendatory, because extremely pleasing. An opportunity offered for the display of them to every advantage. The father of King George the Third, had his court at Leicester-house. Mr. Pulteney, who then blazed as a meteor in the opposition, was honoured with the particular regard of the Prince of Wales. Miss Chudleigh was introduced to Mr. Pulteney, and he obtained for her, at the age of about eighteen, the appointment of maid

of honour to the Princess of Wales; but he did more than thus place her in an elevated station; he endeavoured to cultivate her understanding; to him Miss Chudleigh read; and with him, when separated by distance, actually corresponded. Some improvement she obtained by this advantage, but the extreme vivacity of her disposition prevented her from making any considerable acquirements. Her maxim on every subject was, according to her own expression, to be "short, clear, and surprising;" a voluminous author was, consequently, her aversion; and a prolix story, however interesting, disgusted her, merely from the circumstance of its prolixity. With such a pupil Mr. Pulteney could laugh, and, in despair of his literary instruction making any deep impression on the mind of his adopted fair one, he changed the scene, and endeavoured to initiate her in the science of economy instead of books.

The station to which Miss Chudleigh was advanced, combined with many personal attractions, produced her a number of admirers: some with titles, and others in the expectation of them. Among the former was his grace the Duke of Hamilton, whom Miss Gunning had afterwards the good fortune to obtain for a consort. The duke was passionately fond of Miss Chudleigh, and pressed his suit with such ardour, as to obtain a solemn engagement on her part, that on his return from a tour, for which he was preparing, she would become his wife. There were reasons why this event should not immediately take place; that the engagement would be fulfilled at the specified time, both parties considered as a moral certainty. A mutual pledge was given and accepted; the duke commenced his proposed tour, and the parting condition was, that he should write by every opportunity; and Miss Chudleigh, of course, to answer his epistles. Thus the arrangement of fortune seemed to have united a pair, who possibly might have experinced much happiness in the union; for between the Duke of

Hamilton and Miss Chudleigh there was a similarity of disposition. Fate, however, had not destined them for each other.

Miss Chudleigh had an aunt whose name was Hanmer; at her house the Hon. Mr. Hervey, son of the Earl of Bristol, and a captain in the royal navy, was a visitor. To this gentleman, Mrs. Hanmer became so exceedingly partial, that she favoured his views on her niece, and engaged her efforts to effect, if possible, a matrimonial connexion. There were two difficulties which would have been insurmountable, had they not been opposed by the fertile genius of a female. Miss Chudleigh disliked Captain Hervey, and she was betrothed to the Duke of Hamilton; to render this alliance nugatory, the letters of his grace were intercepted by Mrs. Hanmer; and his supposed silence giving offence to her niece, she worked so successfully on her pride, as to induce her to abandon all thoughts of her lover, whose passion she had cherished with delight. A conduct the reverse of that imputed to the duke was observed by Captain Hervey; he was all that assiduity could dictate, or attention perform. He had daily access to Miss Chudleigh, and each interview was artfully improved by the aunt, to the promotion of her own views. The letters of his Grace of Hamilton, which regularly arrived, were as regularly suppressed; until, piqued beyond endurance, Miss Chudleigh was prevailed on to accept the hand of Captain Hervey; and, by a private marriage, to ensure the participation of his future honours and fortune. The ceremony was performed in a private chapel adjoining the country mansion of Mr. Merrill, at Lainston, near Winchester, in Hampshire.

On a review of life, the predominant evil experienced may be easily traced, by every reflecting mind, to some wilful error, or injudicious mistake, operating as a determinate cause, and giving the colour to our fate. This

was the case with Miss Chudleigh; for the hour she became united with Captain Hervey proved to her the origin of every subsequent unhappiness. The connubial rights were attended with unhappy consequences, and, from the night following the day on which the marriage was solemnized, Miss Chudleigh resolved never to have further connexion with her husband. To prevail on him not to claim her as his wife, required all the art of which she was mistress, and the best dissuasive argument was the loss of her situation as maid of honour, should the marriage be publicly known. The finances of Captain Hervey not enabling him, at the time, to compensate such a loss, this, most probably, operated as a prudential motive for his yielding to the entreaties of his wife; which he did, in a manner that at times indicated a strong desire to play the tyrant. In fact, as she frequently expressed herself:—"Her misery commenced with the arrival of Captain Hervey in England, and the greatest joy she experienced was the intelligence of his departure." Hence, while the ship remained at Spithead or in the Downs, she trembled with apprehension lest the destination might be countermanded. A fair wind out of the Channel was the soother of her mind; and she was always extremely inquisitive as to the duration of the voyage, or cruise, as well as to the probable intervening accidents which might still retard it. Such were some of the immediate consequences of an union, brought about by artifice, effected clandestinely, and originating, in the one party from pique, and in the other from a more reprehensible passion.

Miss Chudleigh, now Mrs. Hervey, a maid in appearance, a wife in disguise, seemed to those who judge from external appearance only, to be in a most enviable situation. Of the higher circles, she was the attractive centre; of gayer life, the invigorating spirit. Her royal mistress not only smiled on, but actually approved her. A few friendships she cemented, and conquests she made

in such abundance, that, like Cæsar in triumph, she had a train of captives at her heels; yet, with all this appearance of happiness, she wanted that, without which there is no happiness on earth—peace of mind. Her husband, quieted for a time, grew obstreperous as she became more the object of admiration; and feeling his right, was determined to assert it. She endeavoured, by letters, to soothe him into peace; but her efforts were not successful; and he demanded an interview, enforcing his demand by threats of exposure in case of refusal; she was thefore obliged to comply. The meeting was at the apartment of Capt. Hervey; a black servant only was in the house. On entering the room where he was, his first care was to prevent her retreat by locking the door. This interview ended, like every other which she had with Capt. Hervey, unhappily for her. The fruit of it being the addition of a boy to the human race. Miss Chudleigh removed to Chelsea for a change of air, and returned to Leicester-house perfectly recovered from her indisposition. The infant soon sinking into the arms of death, left only the tale of its existence to be related.

While these and a variety of other circumstances were passing between Miss Chudleigh and her husband, the Duke of Hamilton arrived from his travels. He lost not a moment in paying his homage to the idol of his affections, and obtaining an explanation of the reason why his letters were unanswered. Flighty as he was in other respects, to Miss Chudleigh his constancy remained unshaken. The interview developed the whole, and placed Mrs. Hanmer in her true light, that of the authoress of mischief. But, as a palliation of past evil, the duke made a generous tender of his hand, where his heart was already centered. The rejection of this offer, which it was impossible to accept, and almost as impossible to explain the reason why it was rejected, occasioned emotions in the duke, which the imagination may conceive better than the pen explain. Miss Chudleigh was even

compelled to prohibit his visits. Several other nobles experienced a similar fate. This astonished the fashionable world: and the mother of Miss Chudleigh, who was a total stranger to the private marriage of her daughter, reprehended her folly in proper terms.

In order to relieve herself, at least for a time, from the embarrassments which environed her, Miss Chudleigh determined to travel, and embarked for the Continent, chosing Germany for the theatre of her perigrinations. She resided some time at Berlin, then went to Dresden; and, as she aspired to the acquaintance of crowned heads, she was gratified by that of the Great Frederic of Prussia, who not only conversed but corresponded with her. In the Electress of Saxony she found a friend, whose affection for her continued to the latest period of life. The electress was a woman of sense, honour, virtue, and religion. Her letters were replete with kindness; while her hand distributed presents to Miss Chudleigh out of the treasury of abundance, her heart was interested for her happiness. This she afterwards evinced during her prosecution; for, at that time, a letter from the electress contained the following passage:——"You have long experienced my love; my revenue, my protection, my every thing you may command. Come then, my dear life, to an asylum of peace. Quit a country where, if you are bequeathed a cloak, some pretender may start up and ruin you by law to prove it not your property Let me have you at Dresden."

On her return from the Continent, Miss Chudleigh ran the career of pleasure, enlivened the court circles, and each year became more ingratiated with the mistress whom she served; she was the leader of fashion; played whist with Lord Chesterfield, and revelled with Lady Harrington and Miss Ashe. She was a constant visitant at all public places, and in 1742, appeared at a masked ball in the character of Iphigenia.

Reflection, however put off for the day, too frequently

intruded an unwelcome visit at night. Captain Hervey, like a perturbed spirit, was eternally crossing the path trodden by his wife. If in the rooms at Bath, he was sure to be there. At a rout, ridotto, or ball, this destroyer of peace embittered every pleasure, and blighted the fruit of happiness by the malignancy of his presence. As a proof of his disposition to annoy, he menaced his wife with an intimation that he would disclose the marriage to the Princess of Wales. In this Miss Chudleigh anticipated him, by being the first relater of the circumstance. Her royal mistress pitied her, and continued her patronage to the hour of her death.

At length stratagem was either suggested, or it occurred to Miss Chudleigh, at once to deprive Captain Hervey of the power to claim her as his wife. The clergyman who had married them was dead. The register-book was in careless hands. A handsome compliment was paid for the inspection, and while the person in whose custody it was listened to an amusing story, Miss Chudleigh tore out the register. Thus imagining the business accomplished, she for a time bade defiance to her husband, whose taste for the softer sex subsiding from some unaccountable cause, occasioned Miss Chudleigh a cessation of inquietude. Her better fate influenced in her favour the heart of a man who was the exemplar of amiability: this was the late Duke of Kingston. Meanwhile Capt. Hervey had succeeded to the earldom of Bristol. With rank he obtained fortune; and both were inviting objects to the mind of our heroine. When a succession to the family honours and revenue became highly probable, a short period before it took place, Miss Chudleigh went to the house of Mr. Merrill, in whose chapel she was married. Her ostensible reason was a jaunt out of town; her real design was to procure, if possible, the insertion of her marriage with Captain Hervey in the book, which, in order to destroy the written evidence of that marriage, she had formerly mu-

tilated. With this view she dealt out promises with a liberal hand. The officiating clerk, who was a person of various avocations, was to be promoted to the extent of his wishes. The book was managed by the lady to her content, and she returned to London, secretly exulting in the excellence and success of her machination. She did, it is true, succeed, but it was laying the groundwork of that very evidence which operated afterwards to her conviction.

Such was the situation of Miss Chudleigh, when the Duke of Kingston became her admirer. Re-married, as it were, by her own stratagem, the participation of ducal honours became legally impossible. The chains of wedlock, which the lady had been so industrious in shaking off, or putting on, as seemed most suitable to her views, were now galling to an excess. Every advice was taken, but the means of liberation were beyond the power of human device. To acquiesce in that which could not be remedied, seemed the only alternative. The Duke of Kingston's attachment was ardent, and truly sincere. He mingled the friend with the lover; nor was there an endearing title under heaven he would not have assumed, could but the assumption have really advanced the happiness of Miss Chudleigh. For a series of years they cohabited, yet with such observance of external decorum, that, although their intimacy was a moral, it was not an evidenced certainty. That the felicity of the duke was in any measure promoted by this union, cannot be asserted consistently with truth. The characters of the parties were diametrically opposite. The duke was mild, gracious, unassuming, and bashful in the extreme. He had every grace that is expected in a man of rank. Ostentation he so much detested, that it was his custom in perambulating the streets to fold back the front of his coat, so as to hide the star; and whenever by accident it was discovered, the disclosure caused an involuntary blush. His lady possessed very different qualities. In

ociferating anger she might have vied with Juno. She was ostentatious to an excess; and so little refined were her feelings, that the grossest flattery was an animating cordial to her spirits; it revived her, when more rational succours failed of effect. Thus contrarily gifted and disposed, the duke and Miss Chudleigh was frequently on discordant terms—but she had a strong hold on his mind, and the use made of it was finally to ruin herself.

The Earl of Bristol, by time and attachments, had grown so weary of the connubial state, as to be cordially desirous of a change. At first, when sounded on the subject of a divorce, he said, her vanity should not be gratified by being a duchess. Afterwards, however, there being a lady to whom he wished to offer his hand, he so altered his tone, as to express a readiness to consent to any possible means of annihilating the union subsisting between him and Miss Chudleigh. The civilians were consulted, a jactitation suit was instituted, but the evidence that could prove the marriage was kept back. Lord Bristol failing, as it was designed he should fail, in subtantiating the marriage, a sentence of the court, pronouncing the nullity of the claim, concluded the business. The object now to be obtained was, a legal opinion as to the operative power of such a sentence; and the civilians, highly tenacious of the rights of their own courts, adjudged the decree not liable to be disturbed by the interference of any extrinsic court of judicature. Under conviction of perfect safety, therefore, the marriage between his Grace of Kingston and Miss Chudleigh was publicly solemnized. The favours were worn by the highest personages in the kingdom; and, during the life of the duke, not any attempt was made to dispute the legality of the procedure. The fortune was not entailed; his grace had, therefore, the option to bequeath it as seemed best to his own inclination. The heirs since, were then expectants; the claims rested on hope, not certainty. The duchess

figured without apprehension or control. She was raised to the pinnacle of her fortune, and for a very few years did she enjoy that which the chicanery of her life had been directed to accomplish, the parade of title, without that honour which integrity of character alone can ennoble.

To check her in the career of enjoyment, and finally put an end to all her greatness, the Duke of Kingston died. His will, excluding from every benefit an elder, and preferring a younger nephew as his heir in tail, gave rise to a prosecution of the duchess, which ended in the beggary of her prosecutor, and the exile of herself. The demise of the Duke of Kingston was not sudden or unexpected; being attacked with a paralytic affection, he lingered but a short time, and that time was employed by his consort in journeying his grace about, under the futile idea of prolonging his life by change of air and situation. At last, when real danger seemed to threaten, even in the opinion of the duchess, she dispatched one of her swiftest-footed messengers to her solicitor, Mr. Field, of the Temple, requiring his immediate attendance; he obeyed the summons, and, arriving at the house, the duchess privately imparted her wishes, which were, that he would procure the duke to execute, and he himself a subscribing witness to, a will made without his knowledge, and more to the taste of the duchess, than that which he had executed. The difference between these two wills was this; the duke had bequeathed the income of his estates to his relict during her life, and expressly under condition of her continuing in a state of widowhood. Perfectly satisfied, however, as the duchess appeared, with whatever was the inclination of her dearest lord, she could not resist the seeming opportunity of carrying her secret wishes into effect. She did not relish the temple of Hymen being shut against her. Earnestly, therefore, did she press Mr. Field to have her own will immediately executed, which left her at liberty

to give her hand to the conqueror of her heart. The duchess, in her anxiety to have the restraint shaken off, had nearly deprived herself of every benefit derivable from the demise of the duke. When Mr. Field was introduced to his grace, his intellects were perceptibly affected; he knew the friends who approached him, and a transient knowledge of their persons was the only indication of mental exertion which seemed to be left him. Mr. Field very properly remonstrated on the impropriety of introducing a will for execution to a man in such a state. This occasioned a severe reprehension from the duchess, who reminded him that his business was only to obey the instructions of his employer; feeling, however, for his professional character, he positively refused either to tender the will, or be in any manner concerned in endeavouring to procure the execution. With this refusal he quitted the house, the duchess beholding him with an indignant eye as the annoyer of her scheme, when, in fact, by not complying with it, he was rendering her an essential service; for, had the will she proposed been executed, it would most indubitably have been set aside. The heirs would consequently have excluded the relict from every thing, except that to which the right of dower entitled her; and, the marriage being invalidated, the lady in this, as in other respects, would have been ruined by her own stratagem. Soon after the frustration of this attempt the Duke of Kingston expired.

No sooner were the funeral rites performed, than the duchess adjusted her affairs, and embarked for the Continent, proposing Rome for her temporary residence. Ganganelli at that time filled the papal see. From the moderation of his principles, the tolerant spirit which he on every occasion displayed, and the marked attention he bestowed on the English, he acquired the title of the Protestant Pope; to such a character the duchess was a welcome visitor. Ganganelli treated her with the utmost civility, gave her, as a sovereign prince, many privi-

leges, and she was lodged in the palace of one of the cardinals; her vanity being thus gratified, her grace, in return, treated the Romans with a public spectacle. She had built an elegant pleasure-yacht; a gentleman who had served in the navy, was the commander; under her orders he sailed for Italy; and the vessel, at considerable trouble and some expense, was conveyed up the Tiber. The sight of an English yacht, there, was uncommon, it drew the people in crowds to the shore, and the applause was general through the city. This seemed to be the æra of festivity and happiness; but, while the bark floated triumphantly on the undulation of the Tiber, a business was transacting in England, which put an end to all momentary bliss.

Mrs. Cradock, who, in the capacity of a domestic, had been present during the ceremony of marriage between Miss Chudleigh and Lord Bristol, found herself so reduced in circumstances that she applied to Mr. Field for pecuniary relief. He saw her, and most injudiciously refused her every succour; in vain she urged her distress, and the absence of the duchess, who was the only person on whose munificence she had the justest claim. Field was deaf to her entreaties; she then told him what was in her power to discover. To many circumstances which she related he was an entire stranger, and he affected to discredit the rest. Mrs. Cradock ended the interview with a menace that she would make the relations of the Duke of Kingston acquainted with every important particular. Field set her at defiance: and, thus exposed to penury, she was exasperated to vengeance, and instantly set about the work of ruin.

His Grace of Kingston had borne a marked dislike to one of his nephews, Mr. Evelyn Meadows, one of the sons of his sister, Lady Frances Pierpoint. This gentleman being excluded from the presumptive heirship, joyfully received the information that a method of doing himself substantial justice yet remained. He saw Mrs.

Cradock; heard the detail of evidence which she offered: and perfectly satisfied as to its accuracy, he had a bill of indictment, for bigamy, preferred against the reputed widow of the Duke of Kingston, and the bill was found. Mr. Field had notice of the procedure, and the duchess was properly advised to return instantly to England and appear to the indictment, to prevent an outlawry.

An immediate return to England was the only measure that could now be adopted by her grace, who on recovering the little of her judgment which was left, drove to the house of Mr. Jenkins, at that time banker to all the British travellers who visited the Roman capital. The opponents of the duchess endeavoured to prevent her return to England, by a species of artful policy, exactly suited to the lady with whom they had to deal. The duchess had placed securities in the hands of Mr. Jenkins for the sums she might occasionally require, and he was perfectly safe in regard to any advance he might make.—Yet, apprized that the duchess would call on him for money to defray the expense of her journey to England, he avoided seeing her. On the first announcement of his not being at home, it was passed over as a mere unfortunate incident: but on the visits being repeated, and the denials being as frequent, the conduct was justly imputed to design. The scheme was to delay the return of the duchess, so that an outlawry might be obtained, which, in the eye of imagination, appeared the probable method of acquiring the estates of the late duke; this was folly, because the will of his grace, in his own hand-writing, was so guarded, as not to be attacked with the remotest possibility of success. Such, however, was the idea; and, from whatever presumable motive it originated, Mr. Jenkins assuredly coincided in the plan. Aware of this, the duchess was incessant in her applications: and, finding all her efforts to see Mr. Jenkins fail, she pocketed a brace of pistols,

returned to his house, and, receiving the usual answer that he was not at home, she seated herself on the steps of the door, and declared her determination there to remain until he returned, were it for a week, a month, or a year. She knew that business would compel his return, and, finding it impracticable any longer to elude an interview, Mr. Jenkins appeared. As the duchess possessed that gift of utterance for which ladies of spirit are sometimes so eminent, it may be supposed that the conversation with the banker was not of the mildest kind. Money was demanded, not asked. A little prevarication ensued; but the production of a pistol served as the most powerful mode of reasoning; the necessary sum was instantly obtained, and the duchess quitted Rome.

We are now to behold the object of our history in a light pitiable in the extreme. About to combat a prosecution, the event of which the monitor within must inform the culprit would be fatal; attended only by domestics, and wanting the consolation of a friend, each step was a nearer approach to misery, and every hour was filled with the anticipation of future woe. This was enough to overpower nature; nor will it be deemed surprising, that, under such oppressive circumstances, the health of the duchess should be considerably impaired. Her journey was retarded before she reached the Alps; a violent fever seemed to seize on her vitals: but she recovered, to the astonishment of her attendants. An abscess then formed in her side, which rendering it impossible for her to endure the motion of the carriage, a kind of litter was provided, in which she slowly travelled. In this situation, nature was relieved by the breaking of the abscess: and, after a tediously painful journey, the duchess reached Calais. At that place she made a pause, and there it was that her apprehension got the better of her reason. In idea she was fettered, and incarcerated in the worst cell of the worst prison in London. She was totally

ignorant of the bailable nature of her offence, and by consequence expected the utmost that can be imagined. Col. West, a brother of the late Lord Delaware, whom the duchess had known in England, became her principal associate; but he was not lawyer enough to satisfy her doubts. By the means of former connexions, and through a benevolence in his own nature, the Earl of Mansfield had a private meeting with the duchess. The venerable peer coducted himself in a manner which did honour to his heart and character.

Her spirits being soothed by the interview, the duchess embarked for Dover, landed, drove post to Kingston-house, and found friends displaying both zeal and alacrity in her cause. The first measure taken was to have the duchess bailed; this was done before Lord Mansfield; his Grace of Newcastle, Lord Mountstuart, Mr. Glover, and other characters of rank, attended. The manner of adjusting this disagreeable matter was such as to solace the mind, and prepare it for a greater encounter. The prosecution and consequent trial of the duchess, becoming objects of magnitude, the public curiosity and expectation were proportionably excited. The duchess had through life distinguished herself as a most eccentric character. Her turn of mind was original, and many of her actions were without a parallel: even when she moved in the sphere of amusement, it was in a style peculiarly her own. If others invited admiration by a partial display of their charms at a masquerade, she at once threw off the veil, and set censure at defiance. Thus at midnight assemblies where Bacchus revelled, and the altars of Venus were encircled by the votaries of love, the duchess, then Miss Chudleigh, appeared almost in the unadorned simplicity of primitive nature.

The dilemma, therefore, into which she was thrown by the pending prosecution, was, to such a character, of the most perplexing kind. She had in a manner in-

vited the disgrace, by neglecting the means of preventing it. Mrs. Cradock, the only existing evidence against her, had personally solicited a maintenance for the remaining years of her life; and had voluntarily offered, in case an unusual stipend should be settled on her, to retire to her native village, and never more intrude. The offer was rejected by the duchess, who would only consent to allow her twenty pounds a year, on condition of her sequestering herself in some place near the Peak of Derbyshire. This the duchess considered as a most liberal offer; and she expressed her astonishment that she should have the assurance to reject it. It was, however, rejected with the utmost scorn: and she who was refused a paltry pittance, except on condition of banishing herself for life, might afterwards have received thousands to abscond.

Under the assurances of her lawyers, the duchess was as quiet as the troublesome monitor in her bosom would permit her to be. Reconciled, therefore, in some measure, to the encounter, the repose of the duchess was on a sudden interrupted by an adversary from a different quarter. This was the celebrated Foote, who, mixing in the first circles of fashion, was perfectly acquainted with the leading transactions of the duchess's life. Besides this, he had received much private information from some person who had been intimate with her, and resolved to turn it to his advantage. As in the opinion of Mandeville, private vices are public benefits, so Foote deemed the crimes and vices of individuals lawful game for his wit. On this principle he proceeded with the Duchess of Kingston. He wrote a piece intituled, "A Trip to Calais." The scenes were humorous, the character of the duchess admirably drawn, and the object was accomplished, namely, to make her ashamed of herself. The real design, however, of Foote, was to obtain money from the duchess for suppressing the piece. With this view he contrived to have it communicated to

her grace, that the Haymarket Theatre would open with an entertainment, in which she was taken off to the life. Alarmed at this, she sent for Foote, who attended with the piece in his pocket. She desired him to read part of it; he obeyed; and proceeding in the character of Lady Kitty Crocodile, the duchess could no longer forbear. She rose in a violent passion, and exclaimed, "This is scandalous, Mr. Foote! Why, what a wretch you have made me!"—"You!" replied the humourist, "this is not designed for your grace: it is not you!" After a few turns about the room, the duchess became more composed, and, assuming a smile, entreated as a favour that Mr. Foote would leave the piece for her perusal, engaging at the same time to return it on the ensuing morning. He readily complied, and took his leave. Being thus left to consider her own picture, so much did her grace dislike it, that she determined, if possible, to prevent its exposure to public view. As the artist had no objection to sell it, she was inclined to be the purchaser. This was the next morning made known to Foote, who was questioned as to the sum which would satisfy him for suppressing the piece. Proportioning his expectations to her power of gratifying them, he demanded two thousand pounds, and a certain sum in compensation for a loss, which he pretended would be sustained by the scenes, designed for the "Trip to Calais," being appropriated to other uses.—The magnitude of this demand staggered the duchess. She intimated her extreme surprise, and a wish that the request was moderated within the boundary of reason. Concluding that she must at last comply, Foote would not abate one guinea. She offered fourteen, then sixteen-hundred pounds, and had actually signed a draft on Messrs. Drummond and Co. for that sum for his acceptance. This compliance induced Foote to think he should finally succeed, till, by grasping at too much, he overstood his market, and lost every thing.

The demand of Foote might, at any other time, have passed among the indifferent events of the hour, as wholly undeserving of the public notice. Those long connected with the duchess, and in habits of intimacy, felt the attack made on her, as directed by a ruffian hand, at a moment when she was least able to make resistance. His grace the Duke of Newcastle was consulted. The chamberlain of the household was apprized of the circumstance; and his prohibitory interference was earnestly solicited. He sent for the manuscript copy of "The Trip to Calais," perused and censured it. This occasioned a remonstrating letter from Foote to the Earl of Hertford, at that time in office.

Besides these, and other powerful aids, the duchess called in professional advice. The sages of the robe were consulted, and their opinions were, "That the piece was a malicious libel; and that, should it be represented, a short-hand writer ought to be employed by the duchess to attend on the night of representation, to minute each offensive passage, as the ground-work of a prosecution." This advice was followed.—Blanchard was the person selected, and his admission fee being properly guaranteed, a complete entrapment was supposed to be laid for Foote. Whether he received private intimation of the scheme, or whether he found that his attempt on the purse of the duchess excited the displeasure of those whose favours were of consequence to him; he certainly began to be intimidated. He denied that he had ever made so exorbitant a demand as two thousand pounds for the suppression of the piece. This denial contributed to his injury, because the Rev. Mr. Foster, a clergyman of respectability, considerably advanced in years, and who had, through life, mingled with the great world, voluntarily came forward, and made an affidavit of the following facts:—"That in consequence of the threat to perform the 'Trip to Calais,' he waited upon Mr. Foote, and remonstrated

with him on the extreme barbarity of such an attack, at such a particular juncture: that Mr. Foote had only agreed to suppress the piece on condition of his receiving from the duchess the sum of two thousand pounds." This affidavit was so complete a refutation of the denial, as not to leave it in the power of ingenuity to retort; and the public testimony of Mr. Foster had every desired effect.

Thus defeated in point of fact, Foote found himself baffled also in point of design. The chamberlain would not permit the piece to be represented. Foote now had recourse to another expedient. He caused it to be intimated to her, "that it was in his power to publish, if not to perform: but were his expenses reimbursed (and the sum which her grace had formerly offered would do the business) he would desist." This being communicated to the duchess, she in this, as in too many cases, asked the opinion of her friends, with a secret determination to follow her own. Foote, finding that she began to yield, pressed his desire incessantly: and she had actually provided bills to the amount of 1600*l.* which she would have given Foote, but for the following circumstance: The late Earl of Peterborough, Doctor Isaac Schomberg, the Rev. Mr. Foster, and Mr. Field the solicitor, were alternately consulted, and they severally reprobated the demand as a scandalous imposition, with which it would be weakness to comply. Doctor Schomberg, in particular, declared, "That although he had been for many years intimate with Foote, and had spent some of the pleasantest hours of his life in his company, yet he would tell him to his face, as a man, that he deserved to be run through the body for such an attempt. It was more ignoble than the conduct of a highwayman."

This pointed language, dictated by the feelings of an honourable heart, had considerable effect; but still the duchess dreaded the pen, almost as much as the personified humour of Foote; and of the powers of literary

defence she was herself entirely destitute. At this juncture the Rev. Mr. Jackson being asked his opinion of the demand of Foote, returned this answer: "Instead of complying with it, your grace should obtain complete evidence of the menace and demand, and then consult your counsel whether a prosecution will not lie for endeavouring to extort money by threats. Your grace must remember the attack on the first Duke of Marlborough, whom a stranger, who had formed a design either on his purse or his interest, endeavoured to menace into a compliance."

This answer struck the Earl of Peterborough and Mr. Foster very forcibly, as in perfect coincidence with their own opinions. Mr. Jackson was then solicited to wait on Mr. Foote; Mr. Foster the chaplain of the duchess, professing himself to be too far advanced in years to enter into the field of literary combat. Mr. Jackson consented to be the champion on the following condition, That the duchess would give her honour never to retract her determination nor to let Foote extort from her a single guinea. Her grace subscribing to this condition, Mr. Jackson waited on Mr. Foote at his house in Suffolk-street. After the usual compliments, Mr. Jackson told him, That he came as a friend of the Duchess of Kingston, and wished to be favoured with a categorical answer to this question: Whether Mr. Foote meant to publish the piece which the chamberlain had refused to licence, called, "A Trip to Calais?" Mr. Foote was about to enter into a long detail respecting the vast expense which had been incurred, when Mr. Jackson interrupted him thus:—"If, sir, you mean to intimate an expectation that the whole, or any part of it, should be defrayed by the duchess, I fairly tell you, that you will find yourself mistaken; she will not give you one guinea." Foote endeavoured to turn this off by a laugh; and, instead of replying to the point, he begged Mr. Jackson would hear him read a letter, which

he had written to the Earl of Hertford, complaining of the hardship of prohibiting the representation of a piece merely because some lady of quality might suppose herself ridiculed for pinning her tucker awry. There was point, wit and brilliancy, in the letter, but it was not an answer to the question. Mr. Jackson, therefore, finally repeated it, when Mr. Foote said, "Oh, I shall certainly publish the piece, unless the duchess will consider the heavy loss which I shall sustain. But why the devil does Isaac Schomberg interfere? We shall hunt down these reps of quality in couples. Besides, Lady Kitty Crocodile will suit nine out of ten widows of fashion in the kingdom. Their tears are like a shower in sunshine, refreshing their weeds, and making their faces look the brighter." Mr. Jackson was about to retire, when Foote said, "What! and so I am to be attacked if I publish the Trip to Calais." Mr. Jackson replied, "The publication will be an attack from you, Mr. Foote; the effect of which, I, as the friend of the duchess, will do my utmost to prevent." Here the interview ended.

Foote, however, still wished to have matters compromised. To this end he addressed a letter to the duchess which began with stating, "That a member of the privy council, and a friend of her grace, (by whom he meant the Duke of Newcastle) had conversed with him on the subject of the dispute between them; and that for himself, he was ready to have every thing adjusted." This letter afforded the duchess a triumph. There was a concession in every line. She sent for Mr. Jackson; thanked him ten thousand times for his interference; declared that he had saved her 1600*l*. She showed him the letter which she had received from Foote, and desired him, in her name, to answer it, and publish both. This he declined, alleging that a newspaper controversy would degrade her. She, however, thought otherwise. Foote's letter, her grace's answer, and the rejoinder of the wit appeared. In the latter, Foote compared the duchess

to the weeping widow renowned in ancient story, converting her weeds into canonicals for Mr. Jackson, and applied the following line, as applicable to her supposed amorous condition :—

"So mourn'd the dame of Ephesus her love."

This farce served to turn, for a time, the current of attention into a different channel: but it becoming necessary, in the progress of events, to adopt some serious measures, either to evade or meet the pending prosecution, the duchess openly affected an earnest desire to have the trial, if possible, accelerated. Secretly, however, she was employed in trying every stratagem which art could devise to elude the measures taken against her. A very favourable opportunity offered, which, had she embraced it, her purpose would have been accomplished. It became a matter of debate in the House of Peers, whether the trial of her grace should, or should not be carried on in Westminster-hall. The expense to be incurred by the nation was, by several peers, considered as introducing a burden wholly unnecessary. Lord Mansfield endeavoured to avail himself of this objection in favour of the duchess, whom it was his private wish to have saved from the exposure of a trial, and the ignominy of what he well knew must follow, a conviction. Here then was the critical instant in which the duchess might have extricated herself. A hint was privately conveyed to her that the sum of 10,000*l.* would satisfy every expectation, and put an end to the prosecution. This hint was improved into an authoritative proposal. The duchess was entreated by her friends to embrace the measure; but through a fatal confidence, either in her legal advisers, her own machinations, or in both, she refused the proposal with an air of insult. This was folly in the extreme, and yet it was deserving pity, because it was folly misguided. Under every assurance of safety, the duchess assumed an air of indif-

ference about the business, which but ill accorded with her situation. She talked of the absolute necessity of setting out for Rome: affected to have some material business to transact with the Pope; and took, in consequence, every measure in her power, to accelerate the trial, as if the regular pace of justice were not swift enough to overtake her. She did not, however, abandon her manœuvring. On the contrary, at the moment in which she had claimed her privilege as a peeress, and petitioned for a speedy trial, she was busied in a scheme to get rid of the principal evidence, Mrs. Cradock, and prevail on her to quit the kingdom. A near relation of this woman was a deliverer of penny-post letters. He was spoken to, and he engaged to let the duchess have an interview with Mrs. Cradock; but her grace was to be disguised, and to reveal herself only after some conversation. The stratagem was adopted. The duchess changed her sex in appearance, and waited at the appointed hour and place without seeing either Mrs. Cradock or the person who had promised to effect the meeting. The fact was, that every particular of this business had been communicated to the prosecutors, who instructed the letter-carrier to pretend an acquiescence in the scheme.

Thus baffled in a prospect which had a plausible appearance of success, the only method left was the best possible arrangement of matters preparatory to the trial. On the 15th day of April, 1776, the business came on in Westminster-hall. It was of five days continuance, and the principal object argued was the admission or not, of a sentence of the spiritual court, in a suit of jactitation of marriage, so as to stop the proof of a marriage in an indictment for polygamy. The judges deciding against the admission of such a sentence in bar to evidence, the fact of the two marriages were most clearly proved, and a conviction of course followed. The solemn business being concluded, the prosecutors had a plan in embryo

to confine the Countess of Bristol (for so, after conviction, she in reality was) to this country; and to have her deprived of her personal property. A writ of "*Ne exeat regno*" was preparing, of which the lady received private notice; and, being advised instantaneously to leave the kingdom, she caused her carriage to be driven about the most public streets of the metropolis, invited a select party to dine at Kingston-house, the better to cover her design, while in an hired post-chaise she travelled to Dover. Mr. Harding, the captain of her yacht was there, and he conveyed her, in the first open boat that could be obtained, to Calais.

Mons. Dessein, to whose hotel she proceeded, received her with more complaisance than cordiality: for, in France, the conviction was understood to have deprived her of all her possessions, real and personal. Dessein, therefore, intimated that he was highly honoured in the choice she had made of his hotel, but that he could not accommodate her with a suite of rooms. She was fatigued both in body and mind; rest, therefore, even in a room on the attic story, would have been most welcome. While the duchess retired, Dessein contrived means to investigate the state of her finances; and being informed that she was still in receipt of the income from her estates, he next morning brightened up his features, and was the happiest being on earth to acquaint her, that the company who had occupied apartments, suitable in every respect for Madame la Duchesse, were gone to Paris, and, consequently, they were devoted to her use, if she should so please. This complaisance answered Dessein's purpose. She remained at the hotel long enough to lend him a thousand pounds, when he complained of her parsimony, and compelled her, by disrespectful treatment, to seek another abode. The money lent Dessein was not forthcoming. The only accommodation which the duchess could ever obtain, was to take the demand out in *fire-wood*. If a

pun be excusable, this was a *burning* shame in Mons. Dessein.

During her absence some incidents had happened at Rome, of which she received advice, and which rendered it necessary for her once more to visit that renowned city. In the public bank she had deposited her plate for safety, when she set out for England; and in her palace she had left a Spanish friar, and an English girl, whom she had carried with her to Italy. The friar found means to seduce the girl, and to convert great part of the moveables to his own advantage, after which he absconded.

Of these transactions the duchess was informed by letter. The necessity of an immediate journey to Rome was urgent, and she set out as soon as she could expedite the necessary preparations. On her arrival, she was waited on by Cardinal Albini, to whom he communicated the particulars of the behaviour of the friar, prudently reserving the circumstance of the attack made by one of the cardinal's brotherhood on the chastity of the girl. Her situation was not the present object of thought. The question was, how the property embezzled by the friar could be re-obtained. The girl sobbed, shed tears in abundance, and, on her knees, entreated forgiveness; but, with all this submissive penitence, she could scarcely obtain the attention of a moment. All hope of regaining the valuables becoming visionary, to withdraw the plate out of the public bank, and transport it safely from Italy, was the sole object of negociation; in this the duchess proving successful, she returned to Calais.

The expeditious communication between that place and England afforded the earliest intelligence relative to the proceedings of her opponents. Their business was now to set aside, if possible, the will of the Duke of Kingston There was not a probability of their succeeding in the attempt; but still the attempt was to be made. This kept alive the apprehension of danger in the mind

of the duchess: and, so long as that apprehension subsisted, it was necessary, in policy, to affect a particular regard for certain persons in England, who had the power of rendering her a service. Among these was Dr. Schomberg, who, in return for the zeal he manifested in her cause, was presented in her name with a ring, brilliantly encircled, the stone a deep blue, and upon it the words "*Pour l'Amitié.*" The intrinsic value was never once considered by Schomberg; it was the presumable tribute of gratitude which affected the mind. He wore the ring, and almost in every company he proclaimed the donor. But a short portion of time elapsed before one of the encircling brilliants fell out, and, to have it replaced, a jeweller was sent for. When he came, he looked first at the ring, then at Doctor Schomberg; and, on being asked when he could do what was necessary, the jeweller answered: "I hope you will not be offended, sir; but it is not really worth your while to have any thing done; the middle stone is a composition, and the whole did not cost more in Paris than six-and-thirty shillings."—"Is that the case?" said the doctor; "then I will soon dispose of it." He first trampled the contemptible bauble under his feet, and then threw it out of the window.

The will of his Grace of Kingston receiving every confirmation which the courts of justice could give, to dissipate, rather than expend, the income of his estates, appeared to be the leading rule of her life. A house which she had purchased at Calais was not sufficient for the purpose of perplexities; a mansion at Mont Matre, near Paris, was fixed on, and the purchase of it negociated in as short a time as the duchess could desire. There were only a few obstacles to enjoyment, which were not considered until the purchase was completed. The house was in so ruinous a condition, as to be in momentary danger of falling. The land was more like the field of the slothful than the vineyard of the industrious.

These evils were not perceived by the duchess till she was in possession of her wishes. A lawsuit with the owner of the estate was the consequence of the agreement. The duchess went to Petersburgh, and returned to France before it was finished. The manner in which this suit was adjudicated, proved the ultimate cause of her death.

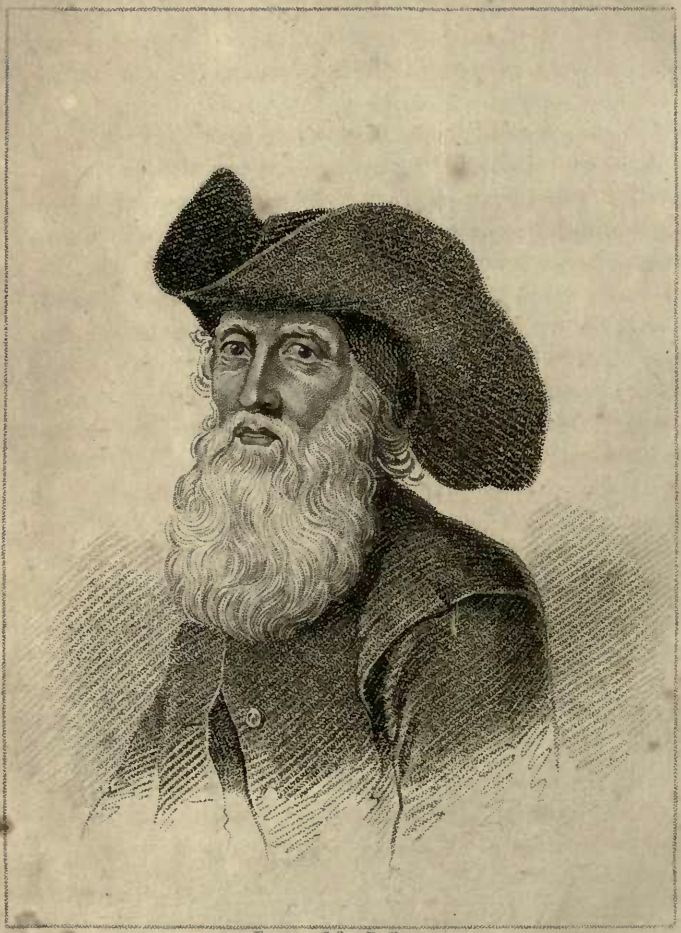
Besides this trivial purchase, another was made by the duchess, the scale of which was truly grand. The brother of the then French monarch was the owner of a domain, according in every respect with his dignity. This was the territory of St. Assize, at a pleasant distance from Paris, abounding in game of different species, and rich in all the luxuriant embellishments of nature. The mansion was fit for the brother of a king; it contained three hundred beds. The value of such an estate was too considerable to be expected in one payment: she therefore agreed to discharge the whole of the sum demanded, which was fifty-five thousand pounds, by instalments. The purchase on the part of the duchess was a good one. It afforded not only game, but rabbits in plenty; and, finding them to be of superior quality and flavour, the duchess, during the first week of her possession, had as many killed and sold as brought her three hundred guineas. At Petersburgh she had been a distiller of brandy; and now at Paris she turned rabbit-merchant.

Such was her situation, when one day while she was at dinner, her servants received the intelligence that judgment respecting the house near Paris had been awarded against her. The sudden communication of the news produced an agitation of her whole frame. She flew into a violent passion, and burst an internal blood-vessel; even this, however, she appeared to have surmounted, until a few days afterwards, when preparing to rise from her bed, a servant who had long been with her, endeavoured to dissuade her from it. The duchess

addressed her thus: "I am not very well, but I will rise." On a remonstrance being attempted, she said, "At your peril disobey me: I will get up and walk about the room; ring for the secretary to assist me." She was obeyed, dressed, and the secretary entered the chamber. The duchess then walked about, complained of thirst, and said, "I could drink a glass of my fine Madeira, and eat a slice of toasted bread. I shall be quite well afterwards; but let it be a large glass of wine." The attendant reluctantly brought, and the duchess drank the wine. She then said, "I am perfectly recovered; I knew the Madeira would do me good. My heart feels oddly. I will have another glass." The servant here observed, that such a quantity of wine in the morning might intoxicate rather than benefit. The duchess persisted in her orders, and, the second glass of Madeira being produced, she drank that also, and pronounced herself to be charmingly indeed. She then walked a little about the room, and afterwards said, "I will lie down on the couch; I can sleep, and after that I shall be entirely recovered." She seated herself on the couch; a female having hold of each hand. In this situation, she soon appeared to have fallen into a sound sleep, until the women felt her hands colder than ordinary, and the duchess was found to have expired as the wearied labourer sinks into the arms of rest. She died August 26, 1796.

HENRY JENKINS.

Few countries can produce such numerous instances of extraordinary longevity as the British islands, which afford incontestible proof of the healthiness of their climate. Among these examples, the most remarkable is, perhaps,



Engraved by R. Page.

HENRY JENKINS,

Who lived to the amazing age of 169 years.

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that of Henry Jenkins, who attained the patriarchal age of 169 years. The only account now extant of this venerable man, is that given by Mrs. Anne Saville, who resided at Bolton, in Yorkshire, where Jenkins lived, and had frequent opportunities of seeing and conversing with him.

"When I came," says she, "to live at Bolton, I was told several particulars of the great age of Henry Jenkins; but I believed little of the story for many years, till one day he coming to beg an alms, I desired him to tell me truly how old he was. He paused a little, and then said, that to the best of his remembrance, he was about 162 or 163; and I asked, what kings he remembered? He said, Henry VIII. I asked what public thing he could longest remember? he said Flowden-field. I asked whether the king was there? he said, no, he was in France, and the Earl of Surry was general. I asked him how old he might be then; he said, I believe I might be between ten and twelve; for, says he, I was sent to Northallarton with a horse-load of arrows, but they sent a bigger boy from thence to the army with them. All this agreed with the history of that time; for bows and arrows were then used, the earl he named was general, and King Henry VIII. was then at Tournay. And yet it is observable that this Jenkins could neither read nor write. There were also four or five in the same parish that were reputed all of them to be 100 years old, or within two or three years of it, and they all said he was an elderly man ever since they knew him; for he was born in another parish, and before any registers were in churches, as it is said. He told me then too that he was butler to the Lord Conyers, and remembered the Abbot of Fountains-abbey very well, before the dissolution of the monasteries. Henry Jenkins departed this life, December 8, 1670, at Ellerton upon Swale in Yorkshire. The battle of Flowden-field was fought September 9, 1513, and he was twelve years

old when Flowden-field was fought. So that this Henry Jenkins lived 169 years, viz. sixteen years longer than old Parr, and was, it is supposed, the oldest man born upon the ruins of the post-diluvian world.

"In the last century of his life he was a fisherman, and used to trade in the streams: his diet was coarse and sour, and towards the latter end of his days he begged up and down. He has sworn in Chancery, and other courts, to above 140 years memory, and was often at the assizes at York, whither he generally went on foot; and I have heard some of the country gentlemen affirm, that he frequently swam in the rivers after he was past the age of 100 years. In the king's remembrancer's office in the Exchequer, is a record of a deposition in a cause by English bill, between Anthony Clark and Smirkson, taken 1665, at Kettering in Yorkshire, where Henry Jenkins, of Ellerton upon Swale, labourer, aged 157 years, was produced and deposed as a witness."

About seventy years after his death a monument was erected at Bolton, by a subscription of the parishioners to perpetuate the memory of this remarkable man. Upon it was engraved the following inscription:—

> "Blush not marble to rescue from oblivion the memory of HENRY JENKINS, a person of obscure birth, but, of a life truly memorable: for he was enriched with the goods of nature, if not of fortune, and happy in the duration, if not variety of his enjoyments; and though the partial world despised and disregarded his low and humble state, the equal eye of Providence beheld and blessed it with a patriarch's health and length of days, to teach mistaken man these blessings, are entailed on temperance, a life of labour, and a mind at ease. He lived to the amazing age of 169: was interred here, December 16, 1670, and had this justice done to his memory, 1743."

PATRICK COTTER;

Commonly called Patrick O'Brien; or, The Irish Giant.

Some of the earliest records of mankind attest the existence of giants, but whether the earth ever produced a race of such men, may, notwithstanding the opinion of many persons of great learning, be very justly disputed. With respect to the discoveries of human skeletons, twenty, fifty, and even one hundred feet long, though related by many respectable writers of various nations, they must be regarded as altogether fabulous.* Numerous

* On this subject M. Le Cat, the anatomical professor, in a memoir read before the Academy of Sciences at Rouen, gave the following account of giants that are said to have existed in different ages:

"Profane historians have given seven feet of the height to Hercules their first hero; and in our days we have seen men eight feet high. The giant who was shown in Rouen, in 1735, measured eight feet some inches. The emperor Maximin was of that size; Shenkius and Platerus, physicians of the last century, saw several of that stature; and Goropius saw a girl who was ten feet high. The body of Orestes, according to the Greeks, was eleven feet and a half; the giant Galbara, brought from Arabia to Rome under Claudius Cæsar, was near ten feet; and the bones of Secondilla and Pusio, keepers of the gardens of Sallust, were but six inches shorter. Funnam, a Scotsman, who lived in the time of Eugene II. king of Scotland, measured eleven feet and a half; and Jacob le Maire, in his voyage to the straits of Magellan, reports, that on the 17th of December, 1615, they found at Port Desire several graves covered with stones; and having the curiosity to remove the stones, they discovered human skeletons of ten and eleven feet long. The chevalier Scory, in his voyage to the Peak of Teneriffe, says, that they found in one of the sepulchral caverns of that mountain, the head of a Guanche which had eighty teeth, and that the body was not less than fifteen feet long. The giant Ferragus, slain by Orlando, nephew of Charlemagne, was eighteen feet high. Rioland, a celebrated anatomist, who wrote in 1614, says, that some years before there was to be seen in the Suburbs of St. Germain, the tomb of the giant Iforet, who was twenty feet high. In Rouen, in 1509, in digging the ditches near the Dominicans, they found a stone tomb con-

equally surprising incidents are to be met with, but for their authenticity we have no other voucher than

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taining a skeleton, whose skull held a bushel of corn, and whose shin-bone reached up to the girdle of the tallest man there, being about four feet long, and consequently the body must have been seventeen or eighteen feet high. Upon the tomb was a plate of copper whereon was engraved, 'In this tomb lies the noble puissant lord, the chevalier Ricon de Vallemont, and his bones.' Platerus, a famous physician, declares, that he saw at Lucerne the true human bones of a subject which must have been at least nineteen feet high. Valence in Dauphiné boasts of possessing the bones of the giant Bucart, tyrant of the Vivarais, who was slain by an arrow by the Count de Cabillon his vassal. The Dominicans had a part of the shin-bone, with the articulation of the knee, and his figure painted in fresco, with an inscription, showing that this giant was twenty-two feet and a half high, and that his bones were found in 1705, near the banks of the Morderi, a little river at the foot of the mountain of Crussol, upon which, tradition says, the giant dwelt.

"January 11, 1613, some masons digging near the ruins of a castle in Dauphiné, in a field which had long been called *the giant's field*, at the depth of eighteen feet discovered a brick tomb thirty feet long, twelve feet wide, and eight feet high; on which was a grey stone, with the words *Theutobochus Rex*, cut thereon. When the tomb was opened, they found a human skeleton entire, twenty-five feet and a half long, ten feet wide across the shoulders, and five feet deep from the breast-bone to the back. His teeth were about the size each of an ox's foot, and his shin-bone measured four feet.—Near Mazarino in Sicily, in 1516, was found a giant thirty feet high; his head was the size of an hogshead, and each of his teeth weighed five ounces.—Near Palermo, in the valley of Mazara, in Sicily, a skeleton of a giant thirty feet long was found, in the year 1548; and another of thirty-three feet high, in 1550; and many curious persons have preserved several of these gigantic bones.—The Athenians found near their city two famous skeletons, one of thirty-four, and the other thirty-six feet high.—At Totu, in Bohemia, in 758, was found a skeleton, the head of which could scarcely be encompassed by the arms of two men together, and whose legs, which they keep in the castle of that city, were twenty-six feet long. The skull of the giant found in Macedonia, September 1691, held 210 pounds of corn.

"The celebrated Sir Hans Sloane, who treated this matter very learnedly, does not doubt these facts; but thinks the bones were those of elephants, whales, or other enormous animals, now perhaps extinct."

the confidence due to first-rate historians, who might themselves have been deceived in the credit they gave to the relations of others from whom they borrowed the circumstances. On the contrary, in all the accounts of giants which have been handed down to us from the remotest periods, we find no instance of any living individual who attained to a greater height than nine or, at farthest, ten feet, whence it may fairly be inferred, that this is the *ne plus ultra* of human growth.

The most remarkable instance of extraordinary stature in the present age was, however, exhibited in the person of Patrick Cotter, commonly called Patrick O'Brien, and still more generally known by the appellation of the Irish Giant. He was born in the year 1761, in the county of Kinsale, in Ireland, of obscure parents, who were people of middling stature. He was brought up to the trade of a bricklayer; but his growth was so rapid, that, when he had attained the age of eighteen years, his uncommon size attracted the notice of a showman, who obtained permission of the simple youth to exhibit him three years in England, for which he was to pay him fifty pounds per annum. Not contented with his bargain, the chapman agreed to underlet the liberty of showing him to another speculator, and Cotter, resisting this intended transfer of his person, was saddled with a fictitious debt, for which he was arrested at Bristol.

In this situation he was observed, fortunately for himself, by a gentleman of that city, who had some business to transact with the sheriff's officer. The simplicity of his manners and his extreme distress induced this gentleman to make some inquiry concerning him, and having reason to think that he was unjustly detained, he generously became his bail, and so far investigated the business, that he not only obtained him his liberty, but freed him from all kind of obligation to serve his mercenary master any longer.

It happened to be in the month of September when he

was liberated, and by the assistance of his benefactor he was enabled to set up for himself, in the fair then held in St. James's, Bristol. Success crowned his undertaking; and instead of being in penury, he found himself, in three days, in possession of thirty pounds.

He now commenced, and continued a regular exhibition of his person. His stature increased till he arrived at the age of twenty-five, when his growth somewhat abated, but he continued growing after that period, till he attained the height of eight feet seven inches. He was at the same time proportionably lusty. His hand, from the commencement of the palm to the extremity of the middle finger, measured twelve inches, and his shoe was seventeen inches long. He could not, however, be denominated a well-made man; for though his limbs were not strikingly disproportioned, his figure wanted that general symmetry which a man of ordinary dimensions more commonly possesses. The astonishment of the observant spectator at the extraordinary stature of Mr. O'Brien was not unaccompanied with pity, as every movement appeared to be attended with trouble, and a degree of pain. In the action of rising to salute or surprise his visitors, he generally placed both his hands on the small of his back, and bending his body forward, rose with considerable difficulty from his seat, consisting of a common sized table, on which was placed the cushion of a carriage.

During the twenty-five years that Mr. O'Brien exhibited himself, he was to be seen at different periods in the metropolis, and for four or five successive Bartholomew Fairs at Smithfield. At such times he used frequently to walk about the streets for air and exercise, at two or three o'clock in the morning. In one of these nocturnal excursions he had occasion to light his pipe, for which purpose he easily took off the top of a lamp, which being observed by the watchman, he was so affrighted, that he fell into a fit, and was taken senseless

to the watch-house; where he remained till medical assistance was procured before he recovered. At another time he was observed, accompanied by two persons of common size, on whose shoulders he supported himself in the same manner as we sometimes see a well-grown man resting his hands on the shoulders of children ten or twelve years of age, walking up Holborn-hill, he appeared to be greatly fatigued, and might be said rather to shuffle along than to walk, as he never moved either of his feet from the stones. Proceeding along the more level pavement, his body appeared more erect, and had he not paid attention to avoid the lamps, his head would have struck against many of them.

It is a circumstance too general among those who expose their persons to public view, that to them all the rest of mankind are totally indifferent. For this reason neither connexion nor friendship can possibly be established with them; every attempt to obtain information tending to elucidate their habits and manners, or the history of their lives is regarded with jealousy, under the idea that it arises from impertinent or mischievous curiosity. Had it not been for some such cause as this, we should probably have been enabled to collect many more particulars concerning this remarkable man.

The following anecdote is related on the authority of those with whom he was most familiar. Being on a journey in his own carriage, he was one day stopped by a highwayman, on which he put his head forward to discover the cause that interrupted his progress. The highwayman, at the sight of so prodigious a figure, was struck with a panic, that he clapped spurs to his horse, and made a precipitate retreat. It should be observed, that the vehicle in which he travelled was of a peculiar construction, having a kind of box sunk to a considerable depth below the bottom of the carriage, to admit his legs and feet.

It has been asserted that he was passionately fond of

cards, and that he eagerly embraced every opportunity of engaging in the amusement, but that he could not lose with patience, not from a principle of parsimony but the disgrace of being beaten.

Reports of Mr. O'Brien's death were frequently in circulation; but this was, in all probability, an expedient adopted for the purpose of reviving the public curiosity. A report of this kind had been propagated for some time previous to his last appearance in London, in the year 1804. On this occasion he announced his return to the metropolis by the following bill:—

"Just arrived in town, and to be seen in a commodious room, at No. 11, Haymarket, nearly opposite the Opera-house, the celebrated Irish Giant, Mr. O'Brien, of the kingdom of Ireland, indisputably the tallest man ever shown; is a lineal descendant of the old puissant king, Brien Boreau, and has, in person and appearance, all the similitudes of that great and grand potentate. It is remarkable of this family, that, however various the revolutions in point of fortune and alliance, the lineal descendants thereof have been favoured by Providence with the original size and stature, which have been so peculiar to their family. The gentleman alluded to measures near nine feet high. Admittance one shilling."

Mr. O'Brien when not engaged in exhibiting himself, is said to have resided in a house on Epping Forest, formerly the mansion of a noble family, but since converted into an inn. This place, being built in the ancient style, with very lofty door-ways and apartments, was peculiarly well calculated for the reception of a man of such extraordinary stature. The house was then kept by a widow, for whom Mr. O'Brien is reported to have performed all transactions relative to the purchase and disposal of horses, and other business of a like nature.

In 1804, having realized an independence sufficient to keep a carriage, and to secure the conveniences of life, he declined the public exhibition of his person, which was always extremely irksome to his feelings. He was unof-

fending and amiable in his manners to his friends and acquaintance, of whom he had, in the last years of his life, a pretty extensive circle, as he was neither averse to a cheerful glass nor to pleasant company. During this interval he resided, upon the Hotwell-road, Bristol, where, in September, 1806, he fell a sacrifice to a disease of the lungs, combined with an affection of the liver, in the 46th year of his age. He expired without the smallest apparent pain or agony. The leaden coffin in which his body was enclosed measured nine feet two inches, and the wooden case four inches more. To prevent any attempt to disturb his remains, of which he had the greatest horror, his grave was sunk to the depth of twelve feet in the solid rock, and such precautions were taken as effectually to render abortive either violence or stratagem.

His clothes he bequeathed to one of his servants, who dressed up a huge figure in resemblance of his old master, and exhibited it in the Haymarket, Picket-street, Temple-bar, &c.

That there exist men of a stature considerably above the ordinary standard, our own time has afforded ocular demonstration. In the year 1780, a gigantic youth named Byrne, a native of Ireland, was exhibited in the metropolis, in the neighbourhood of Charing-cross, where he died, and was buried in St. Martin's church-yard. He was within two inches of eight feet at his death, and it was thought that the continuance of his growth proved fatal to him, as he had not then attained his twentieth year.

Some years since, the Prince of Wales had in his service, as porter, a native of Scotland, commonly called Big Sam, who was nearly eight feet high, robust and well made. His size was so far from being inconvenient to him, that he was as active as any man of ordinary stature. He performed as a giant in the Romance of Cymon, at the Opera-house, in the Haymarket,

while the Drury-lane company had the use of that house till their own was rebuilt. Finding his health impaired by the air of the metropolis, he obtained permission of his royal highness to return to his native country.

We shall conclude this article with a few singular facts, relative to a gigantic countryman of Mr. O'Brien. In the anatomical room of Trinity College, Dublin, is preserved the skeleton of a youth named Magrath, who was born near Cloyne, in Ireland. He was carried through various parts of Europe, and exhibited as the prodigious Irish giant; but such was his early imbecility, both of body and mind, that he died of old age, in the twentieth year. The annexed account of him is given by a very intelligent writer:—"In his infancy he became an orphan, and was provided for by the famous Berkeley, then Bishop of Cloyne. This acute philosopher, who denied the existence of matter, was as inquisitive in his physical researches, as he was whimsical in his metaphysical speculations. When I tell you that he had well nigh put an end to his own existence, by experimenting what are the sensations of a person dying on the gallows, you will be the more ready to forgive him for his treatment of this orphan. The bishop had a strange fancy to know whether it was not in the power of art to increase the human stature, and this unhappy infant appeared to him to be a fit subject for the trial. He made his essay according to his pre-conceived theory, whatever it might be, and the consequence was, that he became seven feet high in his sixteenth year."

We are not informed what were the means employed by the philosophic prelate for increasing the human stature beyond the ordinary standard, and for many, perphaps, this ignorance is a fortunate circumstance. What unnatural cruelties avarice has frequently prompted parents to inflict on their helpless and unhappy offspring, it is unnecessary here to recapitulate.

CHARLES MACKLIN.

CHARLES M'LAUGHLIN, for that was the real name of the subject of this article, was descended from the M'Laughlins of the north of Ireland, a clan much distinguished for antiquity as for being principals in the various civil wars of that country. His immediate ancestors resided near Londonderry, and at the celebrated siege of that town in King William's time, he had three uncles within the walls, and three without, who, though fighting on opposite sides, behaved with a bravery, that to use his own expression, kept up the blood of the M'Laughlins. Some time after this his father died, and the little farm which he held was given up to a near relation, a Protestant, in trust for the widow, who was a Catholic, and her children.

The actual time of Macklin's birth is involved in uncertainty, but he is supposed to have been born about May, 1690, though he himself at an advanced period of his life, fixed that event in 1699. An uncle by the mother's side, who was a Roman Catholic priest, undertook the care of young Macklin's education, and as he lived three miles from his father's dwelling, the boy had to travel that distance every day, sometimes not too well equipped with the requisites of a wardrobe. By his own confession he benefited very little from his uncle's good intentions, as he was very idle and very dissipated, staying whole days from school, engaged in robbing orchards and other boyish freaks, so that on his father's death, he could only read English, with a broad Irish accent, though in other respects, as he said, he was accounted a very *cute* lad.

Near the residence of his family lived a relation of the Besborough family, a widow lady of considerable for-

tune and great humanity, who seeing young Macklin running about her grounds and observing him to be a boy of some spirit and sharpness, hospitably took him under her roof, in order to rescue him from those vices and follies which a life of idleness is but too apt to produce, especially in young minds. Here he was farther instructed, and received the first bias towards the profession in which he afterwards appeared to such advantage. The occasion of it was as follows: During the Christmas holidays, the tragedy of the Orphan was got up among some young relations of the family of his protectress, when the character of Monimia was assigned to young Macklin. The figure and cast of his countenance must render it difficult to believe that at any time of life Macklin could perform this part with any degree of propriety, but by his own account, he not only looked the gentle Monimia, but performed the part with the highest applause. The play was repeated three times before several of the surrounding gentry and tenants, and each time he acquired additional reputation. It was undoubtedly this accident that decided Macklin in the choice of his future profession. Had it not been for the casual production of this play, the chances were great against his ever thinking of the stage, but this little part, no matter how well or ill performed, roused and directed the energies of his mind to that particular point; and though many years had elapsed before he actually commenced a regular performer, the stage was what he most reflected on as the future object of his pursuits.

His friends, however, determined otherwise, and at the age of fourteen bound him apprentice to a sadler in the neighbourhood; but sedentary habits so far disagreed with young Macklin, that he soon after absconded from his master, and came over to England with a few shillings in his pocket, without any previous acquaintance, or any

other design than the boyish idea of seeking his fortune. His stay was not long, for he was sent back to Ireland for some misconduct.

How he contrived to exist there at first, it is impossible to say: all that is known on this head is, that he became acquainted with certain under graduates of Trinity College, Dublin, and took up the employment of badgeman, or porter, to the college. Being a youth of keen observation and a determined spirit he made himself very acceptable to the scholars and fellows, who occasionally gave him various pecuniary aids, in addition to his stipulated allowance.

In this degraded state he remained till he attained the age of twenty-one, when he again visited England, and, coming to London, engaged with a company of strolling players, in which he acted the part of Harlequin. After leading, for a few years, an extraordinary course of life, he was restored a penitent to his mother, and reinstated in his former situation at Trinity College.

He did not, however, continue here long, for in 1716 he again visited London for the third time, probably to indulge in his propensity for the stage, which, by this time, had grown into a passion. He first joined several strolling companies, and repairing to London in 1725, was engaged by Mr. Rich, the manager of Lincoln's-inn theatre for that season. Here Macklin's love of dissipation led him into many scenes of riot, gaming, and intemperance, which probably prevented him from making that improvement in his professional studies which he might otherwise have done; for at the end of the season he was told by the manager that "he had better go to grass for another year or two." Macklin took his advice and went with a strolling company into Wales.

In his rambles in Wales and Bristol he was engaged in many frolics and adventures which indicated a strong propensity to all such pleasures as were within his reach. He was, by his own account, a great fives player, a

great walker, a great bruiser, a hard drinker, and a general lover; and as he was various in his parts as an actor, and a cheerful companion, he was so much sought after, that all the time which was not dedicated to his profession, was spent in those pursuits. It was about this period that in order to accommodate the sound of his name a little more to English ears, he changed it from M'Laughlin to Macklin; but among his companions he was more frequently distinguished by the appellations of "Wicked Charley," and "The Wild Irishman," which sufficiently indicate what must have been his general character and conduct.

While he was at Bristol, he paid great attention to the daughter of a gentleman who lived near Jacob's Wells. After much solicitation a night was appointed to receive him, and one of the parlour-windows was left unbolted for the purpose of getting into the house. Macklin had that night to play Hamlet and Harlequin which made him late. On his setting out he was overtaken by a very heavy shower of rain, which almost drenched him to the skin; and to make matters still worse, just as he had raised the sash of the window and was stepping in, he happened to overset a large china jar full of water, which made such a noise as to alarm the family. The young lady who best judged the cause of it, was the first to run down to see what was the matter; when she advised her lover to make the best of his way out of the house, in order to save his reputation and her own. Macklin complied, and the lady felt her escape so sensibly, that reflection overcame her love, and she never spoke to him afterwards. To do Macklin justice, he used to relate the catastrophe of this story with considerable pleasure, hoping that this accident might have saved a young woman from a life of disgrace and misery, and feeling himself free from the reflection of his being the author of such a misfortune.

Macklin having spent some time in strolling com-

panies, returned to the metropolis. Covent Garden about this time was a scene of much dissipation, and that place and the vicinity of Clare-market were the rendezvous of most of the theatrical wits. The ordinaries of that day were from sixpence to a shilling per head, and the latter were frequented by much of what is denominated good company. The butchers of Clare-market, then very numerous, were stanch friends to the players, and whenever a disturbance was dreaded, the early appearance of those formidable critics made an awful impression.

Macklin entered into all these eccentricities, and from the strength of his constitution and unceasing love of society, rendered himself eminently conspicuous. He belonged to a club which held a weekly dinner at St. Albans, and was called the Walking Society. It consisted principally of the performers of both houses, who piqued themselves on their walking, and who engaged on no account whatever to ride or go in any vehicle, but to walk the twenty miles backward and forward the same day. Macklin frequently said he felt no inconvenience from these long walks; but, on the contrary, he believed they added to his health.

On the 10th of May, 1735, a fatal accident had nearly crushed all Macklin's hopes of rising into celebrity in his profession. In a dispute behind the scenes at Drury-lane, about a large wig which Mr. Hallam had on, and which Macklin claimed as his property, the warmth of his temper so far overcame his prudence, that he struck his opponent with his cane, which entered his eye, penetrated to the brain and occasioned his death. He was, in consequence, brought to trial at the Old Bailey, but no malicious intent appearing in evidence, he was acquitted.

The period of Macklin's marriage is equally uncertain with that of many other events of his life. His wife was Miss Grace Purvor, an early friend of the celebrated

Mrs. Booth, a woman of much reading, strong sense, and much knowledge of the world. She was also esteemed a valuable actress in the second-rate characters, and so particularly excelled in narration, that old Cibber, to the last, used to call upon her in an evening to hear her anecdotes, which he always listened to with pleasure and repaid with applause.

Fleetwood was at this time manager of Drury-lane, where Macklin was engaged. His experience and humility so gained on the manager, that after the secession of Theophilus Cibber, he made Macklin his principal adviser. But though this intimacy with Fleetwood opened him a more easy way to professional eminence than he could otherwise have found, he was near paying very dear for it in another way. Fleetwood had, by his excesses and imprudences, about this period become so deeply involved in debt, that he made no scruple of obtaining money or security of every body he could. Though conscious of his incapacity to pay, he still continued to borrow; his best friends were not exempted from his arts and promises, and Macklin used to say, that the person, the address, the manners and the solicitations of Fleetwood, when under the necessity of borrowing, appeared so artless, so unpractised, and so delicately embarrassed, as made his attacks irresistible, and none but those who had repeated experience that he was merely acting this part could avoid the snare.

He had often borrowed small sums of Macklin without repaying them, but frequently mentioning his obligations and repeating his assurances of repayment. These sums, borrowed sometimes after a snug benefit night, sometimes after a lucky run of play, for Macklin was then a gambler, he did not much press him for; considering them as so many nest-eggs in Fleetwood's hands, and as a kind of security for his engagements at the theatre. Macklin, however, soon found himself far surpassed in wordly knowledge by his chief, and that he

was destined to be the scape-goat to save the manager from his embarrassment.

Fleetwood, finding himself hard pressed for a considerable sum of money, for which he must either go to prison or give security, prevailed upon Macklin, in one of those irresistible moments of solicitation, to become his bondsman, to the amount of no less than three thousand pounds. Macklin soon saw his error, but too late to remedy it: he found the manager plunging more and more into difficulties, and consequently saw less hopes of his being able to take up this bond. With this gloomy prospect he went down to Bristol to perform during the summer; when toward the close of the season, hearing some fresh anecdotes of Fleetwood's embarrassment, he resolved, on his return to London, to make one desperate push to disengage himself from an affair which very seriously threatened his future liberty and hopes.

On his return to London he settled his plan of operation which was, either to frighten the manager so as to get himself released from his security, or to break with him entirely and seek redress at law. His first step on his arrival, was to call at the manager's house, and being told that he was attending the Prince of Wales, (the father of George III.) in viewing the curiosities of Bartholomew Fair, he instantly hastened to the spot, and felt a presentiment that this very circumstance might turn out to his advantage. He proceeded to Smithfield and soon discovered the manager, who was accompanying the prince and his suite by torch-light to the different booths. Here he assumed the actor, and calling up into his face as much terror and alarm as he could, pulled the manger by the sleeve, and told him he must speak with him: the following conversation then took place:—

Fleetwood. Good God! Macklin, is it you? What's the matter?

Macklin. Matter enough (hastily and seemingly ter-

rified) I have just broken out of Bristol gaol, where I believe, I have killed the gaoler in my escape, and here I am.

F. My dear friend, I am heartily sorry for this accident, but how can I relieve you?

M. Sir, I have no time to trifle—I was put into Bristol gaol for a small debt I incurred on my wife's delivery, and in consequence of a bad season. In this situation I received a letter from the holders of the bond, for which I am security for you, demanding payment or threatening me with imprisonment, which you know must, to a man in my circumstances, be an imprisonment for life. I therefore broke gaol and now want to be released from my bond.

F. Well, well, my dear friend, compose yourself; I will, in a little time, do every thing in my power to relieve you.

M. I can't wait, by God, sir; it must be done instantly, or I'll—

F. Hush, hush, my dear friend; consider, the prince is just before us, and I should be ruined were he to overhear this conversation.

M. (Seemingly in an increased rage) Don't tell me of prince or emperor, God or devil, I must have this affair settled directly, or I'll blow you, myself, and all to the devil.

F. Good God! the man's mad! But Mac, my dear Mac, compose yourself a little. Every thing shall be settled directly; now do go home, and meet me at the Bunch of Grapes in Clare-market, this night at ten o'clock, and you may depend upon it every thing shall be settled to your satisfaction.

M. No trifling, sir. Can I depend on you?

F. Most certainly.

M. Well then I'll give you the meeting.

Fleetwood was punctual to his promise and brought with him, as his most particular friends, Mr. Forrest, a

solicitor; Mr. Havard, and Paul Whitehead, the poet. Macklin told his case, which certainly was a pitiable one, but under the exaggeration of the actor made every one of the company, except Fleetwood, feel deeply for his situation. He, however, heard him with great seeming commiseration, and then asked him to point out any line in which he could possibly assist him. To this Macklin replied, that if he could get him released from the bond, the sum he owed in Bristol was not above thirty pounds, which perhaps he could borrow so as to regain his liberty. "And as to the gaoler (continued he) we have hitherto been upon such intimate terms, that if the fellow happens to be more frightened than hurt, I myself will become his surgeon." Fleetwood could make no reply, but resting his head on his hand, remained seemingly in great agony of mind, for some minutes, in that situation. At length Paul Whitehead asked Macklin if his being released from the bond would perfectly content him, and being answered in the affirmative, he said that he would take upon himself the responsibility for the debt. The poet, however, paid dearly for his generosity; Fleetwood's affairs became more and more involved, and he went to France, leaving to his friend the horrors of several years' imprisonment as a remuneration for the extraordinary liberality of his conduct.

In 1741, Macklin established his fame as an actor in the character of Shylock, in the Merchant of Venice; and by his fine and impressive manner, restored to the stage, a play which had been forty years supplanted by Lord Lansdowne's Jew of Venice. The piece had a successful run through the whole of the season, and for many seasons afterwards. It established his reputation not only as an actor, but also as a critic, and he enjoyed the credit of reviving a play, which, perhaps, had it not been for his research might have been lost to the stage for ever.

About this time commenced Macklin's acquaintance

with Garrick, which continued with all the warmth of the most intimate friendship till the quarrel took place in 1743 between the principal performers and the manager, who was desirous of reducing their salaries. Macklin and several of the most eminent of the company, among whom was Garrick, now openly revolted, and a formal agreement was signed, by which they obliged themselves not to accede to any terms that might be proposed to them by Fleetwood without the consent of all the subscribers. The contest between the manager and the seceders became soon very unequal. The latter found all applications for a new patent ineffectual. There was now no remedy left, but to agree with the manager upon the best terms that could be obtained. Some of the principal actors, and such as were actually necessary to the conducting of the theatrical machine, were admitted to favour upon equal terms, and were allowed the same annual stipends which they enjoyed before the secession; others of less consequence were abridged of half their income.

The manager ascribed this revolt of the players principally to Mr. Macklin; and him he determined to punish. To the rest he was reconciled; but eternal banishment from his theatre was the doom which he pronounced on the man who had been once his favourite adviser, and his bosom friend. Macklin had no inclination to become the scape-goat in this business, and he urged Mr. Garrick to perfect the articles of their agreement, by which it was covenanted, that neither the contracting parties should accommodate matters with the patentee without the other. Mr. Garrick could not but acknowledge the justice of Macklin's plea; he declared that he was ready to do all in his power to fulfil his agreement; but as the manager continued obstinate in his resolution to exclude Mr. Macklin, it could not reasonably be expected that he should, by an obstinate perseverance in a desperate contest, greatly

injure his own fortune, and absolutely be the means of starving eight or ten people whose fate depended on his accommodating the dispute with Fleetwood. He offered Macklin a sum to be paid weekly out of his income, for a certain time, till the manager could be brought into better temper, or he should have it in his own power to provide for himself suitably to his rank in the theatre. These proposals were peremptorily rejected by Macklin, who persisted in his claim of Garrick's absolutely fulfilling the tenor of their compact, but the latter, notwithstanding the perseverance of Macklin, accepted Fleetwood's proposals, and entered into an agreement with him, for that season, at a very considerable income. This laid the foundation of a coolness between them which ended only with the life of Garrick.

Lacey, who succeeded Fleetwood in the management, brought about a revolution in the theatre, in 1747. He forgot all former disputes, and engaged Macklin and his wife at a very considerable salary. In the spring of 1748, Sheridan, the then manager of the Dublin theatre, offered him and his wife eight hundred pounds per year, for two years, which he accepted, and they soon after landed in Dublin to perform their engagements. But Macklin's disposition to jealousy and dissatisfaction still prevailed, for scarcely had he been a month in Dublin, when he began to find out that the manager chose to perform tragedies as well as comedies at his theatre; that his name stood in larger characters in the play-bill; and a variety of such grievous matters; not considering that his and his wife's salary was fixed at all events for two years, and that any reasonable arrangement which the manager might adopt for his own emolument, would the more enable him to perform his contract; but consideration was lost upon a man of Macklin's temper, when once resolved; he therefore gave a loose to his passions, which at last became so intolerable, that, according to the language of Trinculo, "though Sheridan was king, Mack.

lin would be viceroy over him;" which the former not agreeing to, determined him to shut the doors of his theatre against both him and his wife. This, however, so far from bringing him to reason, provoked his irritability the more. He several times presented himself at the stage-door—no admittance. He then sent the manager an attorney's letter—no answer. He then commenced a chancery suit; and, after waiting the whole winter unemployed, he returned to England several hundred pounds minus, and a snug law-suit upon his shoulders into the bargain. On his return to England, he commenced manager at Chester for that season, and in the winter was engaged at Covent-garden Theatre, where he continued till towards the close of the year 1753, when having obtained from Mr. Garrick the use of his theatre for one night, he took a formal leave of the stage, in a prologue written on the occasion, in which he introduced his daughter, as an actress, to the protection of the public.

What induced Macklin to quit the stage in the full vigour of fame and constitution (as he was then, according to his own calculation, but fifty-four), was one of those schemes which he had long previously indulged himself in, of suddenly making his fortune, by the establishment of a tavern and coffee-house, in the Piazza, Covent-garden, to which he afterwards added a school of oratory, upon a plan hitherto unknown in England, founded upon the Greek, Roman, French, and Italian societies, under the title of "The British Inquisition." The first part of this plan was opened on the 11th of March, 1754, by a public ordinary (which was to be continued every day at four o'clock, price three shillings), where every person was permitted to drink port, claret, or whatever liquor he should choose—a bill of fare, we must confess, very encouraging, even in those times, and which, from its cheapness and novelty, drew a considerable resort of company for some time. Dinner

being announced by public advertisement, to be ready at four o'clock, just as the clock had struck that hour, a large tavern bell which he had affixed at the top of the house, gave notice of its approach. This bell continued ringing for about five minutes; the dinner was then ordered to be dished, and in ten minutes afterwards it was set upon the table; after which the outer room door was ordered to be shut, and no other guest admitted. Macklin himself always brought in the first dish, dressed in a full suit of clothes, &c. with a napkin slung across his left arm. When he placed the dish on the table, he made a low bow, and retired a few paces back towards the sideboard, which was laid out in a very superb style, and with every possible convenience that could be thought of. Two of the principal waiters stood beside him, and one, two, or three more, as occasion required. He had trained up all his servants several months before for this attendance; and one principal rule, which he had laid down as a *sine qua non*, was, that not one single word was to be spoken by them whilst in the room, except when asked a question by one of the guests. The ordinary, therefore, was carried on by signs, previously agreed upon; and Macklin, as principal waiter, had only to observe when any thing was wanted or called for, when he communicated a sign, which the waiters immediately understood, and complied with. Thus was dinner entirely served up, and attended to, on the side of the house, all in dumb show. When dinner was over, and the bottles and glasses all laid upon the table, Macklin quitting his former situation, walked gravely up to the front of the table, and hoped "that all things were found agreeable;" after which, he passed the bell-rope round the back of the chair of the person who happened to sit at the head of the table, and, making a low bow at the door, retired. Though all this had the show of a formality seemingly trenching too much on the freedom of a social meeting, it appeared to have a general good

effect: the company not only saw it as a thing to which they had not been accustomed, but it gave them by degrees, from the example of taciturnity, a certain mixture of temper and moderation in their discourse; and it was observed, that there were fewer wrangles and disputes at this ordinary, during the time Macklin kept it, than could well be expected in places which admitted of so mixed an assembly of people. The company generally consisted of wits, authors, players, templars, and lounging men of the town.

Of the other part of this plan, which he called "The British Inquisition," it is impossible to think, without ascribing to the author a degree of vanity almost bordering on madness. By this plan, he not only incited a discussion on almost the whole circle of arts and sciences, which he was in a great measure to direct, but took upon himself solely to give lectures on the comedy of the ancients, the use of their masks, flutes, mimes, pantomimes, &c. He next engaged to draw a comparison between the stages of Greece and Rome, to conclude with lectures upon each of Shakspeare's plays, commenting on the different stories from which his different plots were taken, the uses which he made of them, with strictures on his fables, morals, passions and manners. In respect to his knowledge of ancient comedy, and his attempt to draw a comparison between the Greek and Roman stage, he must have obtained it (if he made any literary inquiry at all) from Dryden's prefaces, and other detached English writers on the subject, as he was totally unacquainted with either the Greek or Latin languages, and did not understand French well enough to avail himself of their criticisms. As to the original of Shakspeare's stories, and the uses he made of them, he was still in a worse predicament, as this required a course of reading in the cotemporary writers of Shakspeare's age, too multifarious either for the grasp of his mind, or for the time, which

from other avocations, he could bestow on it, so that to every body but himself Macklin stood in a very ridiculous point of view, under the responsibility of large promises, with very little capital to discharge them.

Of his illustration of Shakspeare's plays, we believe there are no records, as he was not quite fool enough to print them, nor has even ridicule consigned them to memory: but as a proof of what he was capable of doing as a critic in this line, we subjoin the following proposal he made to Garrick, as a kind of grateful compensation to him, for giving him the use of his theatre for one night, and for writing a farewell epilogue for him on the same occasion. In his conversation with the manager about the great run of Romeo and Juliet, he told him, that as the town had not properly settled whether Barry or he was the better Romeo, he meant ultimately to decide that question in his next lecture on that tragedy. Garrick, who was all alive to fame, instantly cocked his ear, and exclaimed, "Ah! my dear Mac, how will you bring this about?" "I'll tell you, sir; I mean to show your different merits in the garden scene. Barry comes into it, sir, as great as a lord, swaggering about his love, and talking so loud, that by God, sir, if we don't suppose the servants of the Capulet family almost dead with sleep, they must have come out and tossed the fellow in a blanket. Well, sir, after having fixed my auditors' attention to this part, then I shall ask, but how does Garrick act this? Why, sir, sensible that the family are at enmity with him and his house, he comes creeping in upon his toes, whispering his love, and looking about him *just like a thief in the night.*" At this Garrick could hold out no longer; he thanked him for his good intentions, but begged he would decline his purpose, as after all, he thought it a question better left to the opinion of an audience than the subject of a lecture.

With these qualifications as a critic, much success could not be argued from the lectures. The event turned

out so, as, in a little time, the few who resorted to his rooms gave up all ideas of improvement, and the whole assumed an air of burlesque, which was still heightened by the gravity of Macklin, who trusting to the efficiency of his own powers, appeared every night full dressed, dictating to the town with all the airs of superior intelligence. Foote stood at the head of the wits and laughers on this occasion. To a man of his humour, Macklin was as the dace to the pike, a sure prey. He accordingly made him his daily food for laughter and ridicule, by constantly attending his lectures, and, by his questions, remarks, and repartees, kept the audience in a continual roar. Macklin sometimes made battle, but it was Priam to Pyrrhus: he now and then came out with a strong remark, or bitter sarcasm, but in wit and humour Foote was greatly his superior. Foote likewise had the talent of keeping his temper, which still added to his superiority. One night as Macklin was preparing to begin his lecture, hearing a buzz in the room, he spied Foote in a corner, talking and laughing most immoderately. This he thought a safe time to rebuke him, as he had not begun his lecture, and consequently could not be subject to any criticism; he therefore cried out with some authority, "Well, sir, you seem to be very merry there; but do you know what I am going to say now?" "No, sir," says Foote; "Pray *do you?*" The ready and unembarrassed manner of this reply drew on such a burst of laughter, as silenced the lecturer for some minutes, nor could he then proceed till called upon by the general voice of the company.

Another time, Macklin undertook to show the causes of duelling in Ireland; and why it was much more the practice of that nation than any other. In order to do this in his own way, he began with the earliest part of the Irish history, as it respected the customs, the education, and the animal spirits of the inhabitants; and after getting as far as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, he

was again proceeding, when Foote spoke to order. "Well, sir, what have you to say on this subject?" "Only to crave a little attention," says Foote with much seeming modesty, "when I think I can settle this point in a few words." "Well sir, go on." "Why, then, sir," says Foote, "to begin, what o'clock is it;" "O'clock!" says Macklin, "what has the clock to do with a dissertation on duelling?" "Pray, sir," says Foote, "be pleased to answer my question." Macklin on this pulled out his watch, and reported the hour to be half past ten. "Very well," says Foote; "about this time of the night, every gentleman in Ireland, that can possibly afford it, is in his third bottle of claret, consequently is in a fair way of getting drunk; from drunkenness proceeds quarrelling, and from quarrelling duelling; and so there's an end of the chapter." The company seemed fully satisfied with this abridgment, and Macklin concluded his lecture for that evening in great dudgeon.

Another night, being at supper with Foote and some others at the Bedford, one of the company was praising Macklin on the great regularity of his ordinary, and in particular his manner of directing the waiters by signals: "Aye, sir," says Macklin, "I knew it would do. And where do you think I picked up this hint? Well, sir, I'll tell you; I picked it up from no less a man than James Duke of York, who, you know, sir, first invented signals for the fleet." "Very apropos, indeed," says Foote, "and good poetical justice, as *from the fleet* they were taken, so *to the fleet* both master and signals are likely to return."

All this, though galling to Macklin, was fun for the public; and if it had ended here, would, perhaps, have served Macklin in a pecuniary way, as much as it hurt his feelings in another; but Foote did not know when he had enough of a good thing: he introduced him into his theatre at the Haymarket, where neither cut so good a figure as they did in the British Inquisition; and

Macklin, in return, retorted in all kind of abuse and calumny. The public at last grew tired of the controversy, from being taken out of its proper place, and the British Inquisition soon after this began to feel a gradual decay in all its departments. Most people besides the projector saw the seeds of a speedy dissolution in the first principles of this scheme. In the first place, it was upon a large, expensive scale, and quite novel in this country; it, therefore, not only required a greater capital than Macklin was master of, but much greater talents, as he had neither learning, reading, figure, or elocution, for the oratorical part; nor assiduity, knowledge, or temper, for keeping a coffee-house and tavern. Whilst he amused himself with drilling his waiters, or fitting himself for the rostrum, by poring over the Athenian Oracle or parliamentary debates, his waiters, in return, were robbing him in all directions. His cook generally went to market for him, and his principal waiter was his principal butler; in short, Macklin had left himself little more to do in the essential parts of this business, than paying the bills; and these soon poured in upon him so fast, that he could not even acquit himself of this employment. Accordingly, the next winter ultimately decided the question, as we find him a bankrupt on the 25th of January, 1755, under the title of vintner, coffee-man, and chapman.

On his examination before the commissioners of bankruptcy, every part of his character appeared free from imputation except his prudence, as it appeared he lost his money partly by the sums incurred in building and fitting up the rooms, and partly by the trade not being adequate to such a scale of expenditure, but, in the end, he paid twenty shillings in the pound. One circumstance, however, should not be omitted here, which redounds to his character as a father, which was, that it was proved by sufficient documents, that he laid out no less than twelve hundred pounds on the education of his daughter

—an education not ill bestowed, as it respected exterior accomplishment, but which made so little impression on her gratitude, that, at her death (which happened when her father was above eighty years of age, and when it was well known he was far from being independent) she bequeathed the best part of her fortune to strangers, giving him, at the same time, such an eventual title to the other part, as was worse than absolute neglect; it was a legacy in mockery, as if she only thought of her father to tantalize him with fruitless expectations.

Though Miss Macklin was not handsome, she was genteel in her person, and being highly educated, was fashionable in her manners and deportment. She was, besides, a rising actress, and gave specimens of her singing and dancing in occasional entertainments, which made her a great favourite with the town. Some days previous to her benefit, whilst Macklin was sitting at breakfast, a loud knocking at his door announced a baronet, at that time as well known on the turf, as he has since been in the character of a noble lord, and great legal practitioner. After the ceremonies of introduction were over, Macklin hoped "he would do him the honour of breakfasting with him;" which the other very frankly accepted of, and the conversation became general—the stage, of course, formed one of the topics, when the baronet took this opportunity to praise Miss Macklin in the highest strains of panegyric. This Macklin thought a good omen for his daughter's benefit night, and bowed most graciously to all his encomiums. At last, after a short pause (arising, as Macklin thought, from his embarrassment about the manner of asking for tickets), the baronet began the following curious conversation:—"After what I have said of your daughter, Mr. Macklin, you may suppose I am not insensible to her merits. I mean to be her friend, not in the article of taking tickets for her benefit, and such trifling acts of friendship, which mean nothing more than the vanity of patronage

—I mean to be her friend for life." "What do you allude to, sir?" says Macklin, roused at this last expression. "Why," said the other, "I mean as I say, to make her my friend for life; and as you are a man of the world, and 'tis fit you should be considered in this business—I now make you an offer of four hundred pounds per year for your daughter, and two hundred pounds per year for yourself, to be secured on any of my estates, during both your natural lives." "I was at that time," says Macklin, "spreading some butter on my roll, and happened to have in my hand a large case knife, which grasping, and looking steadily at the baronet, I desired him instantly to quit my apartments, telling him at the same time, I was as much surprised at his folly as his profligacy, in thus attempting the honour of a child through the medium of her parent. He affected not to mind me, and was proceeding with some coarseness, when instantly I sprung from my seat, and holding the knife near his throat, in a menacing manner, bade him make the best of his way down stairs, or I would instantly drive that instrument into his heart, as the due reward of such base and infamous proposals. Sir (continued the veteran) I had no occasion to repeat my menaces a second time. By God, the fellow made but one jump from his chair to the door, and scampered down the stairs as if the devil was in him. He ran across the garden in the same manner, thinking I was at his heels: and so, sir, I never spoke to the rascal since."

Macklin now joined Barry in founding a new theatre in Dublin, and in the spring of 1757, went to Ireland with Barry and Woodward, who was admitted as partner, and was present at laying the foundation stone of Crow-street Theatre. About September of the same year, Barry having obtained a sufficient number of subscribers to his new theatre, and arranged every other matter relative to his great design, returned to London, leaving Macklin as his *locum tenens*, who, to do him justice, was

so very vigilant and industrious in all the departments of his trust, that upon Barry's return to Dublin, towards the close of the summer of 1758, the theatre was nearly ready for their performance. Mrs. Macklin died about this time, before her husband could receive any benefit for her engagement, and he seemed much afflicted at her loss, as her judgment and good sense often kept him within the pale of propriety.

Crow-street Theatre opened on the 23d of October, 1758. Macklin joined this corps as soon as decency for the loss of his wife would admit; but quitting his engagements with Barry and Woodward, he returned to London in December, 1759, and obtained an engagement at Drury-lane, at a very considerable salary, where he brought out his farce of "Love-a-la-Mode," which, though it met with some opposition in the beginning, afterwards received such applause both in London and Dublin as made amends for all his former dramatic miscarriages, and crowned him with no inconsiderable share of reputation. Of the origin of this little piece Macklin was often heard to speak with a pleasure which most men take in telling of events, which, from trifling beginnings, lead to prosperous consequences. It was as follows:—

Some time before their going to Ireland, Barry and Macklin had been spending the evening at a public-house in the neighbourhood of Covent-garden, where they had been joined by an Irishman who had been some years in the Prussian service, and who, from his first appearance, attracted their notice. In his person he was near six feet high, finely formed, with a handsome manly face, and a degree of honesty and good humour about him which prejudiced every body in his favour. He happened to take his seat in the same box with Macklin and Barry. The latter, who was himself a native of Ireland, perfectly understood the character of his countrymen, and could tell many agreeable stories in their way, soon scraped an

acquaintance with the stranger and brought him into the full blow of self-exhibition. He told them of his birth, parentage, and education in Ireland; of his being originally designed for a priest, and following an uncle of his to France, who was of that profession, for the purpose; that *luckily* his uncle died and left him at liberty to follow his favourite propensity, in compliance with which he enlisted in the Prussian service, and was in most of the early battles of the great Frederic, who rewarded his services with a lieutenancy; and that he had just come over to England to receive a legacy left him by a relation. He likewise gave a long account of his amours in France and Prussia, accompanied with some humorous Irish songs, which made him on the whole a most diverting character. He was, at the same time, so extremely simple and unsuspicious, that when Macklin, who passed himself off for an Englishman, attributed his success with the ladies to his having, in common with all Irishmen, a tail behind, he instantly pulled off his coat and waistcoat to convince him of his mistake, assuring him that "no Irishman was in that respect better than another man."

Macklin, who seldom wanted observation in his profession, perceived that this was a character which would stand prominent in comedy. He therefore drew him out in all his absurdities, till he had satisfied himself in sketching the full outline of the portrait. The next day he communicated his idea to Barry, who highly approved of it, and by way of encouraging Macklin, offered him a wager that he would not produce a dramatic piece on the subject in the course of three months. This was accepted, and Macklin, according to his own account, produced a comedy in five acts, sketched out in plot and incidents, without having all the parts of the dialogue filled up, in the course of six weeks. Barry was so pleased with this that he paid him his wager, Macklin pledging himself at the same time to finish it before the

end of the season. On submitting it to the judgment of his friends, he, after their advice, reduced it to two acts; in which shape its success fully answered his expectations.

Love-a-la-Mode was succeeded by the True Born Irishman, and various other pieces; among the rest the True Born Scotchman, which was afterwards extended to five acts, under the title of "The Man of the World." For many years the exhibition of his talents was shared by the English and Irish metropolis. About the year 1767, a division took place among the numerous managers of Covent-garden Theatre, where Macklin was then engaged, owing, as was alleged, to the assumed authority of Mr. Colman. As it was next to an impossibility for a man of Macklin's bustling spirit to remain an unconcerned spectator, he joined the party in opposition to Colman. The consequence was a paper-war among the critics, and a chancery suit among the parties. Macklin was involved in the latter, which he entered into with as much spirit and alacrity as if he had been the solicitor instead of the client. This suit, according to the usual custom of the law, continued several years; and as Macklin always thought he understood whatever business he engaged in better than any one else, he undertook himself to answer all his bills in chancery, and this method partook of his usual originality. Whenever he had a bill to answer, or any other law question to state to his solicitor, he gave notice to his family to have a constant fire kept up in his study, and not to be interrupted, on any account whatever, till such time as he should choose to be visible. Accordingly, on the days of his engaging in this business, he locked himself up in this apartment, where his food, linen, and every other convenience he wanted, were sent in to him in dumb show. Here he likewise slept, and whenever a thought struck him in the night, he was up at his desk with all the ardour of a poet labouring for immortality. These

bills did not disgrace the profession by an improper brevity. The causes of complaint, though some of them very frivolous, were all set down with their accustomed length and gravity, so that Macklin's rustication, as he called it, sometimes continued for a month or six weeks. He then came out into the world tiring his acquaintance with the process and effects of his lucubrations till the next bill arrived. After a wearisome contest of many years, which must have interrupted him greatly in the course of his profession, he however obtained his cause, a victory which, considering his loss of time and uneasiness, left little more than an empty boast. This circumstance drew from Lord Mansfield the following handsome and well turned compliment, "You have met with great applause to day, you never acted better."

Macklin thus continued actively engaged in his professional pursuits with scarcely any visible declension of his powers, till, in November, 1788, while representing the part of Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant, he for the first time began to lose his recollection. The audience had the indulgence to impute this want of memory as much to the extreme length of the part as to the very advanced age of the performer; but he was conscious of something more serious than a casual lapse of recollection, and in a short address to the audience, informed them, that unless he found himself more capable he should never again venture to solicit their attention. He however rallied after this, so as not only to gain his usual applause, but to encourage a hope that his theatrical labours were not yet at their final close.

His last attempt was on the 7th of May following, in the character of Shylock for his own benefit. To prevent any disappointment, Mr. Ryder had studied the part, and was ready dressed to supply any deficiency. The prudence of the precaution was afterwards apparent. When Macklin had dressed, he went into the green room, and going up to the late Mrs. Pope, asked if she

was to play that night. "To be sure I am," replied she, "don't you see that I am dressed for Portia?"—"Ah! very true," rejoined Macklin; "I had forgot. But who is to play Shylock?"—The imbecile tone of voice, and the inanity of look which accompanied this question, excited a melancholy sensation in all who heard it. After some pause, Mrs. Pope answered: "Why you, to be sure. Are you not dressed for the part?" He then seemed to recollect himself, and putting his hand on his forehead, pathetically exclaimed:—"God help me, my memory I am afraid has left me." He however went upon the stage and delivered two or three speeches in a manner that evidently proved he did not understand what he was repeating. After a while he recovered himself a little, and seemed to make an effort to rouse his powers, but in vain. Nature could assist him no farther, and after pausing some time, as if considering what to do, he then came forward and informed the audience that as he found himself unable to finish his part he hoped they would accept Mr. Ryder as his substitute. The apology was received with a mixed sentiment of indulgence and commiseration, and at the age of ninety, by his own account, Macklin retired from the stage for ever.

Notwithstanding this decay of memory which incapacitated Macklin for professional business, he was far from feeling the infirmities of so advanced an age in the private habits of life. He lived much abroad as usual, took long walks, related anecdotes with tolerable recollection; his conversation was replete both with entertainment and information, and was often enlivened by that quickness and severity of repartee for which at an earlier period he had been particularly distinguished.

Being one evening in company, he was asked whether Mr. Macklin, the late print-seller in Fleet-street, was any relation of his; to which he answered, rather shortly, "No, sir, I am the first of my name. There was no

other Macklin before me, as I invented it merely to get rid of that damn'd Irish name M'Laughlin."—"But might not such such a name exist without your knowing it?" said a dignitary of the church who was present. "No, sir," replied Macklin in a growling tone. "Why now I think of it," rejoined the other, "there was a printer of that name towards the close of the sixteenth century, near Temple Bar;" and appealing to one of the company very conversant in black letter learning, he continued: "I believe you might have seen books of his printing."—"O yes," answered the other; "several with the name of Macklin at the bottom of the title-page." "Well, Mr. Macklin, what do you say now?" exclaimed several of the company. "Say now?" replied Macklin, "why all I have to say is this (looking the two antiquarians full in the face), that black-letter men will lie like other men."

Those who knew Macklin most intimately at this period, never once had an idea but that a man of his longevity, his high situation in the theatre, and above all his intimate knowledge of the world, had sufficiently provided for his independence; but the fact turned out otherwise. With all the advantages he possessed, Macklin had neglected to make a provision for old age; or perhaps, like the French wit, he had lived so long that he might think death had forgotten him, and was loath to take precautions, for fear of putting his adversary in mind of him. The truth was, that though Macklin was always well paid both as an actor and a writer, yet he never continued long in any one engagement, so that what he gained by an advance of salary, on the one hand, he lost by travelling expenses, shifting of lodgings, and intervals in which he was unemployed, on the other. He was, besides, fond of lawsuits and seldom out of the courts, a situation that generally leaves a man considerably out of pocket. In the management of his private affairs he was always extremely reserved, and not less

punctual: for whether he was fixed in winter quarters or strolling through the country, he always discharged every current debt at the end of the season, or of his engagement. For this purpose he had a bound quarto book in which he entered the receipts of the different tradesmen. Many a time has he been seen trudging through the streets with this book under his arm; and on being challenged with this peculiarity, he used to reply: "I keep this as a check upon my tradesmen; for those people are sometimes troubled with short memories, and can remember nothing out of book; so this gives them their cues occasionally."

The calls of an honest man, cannot, however, be long answered without money, and Macklin's removal from the stage was succeeded in a few years by the want of that necessary article. In this dilemma his friends were consulted, and by their advice his two celebrated pieces "The Man of the World," and "Love-a-la-Mode," were published by subscription, under the superintendence of Mr. Arthur Murphy. This plan produced near sixteen hundred pounds, part of which was expended by the trustees appointed for that purpose, in purchasing an annuity of two hundred pounds for Macklin's life, and the remainder was applied to his immediate relief.

This change in his circumstances seemed to produce an immediate effect on Macklin's spirits; but towards the conclusion of 1793, a visible alteration took place both in his mind and person. The ravages of time now began plainly to appear; his face no longer presented any degree of character; his eye had lost all use in describing the movements of the mind, and instead of that erect form and firm step which he had heretofore exhibited, and which seemed to denote a man of fifty, he now showed all the infirmities incident to advanced age.

Still he occasionally frequented the pit of both the theatres, but seemed totally insensible to what was passing before him. Even his favourite part of the Jew, the part which first established, and supported his fame above half a century, he did not know when it was represented, but frequently asked what was the play, and who was the performer; without any other remark than a repetition of the same question.

Three years he lingered in this unenviable condition; till, at length, growing weaker and weaker, he imperceptibly expired on the 11th of July, 1797, aged 107, if he were born at the period before mentioned; but of this the reader should be apprized, there were some serious doubts entertained. His remains were interred under the chancel of Covent-garden church.

In respect to Macklin's character as the head of a family, nothing could be more correct and respectable. The reputation he acquired as an actor, and more particularly as an author, was not a little extraordinary considering his want of education, and proves that he must have been a man of strong natural abilities, which could not have failed to raise him to still higher distinction, had they been properly cultivated. It was said of him, that, sensible of this defect in his education, he occasionally read in the morning for the purpose of showing off at night, and the following instance of this is related on the authority of Foote.

Being engaged to sup with some men of science, and ambitious of cutting a figure independent of common conversation, Macklin prepared himself in the morning by reading a philosophical treatise on the properties of gunpowder. This might be supposed an anomalous subject for common conversation, and rather difficult to be introduced; but whether it was the only book he had at hand, or whether it was the eccentric turn of his mind, this was the *great gun* he had prepared to fire off that evening.

A long time however passed before an opportunity presented itself, and perhaps a much longer interval would have elapsed, had not Macklin thought of an expedient, —suddenly starting from his chair and exclaiming: "Good God! Was not that a gun fired off!"—"A gun!" exclaimed the company, in amaze. "Aye, there it is again," said he; "and I am sure some accident has happened below stairs." On this the landlord was called up; and he having soon satisfied the company that there was no such thing, Macklin then took up the cue. "Well," said he, "though my hearing has been deceived in respect to the report of a gun, yet the properties of gunpowder are in many other respects of a very singular nature"—and then went on in that track of reading in which he had previously instructed himself, with great parade of philosophical knowledge.

To heighten the absurdity of Macklin's literary character, he was peculiarly attached to philosophical and metaphysical books; and as he had no previous knowledge laid in to comprehend those books, it may be easily supposed how he detailed them. With this exception his conversation was lively, humorous, shrewd, and entertaining, except in case of flat contradictions, or questions that he could not readily answer; these embarrassed him and he would often reply in the rudest manner.

Such was Macklin, to whom, notwithstanding all his eccentricities, may be applied the character given by Dr. Johnson of Mr. Thomas Sheridan, that were mankind divided into two classes of good and bad, he would stand considerably within the former.

Men are perhaps best exhibited by some little familiar strokes in their character; we shall therefore exhibit some of those little sallies which distinguished Macklin's conversation, and which will show, however correct and sensible he was at other times, that neither good sense nor knowledge of the world are sometimes suffi-

cient to restrain the irritation of temper or the grosser particles of original education.

A notorious egotist one day in a large company indirectly praising himself for a number of good qualities, which it was well known that he never possessed, asked Macklin the reason why he should have this propensity of interfering in the good of others, when he frequently met with very unsuitable returns. "I could tell you, sir," said Macklin; "the cause is impudence—nothing but stark staring impudence."

A person praising Garrick's generosity upon a certain occasion, Macklin quickly replied: "Did you see this yourself, sir?"—"No, sir, but I heard of it."—"Aye, *hear* of it! (sarcastically)—yes, you'll *hear* a great many things of this kind of Garrick, for he has toad-eaters in every corner: and the fellow will talk a great deal himself about charity, generosity, &c. while he is at his own table; but let him once turn the corner of Southampton-street, and meet the ghost of a farthing, all his resolutions will vanish into air."

One of the band of Covent Garden who played the French-horn, was likewise relating an anecdote of Garrick's generosity. Macklin who heard him at the lower end of the table, and who always took fire at the praises of Garrick, called out: "Sir, I believe you are a trumpeter." "Well sir," said the poor man quite confounded, "and if I am, what then?"—"Nothing more, sir, than being a trumpeter, you are a dealer in *puffs* by profession."

But notwithstanding these biting parts of his character, his conversation at other times was liberal, pleasant, and instructive; and he generally observed upon common things in his own way with singular force and perspicuity. Speaking of one of our naval victories he emphatically exclaimed: "Ah, sir, an English man of war is the thing after all. She speaks all languages; is the best negociator and the most profound politician in this

Engraved by R. Page.

BERTHOLDE,

Prime Minister to Alboinus King of Lombardy.

island. She was always Oliver Cromwell's ambassador. She is one of the honestest ministers of state that ever existed, and never tells a lie; nor will she suffer the proudest Frenchman, Dutchman or Spaniard to bamboozle her, or give her a saucy answer."

BERTHOLDE.

THOUGH nature had been unfavourable to this wonderful character with respect to his body, she had recompensed him by the subtlety, the agreeableness, and the solidity of the mind, she had united to it. This advantage, infinitely more precious than all others, raised him from being a simple and mean peasant, to be the favourite of a great prince, and happily extricated him out of all the snares and dangers that had been laid for him.

Bertholde had a large head, as round as a foot-ball, adorned with red hair very strait, and which had a great resemblance to the bristles of a hog; an extremely short forehead, furrowed with wrinkles; two little blear eyes, edged round with a border of bright carnation, and overshadowed by a pair of large eye-brows, which, upon occasion, might be made use of as brushes; a flat red nose, resembling an extinguisher; a wide mouth, from which proceeded two long crooked teeth, not unlike the tusks of a boar, and pointing to a pair of ears, like those which formerly belonged to Midas; a lip of a monstrous thickness, which hung down on a chin, that seemed to sink under the load of a beard, thick, strait, and bristly; a very short neck, which nature had adorned with a kind of necklace, formed of ten or twelve small wens. The rest of his body was perfectly agreeable to the grotesque appearance of his visage; so that from head to foot, he was a kind of monster, who, by

his deformity, and the hair with which he was covered, had a greater resemblance to a bear half licked into form, than to a human creature.

He was born of poor parents, in a village called Bertagnona, at some miles distance from Verona. The small fortune of his father, and his having ten children, would not permit the good man to give them the least education. But as for Bertholde, he had a fund of wit, which sufficiently made him amends for the poverty of his parents, and the deformity of his person, which was more fit to affright children than to raise his fortune; and therefore, the nurses and mothers of the village had nothing more to do, but to mention his name to make their children quiet when crying, or to make them cry when they were quiet.

But the pleasure he gave to the other peasants, was equal to the terror his figure caused in the little innocents. Bertholde diverted them on Sundays, and every festival, with the sallies of his wit: he instructed them by excellent sentences, which he uttered from time to time; so that, next to the priest and the lord of the manor, no person in the village was treated with greater respect. His poverty, contrary to custom, was not considered as a vice; and, what is very strange, it did not render him the object of aversion and contempt. So far was this from being the case, the honest country people, in order to keep him amongst them, would have contributed to his support; but he, not willing to be a burden to them, chose rather to leave the village, and to seek a living elsewhere.

With this view he went to Verona, where Alboin, the first king of the Lombards, after having conquered the greatest part of Italy, kept his court.* Chance con-

* The nation of the Lombards originated from a dispute amongst the Gepidæ, inhabiting the northern banks of the Danube. A civil dissension caused the division of these people, some of whom distin-

ducted Bertholde to the palace of this prince, and while he was gazing and wondering at the beauty of the building, his attention was drawn aside, to observe two women at a small distance, who had neither nails nor fingers enough to scratch with, nor a volubility of tongue sufficient to give vent to the torrent of abuse they seemed willing to cast out at each other.

Bertholde was so much diverted with this scene, that he had no inclination to put an end to it; but a stop was put to his satisfaction by one of the king's officers, who

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guished themselves from the rest by the length of their beards; and hence their appellation Longobarbs, and Lombards, under which denomination they settled in Pannonia. They shaved the back of their heads, but let the hair grow on the front and temples, probably to keep company with their beards, from amongst which their faces could not appear to great advantage. They had several wars, both with their neighbours and the empire; the most obstinate of which seems, as is commonly the case, to have been between them and their ancient relatives the Gepidæ. Alboin, the son of their king Audoin, killed with his own hand in battle Thorismond, the son of Thurisind, king of the Gepidæ: after which he demanded to be admitted to his father's table;—an honour amongst the Lombards equivalent to a military triumph with the Romans. But whoever expected this favour must appear in the armour of the enemy he had conquered. "Where," said the severe Audoin to his son, "where is the armour of Thorismond?" No more was requisite to induce the young hero to set off, accompanied with forty brave companions; he arrived at the court of Thurisind, and demanded the spurs of his son. The monarch, struck by his intrepidity, bestowed them on him; and he returned to take that place at the royal banquet which he had by a double right acquired.

The same Alboin, when on the throne, killed with his own hand Cunismond, king of the Gepidæ, and caused a cup to be made of the unfortunate monarch's skull, which he used in his public festivals. He espoused Rosamunda, the daughter of this prince, who had fallen with other captives into his hands. He had so far recommended himself to the esteem of Narses, that he fixed on him to avenge the injury he had received from the second Justinian, in his recalling him from Italy, where this great man had rendered the most signal service to the empire. His detractors, at the head of which was the empress Sophia, accused him of aspiring to the sovereignty. "I will employ him,"

came with his orders for parting the combatants; he commanded them to lay their complaints before his majesty, who had promised to do them justice. Upon this their fury ceased, each picked up her cap, and finding her clothes torn, and her person somewhat discomposed, they both begged leave to retire for a while, that they might appear with greater decency before the king.

Bertholde hearing this, conceived some idea of the goodness of his sovereign, and as he had never seen him, resolved to pay him a visit. In this age, the gates of

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said that princess, imprudently, "to distribute the wool to my women to spin."—"And I," replied the old eunuch, "will provide her with a web, which I defy her ever to unravel." Narses, in reality, before he left Italy, communicated and explained to his friend Alboin the means of maintaining himself there. These he made use of with dexterity, without experiencing much obstruction on the part of Longinus, the successor of Narses. He had changed the government of the Goths, which his predecessor had preserved; and instead of Roman magistrates, Longinus had placed a duke in each town, in whose hands the civil and military power were united, without excepting even Rome from this general law, whose senate he suppressed, and who had also its duke. He himself took the title of exarch, adopted or imitated from the ecclesiastic government, and answering to metropolitan: that is, he reserved to himself an inspection into, and jurisdiction over, the conduct of these dukes, whom he deposed at his pleasure. Longinus fixed his abode at Ravenna, in which he was imitated by his successors; from whence arose their title of exarchs of Ravenna.

In the course of three years, Alboin firmly established the Lombard throne, in that part of Italy since called Lombardy. He fixed on Pavia as his capital, and left garrisons of Lombards in each of the numerous towns and territories that surrendered to him, proportionate to their size; these were under the government of an officer whom he honoured with the title of duke; which title they retained only so long as the prince thought proper to confide to them the government. There were thirty-six of these dukes, when Alboin was precipitated to the tomb by a tragical end of his own bringing on.

This monarch, in a great festival given to his favourites, at which his queen was present, ordering his cup of state to be filled with wine, presented to Rosamund her father's skull, with order to drink from it. At the horrid proposal she hastily quitted the table, and from that moment

palaces were not yet blocked up with guards, every one had free access to lay their grievances before the throne.

Though a peasant, though a clown, though disgraced by nature, reason dictated to him, that all men were formed by the same hand, and created in perfect equality; he therefore thought there was no person on earth with whom he might not be allowed to converse familiarly.

In consequence of this principle, he entered the palace without any conductor, marched up stairs, traversed the apartments, and entered into that in which the king was surrounded by his courtiers, who were conversing with him in a respectful posture, and laughing at the two women who had just been quarrelling before the window:

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determined on revenge. For this purpose, she addressed a young officer, named Helmichild; but he refused her request, till the queen gaining information of an intrigue he carried on with one of her ladies, one night took her place, and making herself known in the morning, covinced Helmichild there was no retreating, and that his safety depended on the death of the monarch. Upon this he engaged some assassins, who suddenly attacked Alboin whilst sleeping in his chamber after dinner. The king endeavoured to draw his sword and defend himself, but Rosamund had secured it in the scabbard; he warded the blows for a short time with a stool, till overcome by numbers he fell dead at their feet.

Rosamund, besides her hand, had promised the Lombard throne to the murderer; but insurmountable difficulties attended the performance of this latter promise. The new-married pair were compelled to fly to escape the rage of the Lombards; and took refuge at Rome under the exarch Longinus. The exarch imagining that a union with Rosamund, added to the wealth she had brought with her, might conduce to his being acknowledged king of the Lombards, engaged her to free herself from her present husband. Equally cruel and ambitious, she, with her own hand, presented the poisoned cup to Helmichild, on his leaving the bath. He had scarcely swallowed half of it before its effects became sensible, when instantly seizing his sword, he held it to the throat of his perfidious wife, and compelled her to swallow the remainder, and they both expired victims of ambition and treachery in the most dreadful tortures.—*Anquetil's Universal History.*

but how great was their astonishment to see Bertholde walk in with his hat on his head, and, without speaking a word, come boldly up to them, and seat himself by the side of the king, in a chair, in which they, out of respect, had left empty! Surprised at this rusticity, and more still at his grotesque appearance, they stood immoveable at the view of this second Æsop, whose mean dress was very suitable to his deformity. From this rustic behaviour, the king easily guessed, that he was one whom curiosity had brought to his court. And as he had learned from experience, that nature sometimes hides her treasure under the most unpromising form, he resolved to have a familiar conversation with him, and for a few minutes, in complaisance to the clown, to forget his own grandeur and dignity. "Who are you?" cried the prince to Bertholde: "How did you come into the world? What is your country?"—"I am a man," replied the peasant; "I came into the world in the manner Providence sent me, and the world itself is my country."

The king then asked him several questions, which had not the least connexion with each other. A trial of wit, which in those days was much used at the courts of sovereign princes. And this is the substance of the discourse, as it is preserved in the ancient records of the country. "What thing is that which flies the swiftest?" cried the monarch.—"Thought," answered Bertholde. "What is the gulf that is never filled?"—"The avarice of the miser." "What is most hateful in young people?"—"Self-conceit, because it makes them incorrigible." "What is most ridiculous in the old?"—"Love." "Who are most lavish of their caresses?"—"Those who intend to deceive us, and those who have already done it." "What are the things most dangerous in a house?"—"A wicked wife, and the tongue of a servant." "What is the husband's most incurable disease?"—"The infidelity of his wife." "What way will you take to bring

water into a sieve?"—"I'll stay till it is frozen." "How will you catch a hare without running?"—"I will wait till I find her on the spit."

The king was astonished at the readiness with which he answered these questions; and to let him see his satisfaction, promised to give him any thing he could desire. "I defy you," replied Bertholde, bluntly. "How so," replied his majesty; "do you doubt my good will?" —"No; but I aspire after what you do not possess, and consequently cannot give to me." "And what is this precious thing that I do not possess?"—"Felicity, which was never in the power of kings, who enjoy less of it than the rest of mankind." "How! am not I happy on so elevated a throne?"—"Yes, you are, if the happiness of a man consists in the height of his seat." "Do you see these lords and gentlemen that are continually about me, would they be always ready to obey me, if they were not convinced of my power?"—"And do you not see, in your turn, that there are as many crows, waiting to devour a carcass, and who, to prevent its seeing their designs, begin by picking out its eyes." "Well said, but all this does not hinder me from shining in the midst of them, as the sun amongst the stars."—"True, but tell me, shining sun, how many eclipses you are obliged to suffer in a year?" "Why do you put this question?"—"Because the continual flattery of these gentlemen will raise a cloud that must darken your understanding." "On this foot, then, you would not be a courtier?"—"Miserable as I am, I should be sorry to be placed in the rank of slaves: besides, I am neither knave, traitor, nor liar, and consequently have not the necessary qualities for succeeding in this fine employment." "What are you then to seek for at my court?" —"What I have not been able to find there; for I had imagined a king to be as much above other men, as a steeple is above common houses; but I have soon found, that I have honoured them more than they deserve."

Of all the virtues, those of frankness and sincerity have been in every age least recompensed in a court. This Bertholde experienced; for the king, shocked at the little regard he expressed for his person, told him, that if he was unwilling to be turned out in an ignominious manner, he must leave the palace immediately. He obeyed; but as he was going, said, with an air of gaiety, that he was of the nature of flies, which the more you attempt to drive away, the more obstinately are they bent on their return. "I permit you to return like them," cried the monarch, "provided you bring them along with you; but if you appear without them, you shall forfeit your head."—"Agreed," replied the peasant; "to do this, I will only take a step to our village." The king gave his consent, and Bertholde hasted away. The monarch did not doubt of his keeping his word; but had a great curiosity to see in what manner he would perform it, and the clown soon satisfied him: for he had no sooner reached the village, than running to a stable belonging to one of his brothers, he took out an old ass, whose back and buttocks had lost the friendly covering of a sound skin, and mounting on his back, turned again to Verona, accompanied by an infinite number of flies riding behind him, and in this equipage arrived at the palace; when commending the fidelity with which they had stuck to the beast, and attending him all the way, he told the king, that he kept his promise; and Alboin, pleased with the stratagem, soon conceived such an idea of his abilities, that he imagined he might be useful to him, in helping him to disentagle the intricacies of government, and therefore gave him free leave to stay at court.

I shall omit the various contests between Bertholde and the king, on the virtues and vices of the ladies, in which the king did justice to their merit, while our hero endeavoured to bring them into contempt. But I cannot avoid taking notice of a petition of the ladies of the

court, to obtain a share in the government, and administration of affairs.

The king having read their long request, which the queen had engaged the chancellor to deliver to him, replied, that this affair being of very great importance, required his serious consideration; that he would weigh the matter, and give the ladies an answer in an audience, to which they should be admitted the next day.

Bertholde, the enemy of beauty, could not hear the petition and reply, without bursting into a loud laugh. The king asked the reason: Bertholde ridiculed his complaisance and the easiness of his temper, when the king replied, that he was in a terrible embarrassment; that he should be ruined if he granted their request, and that his danger would not be less if he refused it. "A refusal," said he, "will enrage them; they are able to revenge themselves, by making their husbands, who have the command of my troops, rise up against me. My dear Bertholde," added he, "Bertholde, my faithful friend, help me out of this labyrinth: thy imagination, fertile in stratagems, has hitherto drawn thee out of the dangers thou hast fallen into at my court, and I am persuaded thou canst relieve me out of this." Bertholde promised every thing, and desired the king to be satisfied. Having stood musing for a moment, he left the palace, went to the market, and bought a little bird: he shut it in a box in presence of the king, gave it to him, and desired him to send it to the queen, for her to give it to the ladies who had presented her the petition, with a most express prohibition against opening the box, on pain of incurring his highest indignation; but to keep it till the next day, when it should be opened before him, at the audience he had promised to grant them.

The officer to whom the box was given, discharged his commission, and the queen also gave the box to the ladies, who were still with that princess, talking together on the answer the chancellor had brought from the king.

As we easily persuade ourselves to believe what flatters our self-love, there was not one present who did not think, that their request was already granted. His majesty, said they, is sensible of the justice of our demand, and as he is equity itself, he immediately found that it was impossible for him to refuse us; to heighten the favour which he will certainly grant us, he has only thought fit to defer it till to-morrow. There is now no doubt, continued they, but that this box contains something extremely valuable, and the confidence with which he has deposited it in our hands, shows also, that he does not think us unworthy of the honour. Come ladies, let him see that we deserve it, by an exact and faithful observance of the prohibition relating to this precious treasure.

At this they took leave of the queen, and after having agreed to assemble the next day at the governor's lady's, in order to go to the audience in a body, each returned home.

They were hardly got home, when every one of them was filled with an impatient desire to know what it could be that was contained in that box; and this impatience increased to such a degree, that they could not sleep all night. Never was any hour watched with more impatience than that appointed for their assembling at the governor's lady's, and they were all there three quarters of an hour before the time appointed. They all began to discourse on the box they had received the evening before, which the governor had taken from his wife as soon as she came home; and fearing lest her well-known curiosity should bring him into disgrace, had taken the precaution to lock it up in his cabinet. However, as the time of audience approached, it was brought out, and given to the assembly.

The box no sooner appeared, than they viewed it with the utmost impatience, and all being eager to see the hidden treasure, several very fine speeches were

made to show, that there could be no harm in just satisfying their curiosity; in short, this was a proposal that met with the unanimous concurrence of all present; and as the box had no lock, it was immediately opened, when out flew the little bird, which taking to a window that stood open, disappeared in a moment. How shall I describe the consternation of these unhappy ladies at seeing the bird fly away, and the box empty! They had not time to see whether it was a linnet, a nightingale, a canary-bird, or a sparrow; had they but known of what species it was, they would have another in its place; but this secret was only known to the king and Bertholde.

Their consternation now kept them silent, and they no sooner recovered their speech, than they burst into tears and lamentations. It was in vain for them, they said to hide their disobedience from the king—with what face could they appear before him? And then reproaching themselves, "O this unhappy, this cursed curiosity," cried the governor's lady, "has ruined us all! O fatal box, a thousand times more fatal than that of Pandora! If the curiosity that opened that box, occasioned evils on earth, a hope of deliverance, and a cure for those evils remained at the bottom; but alas! alas! we have not this feeble consolation!"

Meanwhile the hour of audience approached, and in the perplexity they were in, they knew not whether they should go to the palace or return home, when one of the ladies proposed, that they should throw themselves at the feet of the queen, tell her their misfortune, and entreat her to make use of her authority and credit with the king to prevent the effects of his anger, and they all unanimously embraced the proposal; but while they were preparing to set out, a page from that princess came for the box, on which they returned for answer, that they were bringing it: but they no sooner stood before the queen, than perceiving the box in the hand of the governor's lady, she viewed it with eagerness,

snatched it, and in an instant opened the lid, when confused and astonished she burst into a rage against the king, for having sported with a curiosity that had given her the extremest inquietude; when the governor's lady, with abundance of tears, acknowledged her fault, and in the name of all the ladies, begged her to endeavour to obtain their pardon. The queen was sensible of their afflictions, and promised to undertake their cause.

In the mean time the king, who waited for them, was surprised at their delay, and had mentioned it to Bertholde, who imputed it to the success of his stratagem. While they were talking on this subject, the queen entered, accompanied by the ladies, to the number of about 300, when their melancholy and dejected air confirmed the truth of this opinion.

The king, having seated the queen by his side, asked the cause of this visit:—"You have read," said she, "the request I caused to be presented to you yesterday, in the name of all these ladies, and we are come for the answer you promised to give us." "It is in this box," answered the king, and at the same time was going to open it. "Your majesty may spare yourself the trouble," replied the queen, "the bird is flown: the curiosity of these ladies has caused this accident, and you see them all at your majesty's feet to implore your pardon." And indeed, the ladies, as soon as the king attempted to open it, had prostrated themselves with their faces to the ground.

At these words the king seeming in a violent rage, "Is it thus then," said he, in an angry tone; "is it thus that you obey me? Have you let the bird fly that I intrusted to your care, in spite of the strict orders I gave to the contrary; and have you the front after this, to come to desire me to admit you into my councils, and enter into the affairs of my government and kingdom? How can you keep the secrets that will be there treated of, secrets of the greatest importance, since on those

principally depend the happiness or misery of my people, the prosperity or ruin of my kingdom, and the safety or fall of my throne? How can you resist your inclination to divulge them, when in spite of my prohibitions and threatenings, you have not been able to restrain your curiosity for half a day. Go, foolish as you are; you deserve to be punished with the utmost severity: but out of respect to the queen, who has condescended to interest herself in your affairs, I consent to pardon you; but let me, for the time to come, never hear of the like extravagances. And believe me, it is not without the best and most solid reasons, that the laws have excluded you from the government."

The king's pleasure at the success of this scheme was not less than the mortification the poor ladies suffered in hearing this discourse; and they were no sooner gone, than he made his acknowledgments to Bertholde. "The more I know you," said he, "the more I esteem and admire you; as a proof of my satisfaction, receive from my hand this ring, and my treasurer shall give you 1000 crowns." "Do not be displeased," replied Bertholde, "if I disobey you; my sincerity has always made me too many enemies, for whom, however, I do not care a farthing, for he who desires nothing, and has nothing, has nothing to fear. Nature has made me free, and I resolve to keep my freedom as long as my life: but I cannot be free if I take your presents, for as the proverb says, He who takes, sells himself." "How then," replied the king, "shall I show my gratitude?" "I have heard," said Bertholde, "that it is more glorious to deserve the favours of a prince, and to refuse them, than to receive without deserving them. If I was capable of vanity, your good-will would be more agreeable to me than all the presents in the world."

While they were talking in this manner, the king received a letter from the queen, who, resolving to be revenged on the cause of the ladies' disgrace, sent for the

unhappy peasant, who by many artifices evaded the force of her resentment. She had four large dogs placed in the court through which he was to pass, in order to tear him to pieces: this he was informed of, and getting a brace of live hares carried them under his arms, and letting them loose at the approach of the dogs, was instantly delivered from these enemies. He then, to the queen's surprise, appeared before her, was put into a sack, and in this condition confined in a room till the next day, when he was to be thrown into the river; but he had the address to persuade the soldier who was set over him, to let him out and take his place; and then stealing the queen's robe, and her veil, in this disguise got out of the palace. But the next day he was found, and the monarch was obliged to satisfy the queen's resentment, by ordering him to be hanged on a tree. Bertholde besought the king to take care of his family, and to let him choose the tree on which he was to die. The monarch freely consented, and gave him a guard to see that the executioner gave him his choice. The trees of every wood for many miles round were examined, and Bertholde, very wisely, objected to all that were proposed, till the executioner and guard being weary of the fruitless search, set him at liberty. At their return, the guards found the king lamenting the loss of a faithful and able servant; he rejoiced to hear that he was still alive, and having found the place of his retreat, went himself to persuade him to return to court; this he not only accomplished, but reconciled him to the queen. He was then made prime minister, and under his influence the reign of this prince was happy, and his people enjoyed all the felicity they could reasonably desire. But the particulars of this and the concluding part of his life, says our author, are for ever excluded from our knowledge; since this part of the manuscript has been unhappily lost.

JOHN PHILIP BARRETIER.

The following account of this singularly gifted youth was collected by the celebrated Dr. Johnson, from letters written by the father of young Barretier.

John Philip Barretier was born at Schwabach, January 19, 1720-21. His father was a Calvinist minister of that place, who took upon himself the care of his education. What arts of instruction he used, or by what method he regulated the studies of his son, we are not able to inform the public; if Mr. Le Fevre thought the method in which he taught his children, worthy to be communicated to the learned world, how justly may Mr. Barretier claim the universal attention of mankind to a scheme of education that has produced such a stupendous progress! The authors, who have endeavoured to teach certain and unfailing rules for obtaining a long life, however they have failed in their attempts, are universally confessed to have at least, the merit of a great and noble design, and to have deserved gratitude and honour. How much more then is due to Mr. Barretier, who succeeded in what they have only attempted? for to prolong life, and improve it, are nearly the same. If to have all that riches can purchase, is to be rich; if to do all that can be done in a long life, is to live long; he is equally a benefactor to mankind, who teaches them to protract the duration, or shorten the business of life.

That there are few things more worthy our curiosity than this method, by which the father assisted the genius of the son, every man will be convinced, that considers the early proficiency at which it enabled him to arrive; such a proficiency as no one has yet reached at the same age, and to which it is therefore probable that every advantageous circumstance concurred.

At the age of nine years he not only was master of five

languages, an attainment in itself almost incredible, but understood, says his father, the holy writers, better in their original tongues, than in his own. If he means by this assertion, that he knew the sense of many passages in the original, which were obscure in the translation, the account, however wonderful, may be admitted; but if he intends to tell his correspondent that his son was better acquainted with the two languages of the Bible, than with his own, he must be allowed to speak hyperbolically, or to admit that his son had somewhat neglected the study of his native language; or we must own, that the fondness of a parent has transported him into some natural exaggerations.

Part of this letter I am tempted to suppress, being unwilling to demand the belief of others to that which appears incredible to myself; but as my incredulity may, perhaps, be the product rather of prejudice than reason, as envy may beget a disinclination to admit so immense a superiority, and as an account is not to be immediately censured as false, merely because it is wonderful, I shall proceed to give the rest of his father's relation from his letter of the 3d of March 1729-30. He speaks, continues he, German, Latin, and French, equally well. He can, by laying before him a translation, read any of the books of the Old or New Testament in its original language, without hesitation or perplexity. He is no stranger to biblical criticism or philosophy, nor unacquainted with ancient and modern geography, and is qualified to support a conversation with learned men, who frequently visit and correspond with him.

In his eleventh year, he not only published a learned letter in Latin, but translated the travels of Rabbi Benjamin from the Hebrew into French, which he illustrated with notes, and accompanied with dissertations; a work in which his father, as he himself declares, could give him little assistance, as he did not understand the rabbinical dialect.

The reason, for which his father engaged him in this work, was only to prevail upon him to write a fairer hand than he had hitherto accustomed himself to do, by giving him hopes, that, if he should translate some little author, and offer a fair copy of his version to some bookseller, he might, in return for it, have other books which he wanted, and could not afford to purchase.

Incited by this expectation, he fixed upon the "Travels of Rabbi Benjamin," as most proper for his purpose, being a book neither bulky nor common, and in one month completed his translation, applying only one or two hours a day to that particular task. In another month, he drew up the principal notes; and, in the third, wrote some dissertations upon particular passages which seemed to require a larger examination.

This copy was, however, far from being written with the neatness which his father desired; nor did the booksellers, to whom it was offered, make proposals very agreeable to the expectations of the young translator; but after having examined the performance after their manner, and determined to print it upon conditions not very advantageous, returned it to be transcribed, that the printers might not be embarrassed with a copy so difficult to read.

Barretier was now advanced to the latter end of his twelfth year, and had made great advances in his studies, notwithstanding an obstinate tumour in his left hand, which gave him great pain, and obliged him to a tedious and troublesome method of cure; and reading over his performance, was so far from contenting himself with barely transcribing it, that he altered the greatest part of the notes, new-modelled the dissertations, and augmented the book to twice its former bulk.

What applauses are due to an old age, wasted in a scrupulous attention to particular accents and etymologies, may appear, says his father, by seeing how little time is required to arrive at such an eminence in these

studies as many even of those venerable doctors have not attained, for want of rational methods and regular application.

This censure is doubtless just upon those who spend too much of their lives upon useless niceties, or who appear to labour without making any progress: but as the knowledge of language is necessary, and a minute accuracy sometimes requisite, they are by no means to be blamed, who, in compliance with the particular bent of their own minds, make the difficulties of dead languages their chief study, and arrive at excellence proportionate to their application, since it was to the labour of such men that his son was indebted for his own learning.

The first languages which Barretier learned were the French, German, and Latin, which he was taught not in the common way, by a multitude of definitions, rules, and exceptions, which fatigue the attention, and burden the memory, without any use proportionate to the time which they require, and the disgust which they create. The method by which he was instructed was easy and expeditious, and therefore pleasing. He learned them all in the same manner, and almost at the same time, by conversing in them indifferently with his father.

The other languages of which he was master, he learned by a method yet more uncommon. The only book which he made use of was the Bible, which his father laid before him in the language that he then proposed to learn, accompanied with a translation, being taught by degrees the inflexions of nouns and verbs. This method, says his father, made the Latin more familiar to him in his fourth year than any other language.

When he was near the end of his sixth year, he entered upon the study of the Old Testament in its original language, beginning with the book of Genesis, to which his father confined him for six months; after which he

read cursorily over the rest of the historical books, in which he found very little difficulty, and then applied himself to the study of the poetical writers and the prophets, which he read over so often, with so close an attention and so happy a memory, that he could not only translate them without a moment's hesitation into Latin and French, but turn with the same facility the translations into the original language in his tenth year.

Growing at length weary of being confined to a book which he could almost entirely repeat, he deviated by stealth into other studies, and, as his translation of Benjamin is a sufficient evidence, he read a multitude of writers of various kinds. In his twelfth year he applied more particularly to the study of the fathers, and councils of the six first centuries, and began to make a regular collection of their canons. He read every author in the original, having discovered so much negligence or ignorance in most translations, that he paid no regard to their authority.

Thus he continued his studies, neither drawn aside by pleasures, nor discouraged by difficulties. The greatest obstacle to his improvement was want of books, with which his narrow fortune could not liberally supply him; so that he was obliged to borrow the greatest part of those which his studies required, and to return them when he had read them, without being able to consult them occasionally, or to recur to them when his memory should fail him.

It is observable, that neither his diligence, unintermitted as it was, nor his want of books, a want of which he was in the highest degree sensible, ever produced in him that asperity, which a long and recluse life, without any circumstance of disquiet, frequently creates. He was always gay, lively, and facetious, a temper which contributed much to recommend his learning, and which some students much superior in age would consult

their ease, their reputation, and their interest, by copying from him.

In the year 1735, he published *Anti-Artemonius, sive Initium Evangelii S. Joannis, adversus Artemonium vindicatum,* and attained such a degree of reputation, that not only the public, but princes, who are commonly the last by whom merit is distinguished, began to interest themselves in his success, for the same year the king of Prussia, who had heard of his early advances in literature on account of a scheme for discovering the longitude, which had been sent to the Royal Society of Berlin, and which was transmitted afterwards by him to Paris and London, engaged to take care of his fortune, having received further proofs of his abilities at his own court.

Mr. Barretier being promoted to the cure of the church of Stettin, was obliged to travel with his son thither from Schwabach, through Leipsic and Berlin, a journey very agreeable to his son, as it would furnish him with new opportunities of improving his knowledge, and extending his acquaintance among men of letters. For this purpose they staid some time at Leipsic, and then travelled to Halle, where young Barretier so distinguished himself in his conversation with the professors of the university, that they offered him his degree of doctor in philosophy, a dignity correspondent to that of master of arts among us. Barretier drew up that night some positions in philosophy and the mathematics, which he sent immediately to the press, and defended the next day, in a crowded auditory, with so much wit, spirit, presence of thought, and strength of reason, that the whole university was delighted and amazed; he was then admitted to his degree, and attended by the whole concourse to his lodgings with compliments and acclamations.

His *Theses,* or philosophical positions, which he

printed in compliance with the practice of that university, ran through several editions in a few weeks, and no testimony of regard was wanting that could contribute to animate him in his career.

When they arrived at Berlin, the king ordered him to be brought into his presence, and was so much pleased with his conversation, that he sent for him almost every day during his stay at Berlin; and diverted himself by engaging him in conversations upon a multitude of subjects, and in disputes with learned men; on all which occasions he acquitted himself so happily, that the king formed the highest ideas of his capacity, and future eminence. And thinking, perhaps with reason, that active life was the noblest sphere of a great genius, he recommended to him the study of modern history, the customs of nations, and those parts of learning, that are of use in public transactions and civil employments, declaring that such abilities, properly cultivated, might exalt him, in ten years, to be the greatest minister of state in Europe. Barretier, whether we attribute it to his moderation or inexperience, was not dazzled by the prospect of such high promotion, but answered, that he was too much pleased with science and quiet, to leave them for such inextricable studies, or such harassing fatigues. A resolution so unpleasing to the king, that his father attributes to it the delay of those favours which they had hopes of receiving, the king having, as he observes, determined to employ him in the ministry.

Whatever was originally intended, and by whatever means these intentions were frustrated; Barretier, after having been treated with the highest regard by the whole royal family, was dismissed with a present of two hundred crowns; and his father, instead of being fixed at Stettin, was made pastor of the French church at Halle; a place more commodious for study, to which they retired; Barretier being first admitted into the royal

society at Berlin, and recommended by the king to the university at Halle.

At Halle he continued his studies with his usual application and success, and, either by his own reflections or the persuasions of his father, was prevailed upon to give up his own inclinations to those of the king, and direct his inquiries to those subjects that had been recommended by him.

He continued to add new acquisitions to his learning, and to increase his reputation by new performances, till, in the beginning of his nineteenth year, his health began to decline, and his indisposition, which, being not alarming or violent, was perhaps not at first sufficiently regarded, increased by slow degrees for eighteen months, during which he spent days among his books, and neither neglected his studies, nor lost his gaiety, till his distemper, ten days before his death, deprived him of the use of his limbs: he then prepared himself for his end, without fear or emotion, and on the 5th of October 1740, resigned his soul into the hands of his Saviour, with confidence and tranquillity.

WILLIAM JENNINGS.

William Jennings, Esq. a neighbour and acquaintance of Mr. Elwes, of penurious memory, possessed a character in some respects different from that of the latter, and although not quite so extravagant in his penury, he seems to have exhibited a more depraved mind. He was born in the year 1701, and his father died when he was on the point of completing a most sumptuous and magnificent country-seat, which, for the grandeur of its hall, and the massive elegance of its

marble chimney-pieces, as well as the beauty and extent of its stables and other offices, is totally unrivalled in that part of the country, and is excelled in few others. The staircase, however, and one entire wing of the house, which was to have been principally devoted to a vast and superb ball-room, were left totally incomplete; and notwithstanding the son, when he attained his majority, found himself possessed in real and personal estate of not less than 200,000*l.* he never added another stroke to the unfinished structure, which remained in precisely the same state in which it was left on the decease of its more worthy projector. In this extensive palace, for it scarcely deserves a meaner appellation, Mr. Jennings resided, when in the country, to the latest hour of his life—yet not in the finished and family apartments, but merely in the basement floor alone, which, by being not less than ten or fifteen feet below the surface of the court, and illuminated by small and heavy windows, admitted but very seldom the reviving rays of the sun in any direction. Here, on a level with most of the offices of this superb pile of building, in the midst of his servants, was his breakfast-room, his dining-room, and his bed-chamber, the entire furniture of which was of his own procuring, and consequently very mean, and its whole value, perhaps, did not exceed twenty pounds, nor were the rooms above, (excepting those in the wing already described,) although completely finished and magnificently furnished by his father, ever opened but once during the whole period of his possessing them, which extended to nearly a century. He had, nevertheless, more family pride than Mr. Elwes, and maintained a table in some degree superior. In this dark and miserable compartment of the house his dinner was always served up, even when he was alone (and he was seldom otherwise), in the family plate: nor, if any portion remained after the wants of his diminutive household had been satisfied, would he suffer it to be again introduced

to assist in the dinner of the ensuing day. The poor, however, were never benefited by this profusion of diet; for it was his express order, and an order uniformly adhered to, that the surplus should be distributed among his dogs. He was never known, throughout the whole period of his life, to exhibit one single charitable action: and so cold and unsocial was his animal constitution, that a male friend was scarcely ever invited to sleep beneath his roof, and there is no instance of a female of any description having been indebted to him for the hospitality of a single night. In these respects he was a character infinitely more despicable than his neighbour, who at all times evinced the utmost degree of politeness and gallantry to the fair sex; and who, if he withheld his hand from the needy, withheld it in an equal degree from himself. In his mode of increasing his property, Mr. Jennings was also a more contemptible miser. Elwes, when in London, occasionally frequented the gaming-table, but it was to participate with his associates in the various chances of the dice. Jennings, too, frequented it, and was, in reality, at one period of his life an habitual attendant at Brookes's or White's: but it was not to partake in the multiplied fortunes of gambling, but to accommodate the unlucky with money for the evening, and to draw an enormous profit from the general loss. It is asserted, that for every thousand pounds he thus advanced, he received the next morning a thousand guineas. To enable him to persevere steadily in this profitable concern, he ventured to purchase a house in Grosvenor-square, where, indeed, he occasionally resided to the day of his death, and long after the infirmities of age compelled him to relinquish his dishonourable traffic. On quitting either his town or country-house he was accustomed to draw up, with his own hand, an inventory of articles left behind, even to the minutest and most insignificant; and to examine them with the most rigid scrutiny on his return, to satisfy

himself that he had not been wronged of his property. The arrangement of this catalogue, when he was quitting the country, was attended with no small degree of labour; for, according to the fashion of our forefathers, almost all the chimney-pieces throughout the house had been left to him furnished with an infinite variety of pieces of china, small as well as large. Every little dog and duck, however, every tea-cup, ewer, and other toy, was duly noticed, and expected to be found on his return, not only uninjured, but accurately occupying its immediate post.

To diminish the expense of wages paid to his housekeeper (or rather an old woman who kept his house) he used to allow it to be seen by strangers; to permit her to add to her wages the gratuities offered on such occasions. The bargain being thus mutually acceded to, the house was equally open for inspection whether he were within it or not; and, in the former case, when the company had reached the subterranean floor where he constantly resided, he used to remove from room to room till the whole had been visited. He had but a small circle of acquaintance in the country; he did not like, however, to be totally without occasional company, and induced some few gentlemen to pay him morning visits, and to profess a considerable friendship for him by the promise of legacies in his will. And so far indeed as related to the literal promise itself, he punctually fulfilled it—for he not only made his will, but bequeathed the expected legacies: yet he took effectual care, at the same time, that neither his promises nor his will should possess much validity, for he never executed the latter; and his entire property, at his death, amounting to little less than a million sterling, was in the first instance likely to become the subject of a Chancery-suit between two noble families who advanced an equal claim to heirship. This suit, however, was shortly afterwards dropped, upon an agreement between the parties to divide the property

in tranquillity. The only creditable trait in the character of this miser is, that he never oppressed his tenants: he would never advance them a shilling for their accommodation, but he never raised their rents, nor distressed them for want of punctuality in their payments. And yet, while he thus rigidly forbore from every act of kindness and charity, he was, for the last twenty years previous to his death, losing upwards of two thousand pounds annually, by the large sums of money he retained unemployed in the hands of his bankers. He kept cash at two separate houses; and it was discovered, at his death, that in one of them he had never possessed less than twenty-thousand pounds for the twenty years previous: and in the other he had uniformly had a larger sum for a longer period. He died in the year 1797, in the 97th year of his age.

S. BISSET.

Perhaps no period ever produced a more singular character than Bisset; though in the age of apathy in which he lived, his merit was but little rewarded. At any former era of time, the man who could assume a command over the dumb creation, and make them act with a docility which far exceeded mere brutal instinct, would have been looked upon as possessed of supernatural powers, according to the pagan notions; or would have been burned as a wizard, according to the Christian system.

Bisset was born at Perth, in Scotland, about the year 1721. He had one or two brothers bred to the watch-making business, who settled in Ireland, but having himself served a regular time to a shoe-maker, and being a remarkably good hand at what is called women's work,

he went to London, where he married a woman who brought him some property, turned broker, and continued to accumulate money, until the notion of teaching quadrupeds attracted his attention in the year 1739. Reading an account of a remarkable horse shown at the fair of St. Germain's, curiosity led him to try his skill on a horse and a dog which he bought in London, and he succeeded beyond all expectation. Two monkies were the next pupils he took in hand; one of these he taught to dance and tumble on the rope, whilst the other held a candle with one paw for his companion, and with the other played a barrel organ. These antic animals he also instructed to play several fanciful tricks, such as drinking to the company, riding and tumbling upon the horse's back, and going through several regular dances with the dog.

Being a man of unwearied patience, three young cats were the next objects of his tuition. He taught those domestic tigers, to strike their paws in such directions on the dulcimer, as to produce several tunes, having music-books before them, and squalling at the same time in different keys or tones, first, second, and third, by way of concert. In such a city as London, these feats could not fail of making some noise; his house was every day crowded, and great interruption given to his business.

Among the rest, he was visited by an exhibitor of wonders;—Pinchbeck, brother to the little gentleman, whose elegant trifling in the toy-way has been well known to attract the attention of royalty. This gentleman advised him to a public exhibition of his animals at the Haymarket, and even promised, on receiving a moiety, to be concerned in the exhibition. Bisset agreed, but the day before the performance, Pinchbeck declined, and the other was left to act for himself. The well known *Cat's Opera* was advertised in the Haymarket: the horse, the dog, the monkies, and the cats,

went through their several parts with uncommon applause, to crowded houses: and in a few days Bisset found himself possessed of nearly a thousand pounds to reward his ingenuity.

This success excited a desire of extending his dominion over other animals, including even the feathered kind. He procured a leveret, and reared it to beat several marches on the drum with its hind-legs, until it became a good stout hare.. This creature, which is always set down as the most timid, he declared to be as mischievous and bold an animal, to the extent of its power, as any with which he was acquainted. He taught canary-birds, linnets, and sparrows, to spell the name of any person in company, to distinguish the hour and minute of time, and play many other surprising tricks; he trained six turkey-cocks to go through a regular country dance: but in doing this he confessed he adopted the eastern method, by which camels are made to dance, by heating the floor. In the course of six months teaching, he made a turtle fetch and carry like a dog; and having chalked the floor, and blackened its claws, could direct it to trace out any given name of the company. It is not, however, to be imagined, that the very great time he employed in teaching those different creatures, could ever make him a return for the neglect of his industry. He found himself constrained, in the course of a few years, to make an itinerant exhibition of part of his collection, and to sell some other animals belonging to it.

In the year 1775, he exhibited his animals in Dublin, to the very great astonishment of thousands; after which he took the north-west circuit of the kingdom, and settled at length at Belfast, where he established himself in a public-house, determined to have nothing more to do with any but the rational part of animated nature.

But the habits and amusements of life cannot be all at once abandoned. He trained a dog and a cat to go

through many amazing performances. His confidence even led him to try experiments on a gold fish, which he did not despair of making perfectly tractable. But some time afterwards, a doubt being started to him, whether the obstinacy of a pig could be conquered, his usual patient, fortitude, was practised to try the experiment. He bought a black sucking pig in the market of Belfast for three shillings, and trained it to lie under the stool on which he sat at his work. At various intervals, during six or seven months, he tried in vain to bring the young boar to his purpose: and despairing of every kind of success, he was on the point of giving it away, when it struck him to adopt a new mode of teaching; in consequence of which, in the course of sixteen months, he made an animal, supposed the most obstinate and perverse in nature, to become the most tractable and docile.

In August, 1783, he once more turned itinerant, and took his learned pig to Dublin, where it was first shown for two or three nights at Ranelagh. It was not only under full command, but appeared as pliant and good-natured as a spaniel. When the weather made it necessary that he should remove to the city, he obtained permission of the chief magistrate, and advertised the pig for exhibition in Dame-street. It was seen two or three days by many persons of condition, to spell, without any apparent direction, the name or names of those in company, to cast up accounts, and to point out even the words thought of by persons present; to tell exactly the hour, minutes, and seconds; to point out the married and unmarried; to kneel, and make his obeisance to the company, with many other tricks no less wonderful and extraordinary. Bisset was thus in a fair way of "bringing his pig to a good market," when a man, whose ignorance and insolence disgraced authority, broke into the room; with that brutality which the idea of power gives, (what Shakspeare calls) a "pelting petty officer,"

he assaulted the unoffending man, broke and destroyed every thing by which the performance was directed, and drew his sword to kill the swine, which might justly have been called a half-reasoning, instead of a grovelling animal, that in the practice of good manners, was at least the superior of the assailant. The injured Bisset pleaded, without any avail, the permission he obtained from the chief magistrate; he was threatened to be dragged to prison, if he was found any more offending in the same manner. The agitation of mind he experienced on this occasion, threw him into a fit of illness from which he never recovered; and he died, not long after, at Chester, on his way to London.

WILLIAM GIBSON.

This astonishing self-taught genius, was born in the year 1720, at the village of Boulton, a few miles from Appleby, in Westmorland. On the death of his father, he put himself to a farmer to learn his business. When he was about seventeen or eighteen, he was informed that his father had been possessed of a tolerable estate in landed property; and that he was descended from the same family with Dr. Edmund Gibson, who at the beginning of the preceding century was Bishop of London. The estate was, however, mortgaged to its full value. He therefore continued his occupation, and soon afterwards rented and managed a little farm of his own, at a place called Hollins, in Cartmell, where he applied himself assiduously to study.

A short time previous to this, he had admired the operation of figures; but laboured under every disadvantage, for want of education. As he had not been taught either to read or write, he turned his thoughts to read-

ing English, and enabled himself to read and comprehend a plain author. He then purchased a treatise on Arithmetic; and though he could not write, he soon went through common Arithmetic, vulgar and decimal fractions, the extraction of the square and cube roots, &c. by his memory only, and became so expert that he could tell, without setting down a figure, the product of any two numbers multiplied together, although the multiplier and mutiplicand, each of them, consisted of nine figures: and it was equally astonishing how he could answer, in the same manner, questions in division, in decimal fractions, or in the extraction of the square or cube roots, where such a multiplicity of figures is often required in the operation. Yet at this time he did not know that any merit was due to himself, conceiving that the capacity of other people was like his own; but being a sociable companion, and, when in company, taking a particular pride in puzzling his companions with proposing different questions, they gave him others in return, which, from the certainty and expeditious manner he had in answering them, caused him to be first noticed as an arithmetician and a man of most wonderful memory.

Finding himself still labouring under farther difficulties, for want of a knowledge in writing, he taught himself to write a tolerable hand. As he did not know the meaning of the word mathematics, he had no idea of any thing beyond what he had learned. He thought himself a masterpiece in figures, and challenged all his companions and the society he attended. Something, however, was proposed to him concerning Euclid; as he did not understand the meaning of the word, he was silent, but afterwards found it meant a book, containing the elements of geometry, which he purchased, and applied himself very diligently to the study of it, and against the next meeting, he was prepared with an answer in this new science.

He now found himself launching out into a field, of which before he had no conception. He continued his geometrical studies; and as the demonstrations of the different propositions in Euclid depend entirely upon a recollection of some of those preceding, his memory was of the utmost service to him: and as it did not require much knowledge in classical education, but principally the management of straight lines, it was a study exactly adapted to his mind: for while he was attending the business of his farm, and humming over some tune or other, his attention was solely engaged upon some of his geometrical propositions, and, with the assistance of a piece of chalk, upon his breeches knee, or any other convenient spot, he would clear up the most difficult parts of the science in a most masterly manner.

He now began to be struck with the works of nature, and paid particular attention to the theory of the earth, the moon, and the rest of the planets belonging to this system, of which the sun is the centre; and considering the distance and magnitude of the different bodies belonging to it, and the distance of the fixed stars, he soon conceived each to be the centre of a different system. He well considered the law of gravity, and that of the centripetal and centrifugal forces, and the cause of the ebbing and flowing of the tides; also, the projection of the sphere, stereographic, orthographic, and gnomical; also trigonometry and astronomy. He was never more highly delighted than when he found that his calculations agreed with observation: and being well acquainted with the projection of the sphere, he was fond of describing all astronomical questions geometrically, and of projecting the eclipses of the sun and moon that way. By this time he was possessed of a small library.

He next turned his thoughts to algebra, and took up Emerson's treatise on that subject, and went through it with great success; the management of surd quantities

and the clearing equations of high powers were amusements to him while at work in the fields, as he generally could perform them by his memory; and if he met with any thing very intricate, he had recourse to a piece of chalk, as in his geometrical propositions. The arithmetic of infinites, and the differential method, he made himself master of, and found out that algebra and geometry were the very soul of mathematics. He therefore paid a particular attention to them, and used to apply the former to almost every branch of the different sciences. He grounded himself in the art of navigation, the principles of mechanics, also, the doctrine of motion, of falling bodies, and the elements of optics, and, as a preliminary to fluxions, which had only been lately discovered by Sir Isaac Newton, as the boundary of the mathematics, he went through conic sections, &c. to make a trial of this last and finishing branch. Though he expressed some difficulty at his first entrance, yet he did not rest till he made himself master of both a fluxion and a flowing quantity. As he had paid a similar attention to all the intermediate parts, he was become so conversant in every branch of the mathematics, that no question was ever proposed to him which he could not answer.

He used to answer all the questions in the Gentleman and Lady's Diaries, the Palladium, and annual publications, for several years; but his answers were seldom inserted except by, or in the name of some other person, for he had no ambition to make his abilities known, farther than satisfying himself that nothing passed him which he did not understand. He frequently has had questions from his pupils and other gentlemen in London, the universities, and different parts of the country, as well as from the university of Gottingen, in Germany, sent him to solve, which he never failed to answer; and, from the minute inquiry he made into natural philosophy, there was scarcely a phenomenon in nature, that ever

came to his knowledge or observation, but he could, in some measure or other, reasonably account for it.

He went by the name of Willy o'th'Hollins for many years after he left the place. He removed to Tatn-green, where he lived about fifteen years, and from thence into the neighbourhood of Cartmell, and was best known by the name of Willy Gibson, still continuing his former occupation. For the last forty years of his life he kept a school of about eight or ten gentlemen, who boarded and lodged at his own farm house; and having a happy turn of explaining his ideas, he formed a great number of very able mathematicians, and many more gentlemen he instructed in accompts, for the counting house, as well as for the sea, and for land surveying, which profession he likewise followed himself. He used to study incessantly during the greatest part of the night, and in the day-time, when in the fields, his pupils frequently went to him to have their various difficulties removed.

This extraordinary self-taught philosopher died on the 4th of October, 1792, at Blaith, near Cartmell, in consequence of a fall, a few days before, leaving behind him a widow and ten children.

JEMELJAN PUGATSCHEW.

The adventures of this impostor, who, during the reign of Catherine II. gave the Russian court no small degree of uneasiness, are truly singular and romantic. He has been generally looked upon as a mere savage, without learning or abilities, but the following pages will give a very different impression of him. The lives of illustrious persons are perused with a species of enthusiasm; yet as vice has its heroes as well as virtue, the story of a man

eminently distinguished for duplicity and political hypocrisy, may afford equal entertainment and instruction.

Jemeljan Pugatschew was the son of Ismailow Pugatschew, a chief of the Cossacks on the banks of the river Don, who was remarkable for his bravery and conduct in the war between Peter the Great and Charles XII. of Sweden. He died as he had always wished, in the field, covered with wounds, which he received in the battle between the Russians and Turks near Bucharest, towards the end of the year 1734, leaving Jemeljan his his only son, then an infant under the care of his mother; who, in consequence of a new attachment, neglecting him in a most inhuman manner, he was taken by an uncle to Poland, and lived in the family of a nobleman, where he made himself acquainted with the French, Italian, Polish, and German languages, and was remarkable for the liveliness of his parts. He then returned to his own country with his uncle, and settled among the Cossacks that inhabit the forests of the Ukrain.

Jemeljan, upon the death of his uncle, became a chieftain among these erratic people, and, from his superior knowledge, established a government which considerably increased the happiness of his dependants, who lived like most of the Cossacks on the banks of the Don in continual warfare with the neighbouring Tartars. Among the strangers which belonged to the troop Jemeljan commanded, were two men of abilities, who, from a spirit of enterprise, had accompanied him from Poland; the one Boispré, a Norman; and the other Capelini, a native of Florence. These persons were of considerable use to him in instructing and civilizing his savage associates. In one of their excursions Pugatschew had destroyed a large settlement of Tartars, and carried off a considerable booty, and a great number of prisoners, among whom was a female remarkable for her beauty, called Marvea, whom Jemeljan soon after became so

fond of, that he married her according to the custom of those people.

The charms of this woman made an impression upon the chief's Italian friend, who, not seeing any probability of succeeding to his wishes, from the unaffected virtue of Marvea, determined at any rate to gratify his criminal desires. A fatal opportunity offered some time after, as Pugatschew had determined to extirpate a troop of his enemies who had frequently annoyed him from one of the small islands in the Don; and, collecting the greatest part of his force together, he proceeded on the expedition, leaving his family in one of the towns on the uncultivated banks of that river. Nagowski, a Polish officer, was left to take care of the settlement, and Capelini, pretending illness, found it easy to excuse himself from the expedition. In the heart of an immense forest, which was near the place of their abode, the Italian had discovered a large cavern almost covered with trees, which he pitched upon as the spot on which he intended to act his future villany. According to a plan settled between them, Nagowski left the settlement, and, not returning for some days, was supposed to have deserted the party.

One morning Marvea walked out alone with one of the company, Capelini having refused to be of the party, under pretence that he was more indisposed than ordinary, and therefore stood in want of repose. Marvea and her companion returned no more. A general alarm took place. Capelini, whose disorder seemed augmented by this accident, acted his part to a miracle; and, in his pretended despair, accused the Polander of having debauched the wife of his friend. The truth is, these two villains had agreed, that, while Capelini should feign an increase of his malady, Nagowski should go to his cavern and wait with precaution for an opportunity of seizing Marvea. This circumstance presently occurred.

The sight of the woman who accompanied Marvea a little embarrassed the villain, who, through a thicket behind which he was posted, observed all their movements; notwithstanding, he determined not to let this occasion escape him. The monster saw them with a barbarous pleasure gradually advance towards the place which was to secrete the beautiful Tartar. When they had proceeded so far that their cries could not be heard, he came from his post, and walked softly behind the trees; when he arrived within a few paces of the unfortunate women, with one stroke of the pommel of his sword, he extended at his feet, without motion, and almost without life, the affrighted companion of Marvea, whom he took in his arms, and without uttering one word, conveyed into the cavern which was not twenty spaces distant. His first care was to recover the unfortunate lady, who, from her terrors, had fainted away. When she came to herself, he returned to the other woman, and brought her also into the cavern. Marvea, overwhelmed with grief for a considerable time, refused to take any nourishment; but her companion, who comprehended nothing of what she had seen, and had a soul less elevated than the wife of Pugatschew, consoled herself in her misfortunes, and readily refreshed herself with the provisions the Polander presented to her. At length Capelini arrived, and threw this unfortunate victim into such a situation as is not easy to describe; in short, he immediately proceeded to violence, and endeavoured to intimidate the object of his wishes by threats of the cruellest kind; but, despairing to triumph over the virtue of his prisoner, he lost all sense of shame and decency, and enjoyed his prize in the most brutal manner.

The time for Pugatschew's return now approached, and Capelini, who had occasionally attended his duty at the settlement, began to feel the severest apprehensions of his villany being discovered. As one crime leads to

another, this inhuman wretch, for fear of detection, was impelled to destroy the companion of his wickedness, Nagowski, by a stroke of his sabre, and soon after murdered the unhappy woman, who accompanied her mistress to this dreary place. Marvea, who was witness of this dreadful scene, prepared herself with joy to submit to the same fate; but Capelini, still finding her necessary to his happiness, determined to quit the forest, and find some method of conveying this unhappy lady to Poland. Pugatschew at this period returned from his expedition, crowned with victory, when the hypocritical Italian, after many entreaties, and with an appearance of the utmost sensibility, informed him, that during his absence his wife had eloped with Nagowski, and that he had made the strictest search after them to no purpose. Penetrated with grief at this piece of information, the gallant Cossack burst into tears, which at the same time were also plentifully shed by his perfidious associate.

Two days elapsed before Capelini found an opportunity of repairing to the cavern, where he was cautiously followed by Boispré, who had for some time suspected his criminal passion for Marvea, and disbelieved the plausible tale he had related to Pugatschew. On entering this dreary abode, Boispré and his two attendants, with some difficulty, discovered the unfortunate victim, who had just life enough to implore their assistance. The Italian, confounded at this detection, fell at the feet of this brave man who had formerly been his friend, confessed his crimes, and requested immediate death from his hand, or liberty to make his escape. Without deigning him an answer, Boispré ordered his servants to secure him, and immediately dispatched one of them to Pugatschew, with the news that he had discovered Marvea, with whom he continued, and endeavoured to administer comfort to her in her expiring moments.

The Cossack chief immediately repaired to the melancholy place, followed by several of his troop, when

Boispré, taking him by the hand, and pointing to Capelini: "See there," says he, "the ravisher of thy wife." Pugatschew, astonished at these words, was going to wreak his vengeance on the Italian, but was restrained by Boispré and his followers, who conducted him to his faithful consort, who no sooner saw him approach, than she pronounced his name with enthusiastic rapture, and expired in his arms. This affecting scene filled the hearts of these unpolished people with grief and horror. Pugatschew, unable to sustain the shock, fell senseless upon the ground, and was carried by his friends to the settlement, where he continued some time oppressed with a melancholy, which would probably have terminated fatally, but for the strength of his constitution and the cares of his friends.

The odious Capelini was condemned by the Cossacks to a singular punishment for his atrocious offences. He was adjudged to be fastened to the dead body of the infamous Nagowski, and suspended by the arms till he was starved to death. The generosity of Pugatschew, however, felt for human nature under this dreadful circumstance, and he directed that the wretch should be put out of his misery with a sabre, the day after he had been suspended according to his sentence.

We have no further account of this extraordinary man, till he entered into the Russian service some time after, where he gave many proofs of his courage and conduct. He was at the siege of Berlin, which was taken by the Generals Tottleben, Czernichew, and Lascy, in the month of October, 1760, and was the first man that mounted the ramparts, at the head of a party of Cossacks. His behaviour during the siege recommended him so much to the favour of General Tottleben, that he frequently conversed with him. The notice this eminent commander took of Pugatschew, singular as it may appear, was the first cause of his, some years after, assuming the title of Peter III. and of the rebel-

lion of Orenburg. The anecdote is as follows. When Tottleben sent for this brave Cossack to his tent, in order to thank him for the example of intrepidity which he had shown, he was suddenly struck with the similarity which his person bore to that of the emperor, and expressed his surprise upon that occasion to all the officers about him. After having learnt Pugatschew's parentage, the general, remarking he might be taken for the emperor's brother, from the extraordinary likeness of their faces and make, jocosely asked him, whether his mother was ever at the court of Holstein, (the birthplace of Peter III.) "No, and please your excellency," returned Pugatschew with great readiness, "but my father has often been there." The adroitness of this reply gave the company no indifferent opinion of his talents for a repartee. Tottleben, addressing himself to Count Lascy, thus proceeded:—"But, raillery apart, I have never seen any one who resembled another so much as this young fellow does our sovereign; and, if by an unfortunate event (which Heaven forbid!) we should lose our monarch, as the Portuguese formerly did their King Don Sebastian, this Jemeljan would not find it very difficult to impose upon the ignorant part of mankind, who would doubtless readily believe him to be the first personage in the empire."

This conversation, which Tottleben was far from regarding as a presage of the part which would be played some years after by Pugatschew, made a deep impression on the mind of the latter, who solemnly declared, previous to his execution, that he never ceased thinking on the above declaration, and, when he heard of the death of the unfortunate Peter III. he looked upon the words of General Tottleben, to make use of his own emphatic expression, as the voice of an oracle which called him to empire and to glory.

While this singular character was in the Russian service, he lived in a strict intimacy with his old friend

Boispré, who had left the Ukrain with him, and been employed as an engineer against the Prussians. Soon after the siege of Berlin, Pugatschew, accompanied by this friend, left the army, in consequence of having wounded a Russian officer of superior rank. They passed with the utmost expedition to Vienna, where our Cossack assumed the character of a noble Venetian, and played his cards so well, that he was received without suspicion into the first families in that capital. His company was particularly agreeable to the ladies, and the young Countess of C—— showed him so much partiality, that Boispré encouraged him to ask her in marriage of her father. This lady was descended from a very distinguished family, and was so far imposed upon as to believe an alliance with Count Zanardi, as Pugatschew then called himself, would be a very advantageous one. In short, after some time, this adventurer had address enough to persuade the father of the lady that he was really the nobleman he pretended to be, and the marriage was soon after celebrated with great pomp.

Upon a dispute occasioned by the Venetians supposing their rights infringed by the imperial court, the former sent an envoy to Vienna, in order to settle the matter amicably. This minister was not a little surpised at hearing Count Zanardi had been lately married to a lady of distinction in that city, when he well knew that family had been long extinct. Suspicions now began to be entertained that our count was an impostor; and it was no doubt lucky for him, that at the time of the ambassador's arrival, he had been some days with the old count, at the castle near Neuhausel. Boispré immediately posted to the last mentioned place, and acquainted his friend with the dangerous ground he stood upon. Without seeming alarmed, the pretended Zanardi told his wife and the count, that one of his particular friends had in an affair of honour dangerously wounded his adversary, and taken refuge in the hotel of the Venetian

ambassador: "I must depart immediately," said he, "for the metropolis, in order to thank that minister for his kindness, and conduct my friend hither as to a place of greater security." This reason satisfied the count and his daughter, and our two adventurers directly departed for Vienna, which was several leagues from the count's estate. When they reached the capital, Zanardi privately entered his father-in-law's palace, and possessed himself of a considerable quantity of jewels and plate, which he immediately sold to some Jews, and, quitting Vienna, took their route for the borders of Poland, where they soon after arrived, having eluded the search of the count who had become outrageous at discovering the base trick which had been played him.

In the year 1773, the inhabitants of the governments of Casan and Orenburg, in the Asiatic portion of the vast Russian empire, having for some time manifested great discontent on account of the imposts laid on them for the support of the war with the Turks in which Russia was then engaged, and the continual draughts of men for the armies. Pugatschew endeavoured to convert this disaffection into an engine to promote his ambitious designs. The observations of General Tottleben, though made so many years before, had produced an impression upon his mind which time had not been able to erase. Encouraged by his resemblance to the dethroned emperor, he had the audacity to assume the name and character of that unfortunate monarch, and openly aspired to the imperial crown of all the Russias. Notwithstanding this palpable imposture, such was the ignorance and dissatisfaction of the inhabitants of the provinces where he first published his pretensions, that he was soon joined by great numbers of partisans.

This insurrection became so formidable, that the Empress Catherine was obliged to send a considerable force against the rebels. During the whole of the year 1774, Pugatschew contrived to find employment for the Rus-

sian forces, though his adherents were defeated in several obstinate engagements. At length through the treachery of the Cossacks, he was delivered into the hands of the Russians, together with his principal accomplices, and they were conveyed in chains to Moscow, where, after being tried for their various crimes, they received the dreadful sentence of the law. On the 23d of January, 1775, Pugatschew and his principal adherents were brought to the place of execution, which was in the square adjoining to the stone bridge, named Ballotta: a large scaffold was erected, in the middle of which there was a pole with a kind of round top, something like that on the masts of a ship; two ladders were placed for the purpose of ascent, and at each corner a gallows was fixed.

About eleven o'clock in the forenoon the several criminals passed the stone bridge, and such as were sentenced to have their tongues cut out were coupled together in pairs. Amongst these was a young gentleman, sentenced, first to be disgraced by having his sword broke over his head; and after him came a kind of dung cart, made black, in the middle of which was a stake, to which Pugatschew was fastened, with a burning candle in his hand, attended by two priests who sat close by him. The executioner stood behind, and two large axes were placed on a block. This dreadful apparatus appeared to make a great impression on the minds of the spectators, but in Pugatschew not the slightest trace of fear was discoverable; his aspect was serene, his deportment such as showed a soul quite undaunted in the hour of approaching dissolution. His unconcern astonished the beholders, and as he passed through the crowd he expressed a wish, that if he had done aught amiss the people would pardon him for the love of God.

When he reached the scaffold, the crimes for which he and his confederates were doomed to suffer, were recited; the priest by excommunication delivered them up to the

executioner, who instantly began his dreadful office. Pugatschew ascended the scaffold by means of a ladder; the three of his confederates who were to be hung, mounted the gallows by the same means, and the four were executed almost in the same instant. Pugatschew assisted to undress himself with great readiness and composure, he was then stretched on the scaffold, and by a mistake of the executioner his head was first severed from his body, and his hands and feet were afterwards cut off and shown to the spectators before his head was exhibited. For this neglect the executioner was threatened with severe punishment, as by the laws he might have lost his tongue by it. The head of Pugatschew was then stuck upon an iron spike, and the other parts of his body were severally exposed on the top of the pole fixed in the middle of the scaffold. The three confederates doomed to be hung having suffered the sentence, Persilieff, Pugatschew's principal associate, then underwent the same punishment as his companion, with the exception of his head not being spiked up. His mangled remains were then placed near those of Pugatschew. The other criminals then suffered their various punishments, eighteen were knouted and sent to Siberia; the tongues of some were cut out, and the noses of others were cut off. The mangled remains of the two chiefs were exposed in four different parts of the town, where they remained till next day, when they were burned.

END OF VOL. I.

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